The First American Prisoner Tells His Story~ **Shoot and Be Damned**

Liberty

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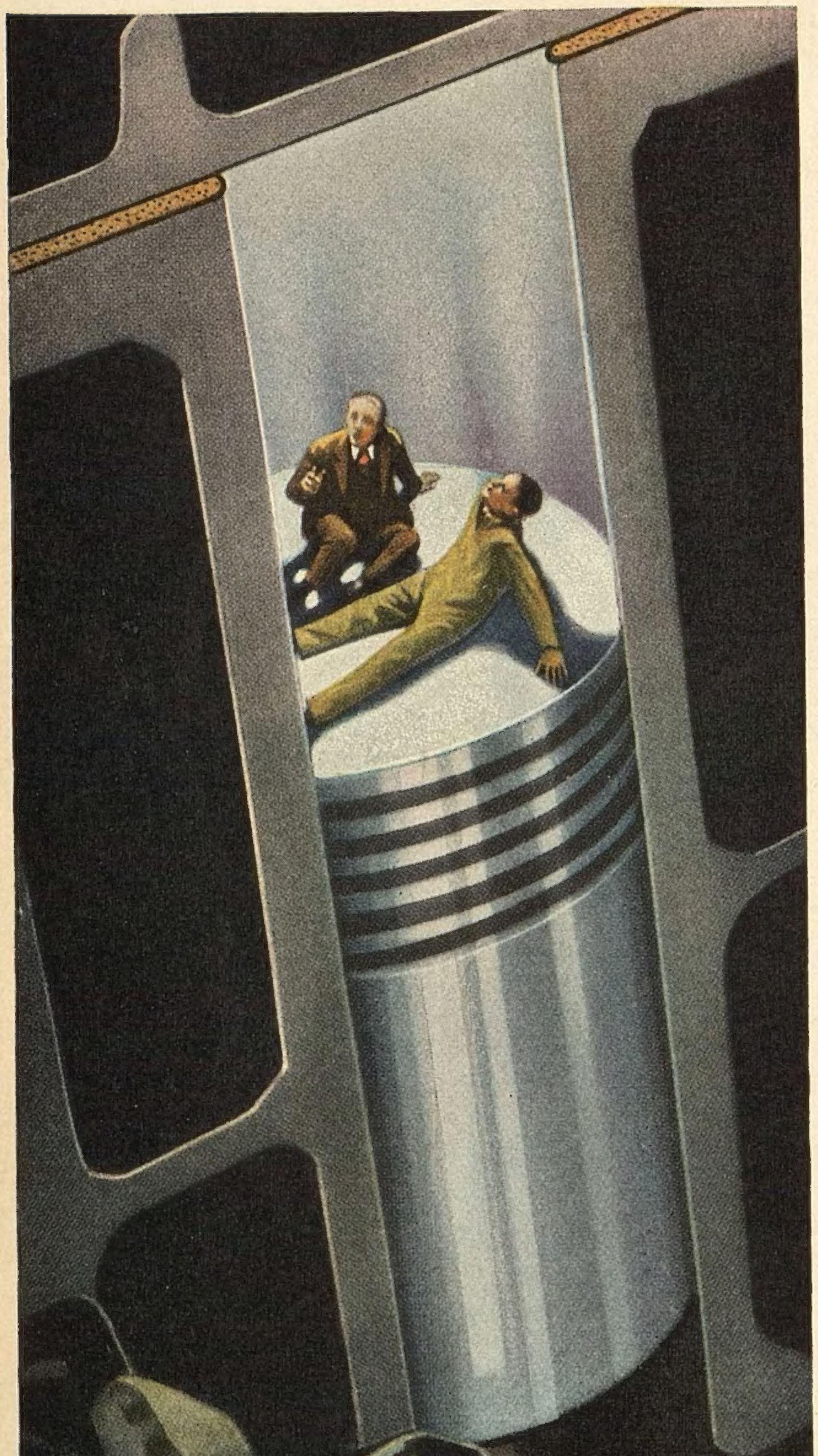

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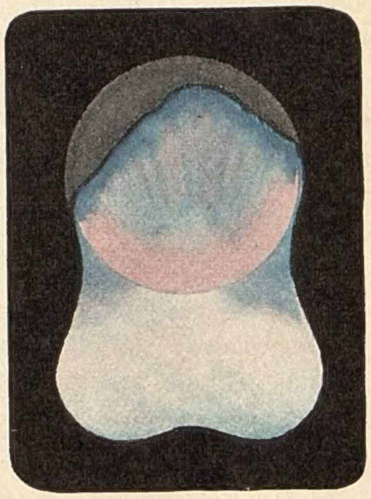
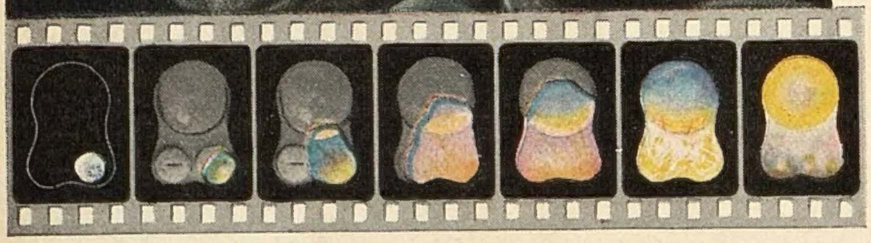
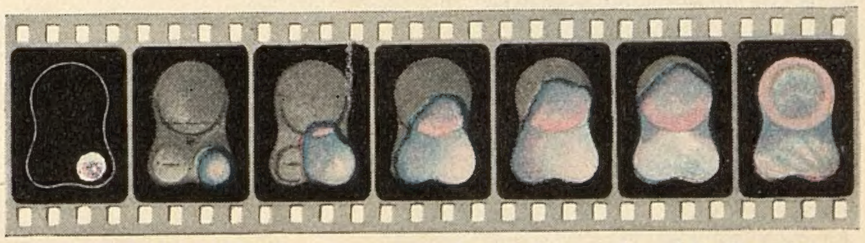
KNOCK — caused by the failure of ordinary gasoline. The blue flame leaps at terrific speed—explodes violently—instead of burning smoothly. The yellow is caused by glowing particles of free carbon. Engineers call it "carbon yellow."



ETHYL GASOLINE in the same engine delivering power at just the speed the engine can take it. Useful power. Smooth power. Cool power. Power that is controlled! Notice the clean burning. Notice the absence of "carbon yellow."



ORDINARY GASOLINE burns *unevenly*—wastefully! Follow the pictures from left to right. First the spark. Then the gasoline starts to burn. Its flame spreads. Notice the "carbon yellow" behind the flame. In the sixth picture—knock—all the remaining gasoline exploded at once. The last picture shows nothing but afterglow. Knock has wasted the gasoline that should be working now.



ETHYL GASOLINE burns *evenly*—completely. Notice the absence of "carbon yellow" even in the first three pictures. As combustion progresses, the difference becomes greater. Ethyl does not knock. It is not all burned until the last picture is over. This means that its greatest power is available when the piston is going down—the time when power counts most in the performance of your car.

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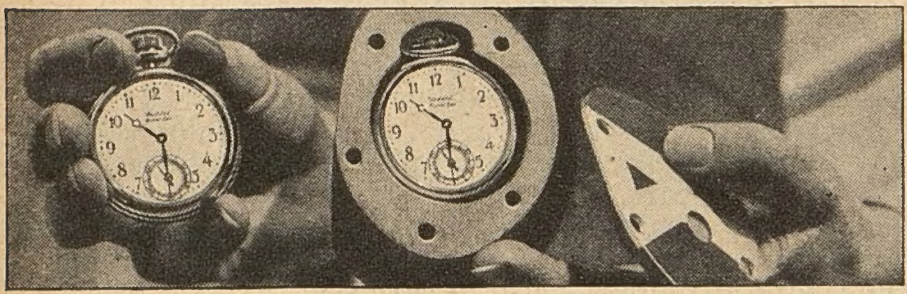

STILL KEEPS ACCURATE TIME

ON TIME TO THE SECOND and smiling unconcernedly at the world, in spite of those smashing drives of the champion. Pocket Ben is liberated from his resting place in the head of the new Spalding Bobby Jones' driver.

GREENWICH, CONN., May 15, (*Special*)—In a thrilling twosome played here today, Pocket Ben defeated America's national open golf champion!

Inserted in the head of the new Spalding driver designed by Bobby Jones, the famous "shock-proof" Westclox watch took the lustiest drives of Champion Billy Burke without slicing a second off his timekeeping accuracy.

Here's Billy Burke, U. S. Open Champion. He saunters to the first tee. A moment's pause—a few preliminary waggles of the club—a honey-smooth back swing . . . Cr-r-r—ack! And the ball is on its way. 275 yards!

One savage smack after another. Screaming long drives, every one. But what about Pocket Ben? Can he take it? Yes! He's the winner! For when this Westclox watch is lifted from the head of the special driver, he's ticking 60 serene seconds to the minute. Not one of these terrific impacts has sent him off the course—he's right on time.

Small wonder millions of proud wearers hail Pocket Ben as "the shock-proof watch." This sturdy Westclox watch stands the toughest sort of tests—as well as the bumps of ordinary wear—and still ticks right on time. He's good to look at, too. Pocket Ben is going on vacation with thousands of new owners this year. How about taking a Westclox Pocket Ben with *you?*

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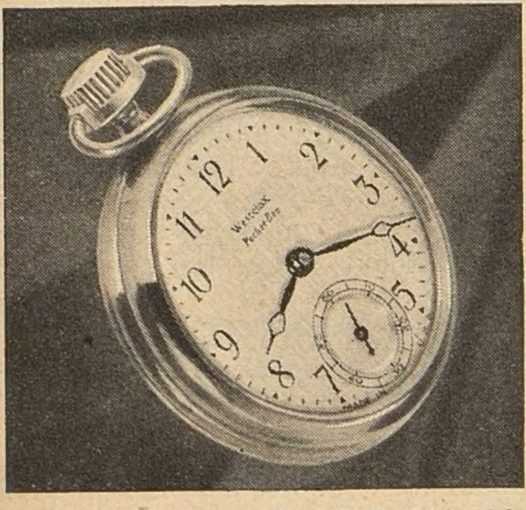

$1.50 Thinner, smaller and as faithful and dependable as the day is long. Pocket Ben has a silvered dial . . nickel silver case . . pierced hands . . convenient pull-out set . . movement tested in three positions . . non-magnetic and rust-proof hair spring of nickel silver. Fully guaranteed and a member of the famous Westclox family.

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Another sturdy watch that always keeps good time.

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Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly
July 2, 1932 Vol. 9, No. 27

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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Cover by Georgia Warren

CRIMINAL WASTE IN FEEDING THE UNEMPLOYED

In an editorial carried in this publication some time ago we called attention to the appalling ignorance of food values. Huge sums of money, millions upon millions, have been wasted within the last year in trying to feed the unemployed on the ordinary conventional American diet.

And now we are beginning to pay the penalty. Chicago maintains that a half million people are facing starvation. The millions upon millions donated last winter have been expended. The same situation to a lesser extent exists in many other cities.

What can be done to make the old-time charity experts realize that this is not an ordinary situation?

We are facing revolutionary times. Never in the history of this country have we had such conditions confronting us.

But there is absolutely no excuse for people to starve. The only cause for such a tragical result would be appalling ignorance. A bushel of wheat will feed a small-sized family for a month. To be sure, it would not be at all pleasant to live on such a rigid diet, but it is far better than suffering the pangs of hunger, the weakness and loss of vitality that result from a defective food supply or no food at all.

Where there is such a desperate situation a coffee mill will grind wheat or corn into an ordinary meal, and by adding about four parts of water to one of dry grain which can be boiled to a thick porridge or mush, it makes a nourishing food that will supply the needs of the body.

Millions of bushels of wheat are lying in the government's granaries. It has been reported that some of this wheat will soon be unfit for human food because of the lack of care. Let us hope there is no truth in this.

The people will not calmly and quietly submit to starvation. It is our duty to at least see that the unemployed secure enough food to avoid suffering. And wherever there is wheat or corn such an assurance could be made easily and cheaply. Butter, milk, or any other food is not essential for variety if such rigid economy is required.

At the present time in New York City an experiment is being carried on in which four men and four women are living on water alone for thirty days. A similar group is living on whole-wheat products and water. Another group is living on white-flour products and water.

Although at this writing the experiment has been continued only half of the allotted period, no one appears to be suffering. Those who are following the bread-and-water diet seem to be in good health, and only one of the fasting group has been compelled to desist.

The experiment is carried on with a view to furnishing knowledge for those who are meeting the serious nutritional problems which thousands of our citizens are now facing.

The charitable organizations of this country should be called to account for their criminal waste. When money is used to feed those who have no means of sustenance it should be confined to low-priced vital nourishing foods.

The One-Cent Restaurant, details of which appeared in this publication recently, clearly proves how cheaply people can be fed and still be given a reasonable amount of variety.

Everywhere we find a fear of national catastrophe. Possible revolution has been referred to by high government officials, and unless the money available for feeding people is used more economically and sensibly, there will be no possible chance of stopping the tide of desperate humans. It is said that we are only a few meals from savagery.

And here is the remedy available to every community, every charitable organization: Huge pots of boiled cracked wheat or corn without a single ingredient added will thoroughly nourish the body and will thoroughly satisfy the pangs of hunger.

And a community that cannot furnish this cheap food to the starving will deserve the penalties that may follow uncontrolled lawlessness.

If beef suet or some other wholesome fat or oil is added to this grain food, together with brown sugar, syrup, or raisins, it becomes a delectable dish as appetizing and delicious as tasty pudding.

The hungry must be fed; the criminal waste must be stayed; and those who may want more details of the methods suggested herein may communicate with the writer for particulars.

—Bernarr Macfadden.

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gives you *taste thrilling* natural juices !

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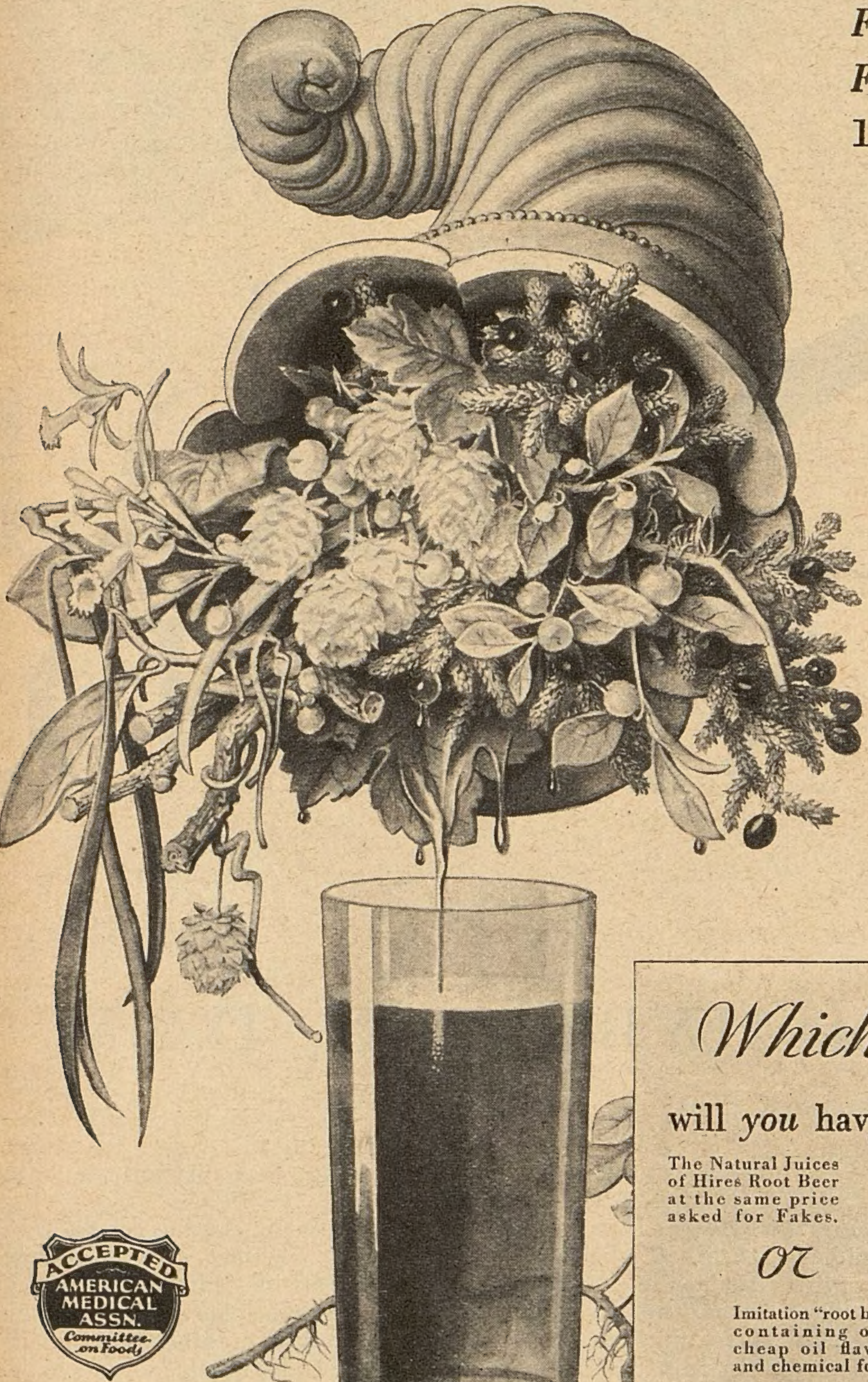

EVERYONE knows that only fruit juices have Nature's wholesome, *natural* taste.

That's the secret of Hires Root Beer—its delicious flavor—its satisfying effect. This famous beverage contains the pure, natural juices of 16 roots, barks, herbs and berries, blended and reblended by a costly process.

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Which

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Drink
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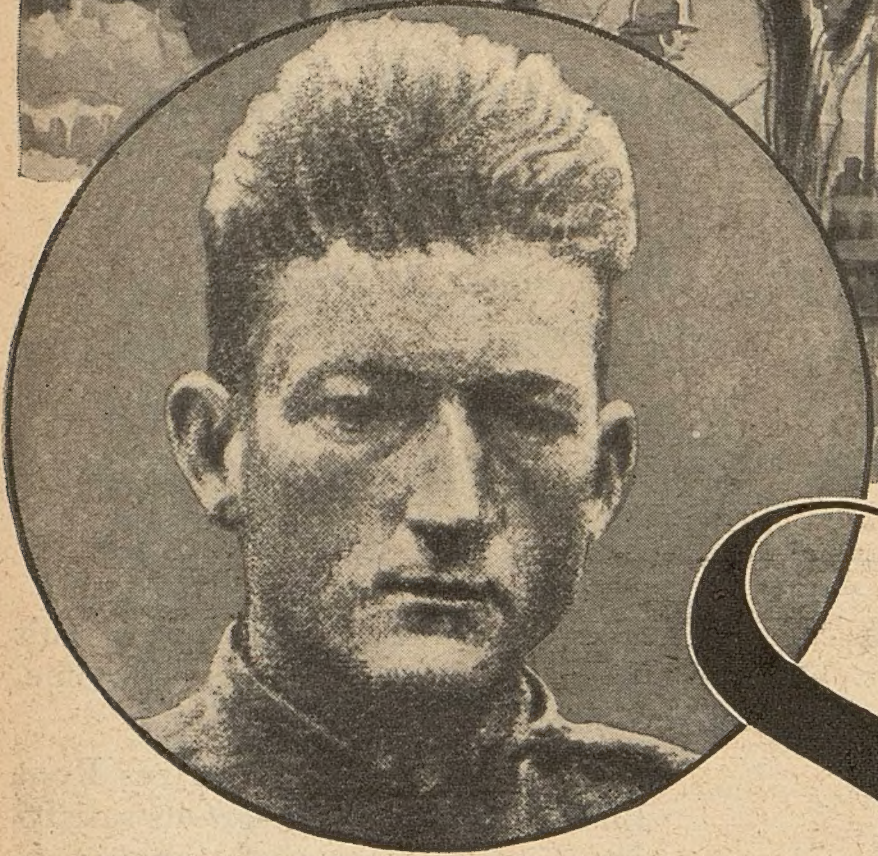
FOR THIRST AND CHEER

DEPENDABLE FOUNTAINS GLADLY PAY MORE FOR HIRES ROOT BEER — YET *YOU* PAY NO MORE THAN FOR AN IMITATION



Sergeant Halyburton, from a picture taken by the Germans on the day of his capture.

Beginning—

SHOOT
Be DAMNED!

One of the Most Amazing of All War Stories—The Astonishing Experiences of the First American Doughboy Captured in the World War

By SERGEANT ED HALYBURTON, D.S.M.

As told to Ralph Goll

(Reading time: 32 minutes 20 seconds.)

Editor's Note: This is Sergeant Edgar M. Halyburton's own inside story of his experiences from November, 1917, when he found himself the Germans' first American soldier prisoner, to December, 1918, when he was liberated. As will appear, he passed most of those thirteen months in two German prison camps: first, the terrible one at Tuchel, in West Prussia; later, the one at Rastatt, which the Germans had selected for propaganda attempts upon their prisoners. He was also sent for a brief period to their *strafe* or punishment camp at Heuberg.

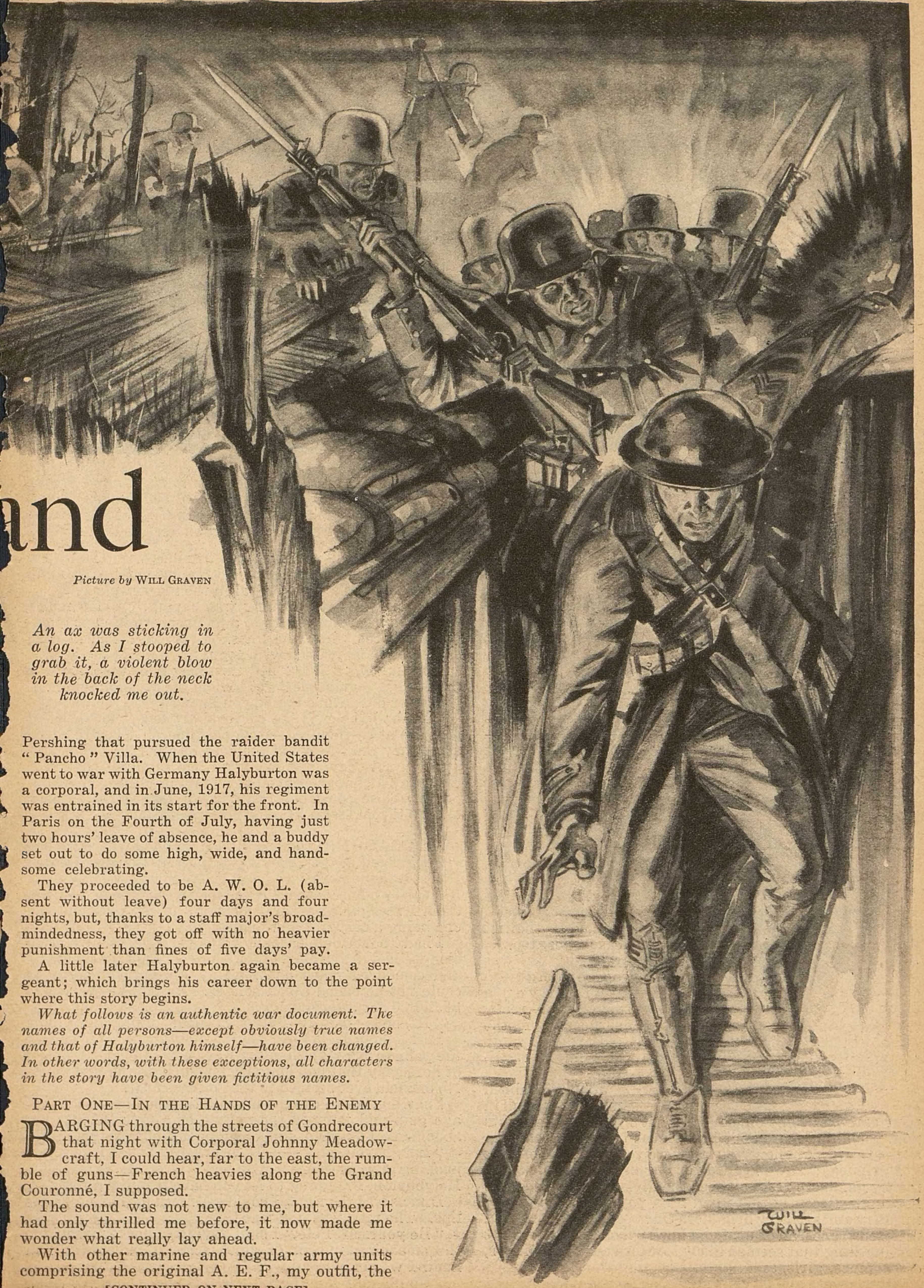
To his bearing and behavior throughout his imprisonment, one testimonial is that wartime statue of him, Captured But Not Conquered, by Cyrus E. Dallin, the astonishing inception of which he himself recounts in this opening installment. Another is the letter that Halyburton received in 1920 from General Pershing, praising unreservedly "your magnificent and noble conduct while you were a prisoner of war," and declaring, "I am proud to have had you under my command."

Sergeant Halyburton—"Hardboiled" Halyburton, they called him in the regular army—was born in a mountain community near Taylorsville, North Carolina. In 1909 he left home, a "hill-billy" youngster, he says, hoping that city relatives would help him to a real start in life. Meeting with disappointment, he let a recruiting sergeant talk him into enlisting in the army.

It was at Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio, that he got his first taste of a soldier's life—and lost his last dime to fellow rookies in a crap game. Because of his "hill-billy mannerisms" he was a butt for many a rough joker, or thought he was, until his sensitiveness gave way to an ambition to excel not only at dice but with his fists. In both fields of endeavor, after a few setbacks, he became a redoubtable success.

Assigned to the Coast Artillery, Halyburton made good and became a "Number One man" by closing the breech of a big gun within a fraction of a second of record time, despite agony from a lately broken hand which his exertions broke again. Later he was sent with his regiment to the Presidio at San Francisco, and there at a brigade inspection the commanding general—who happened to be John J. Pershing!—manifested special approval of his soldierly bearing. As a result, he was made a sergeant. To qualify, he had to draw a military map, and this forced him to "buckle into" technical books that were as Greek to him. Over them he "groaned, cursed, and almost wept," he says. Nevertheless, his map made the grade.

At the end of a second enlistment he left the army; but he was back, as a private in the Sixteenth Infantry, in time to be ordered into Mexico with the punitive expedition under



and

Picture by WILL GRAVEN

An ax was sticking in a log. As I stooped to grab it, a violent blow in the back of the neck knocked me out.

Pershing that pursued the raider bandit "Pancho" Villa. When the United States went to war with Germany Halyburton was a corporal, and in June, 1917, his regiment was entrained in its start for the front. In Paris on the Fourth of July, having just two hours' leave of absence, he and a buddy set out to do some high, wide, and handsome celebrating.

They proceeded to be A. W. O. L. (absent without leave) four days and four nights, but, thanks to a staff major's broadmindedness, they got off with no heavier punishment than fines of five days' pay.

A little later Halyburton again became a sergeant; which brings his career down to the point where this story begins.

What follows is an authentic war document. The names of all persons—except obviously true names and that of Halyburton himself—have been changed. In other words, with these exceptions, all characters in the story have been given fictitious names.

PART ONE—IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY

BARGING through the streets of Gondrecourt that night with Corporal Johnny Meadowcraft, I could hear, far to the east, the rumble of guns—French heavies along the Grand Couronné, I supposed.

The sound was not new to me, but where it had only thrilled me before, it now made me wonder what really lay ahead.

With other marine and regular army units comprising the original A. E. F., my outfit, the

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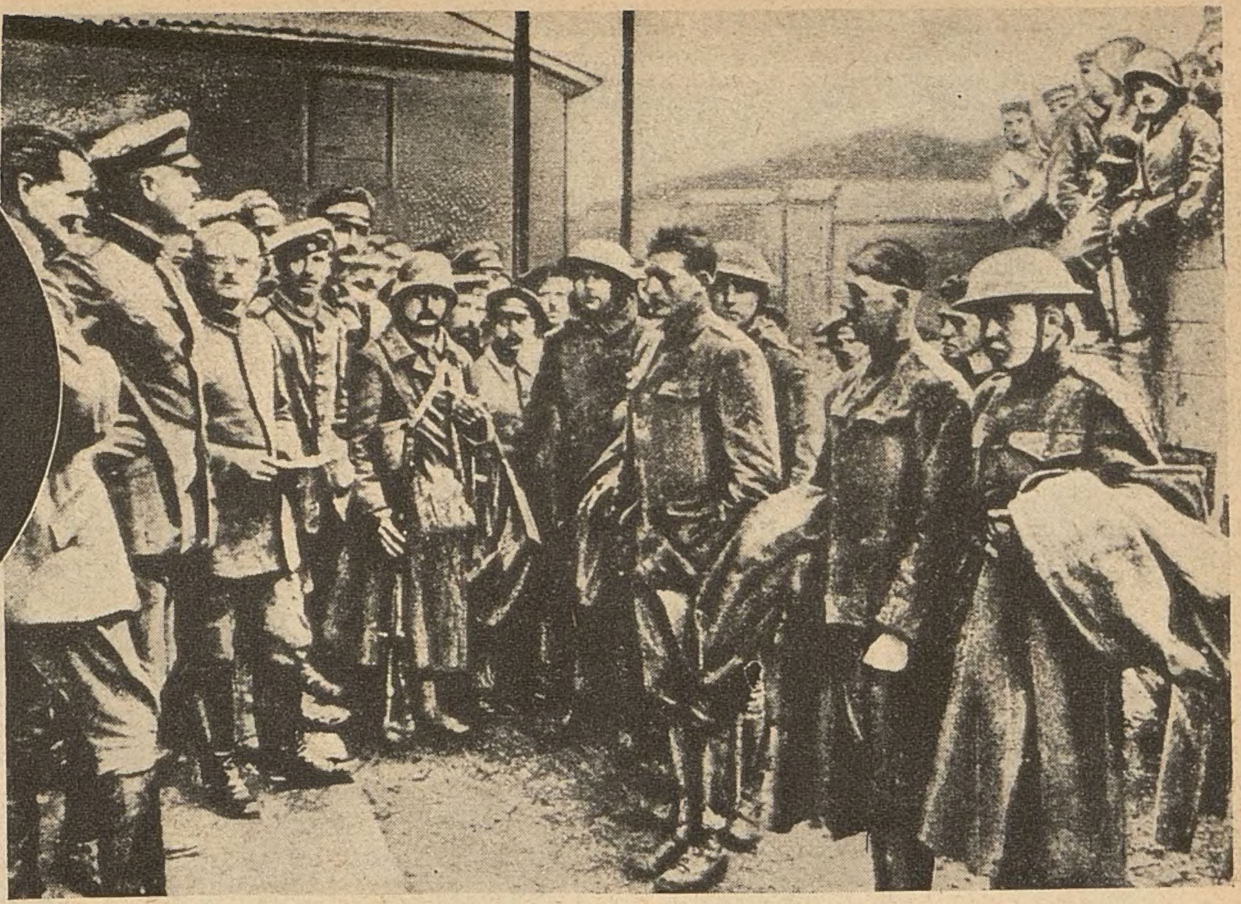
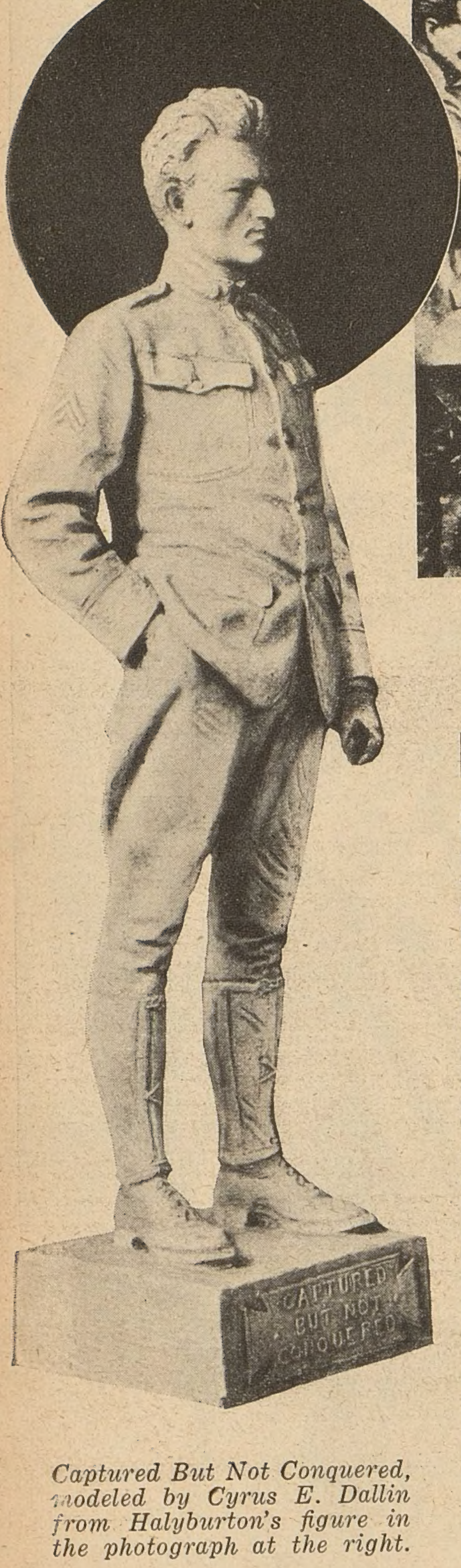


This picture, in a German newspaper, found its way to the United States, and the unconquered mien and attitude of the captured Halyburton, standing at its center, inspired the sculptor Dallin. The resulting statue, shown at the left, was a high-pressure Liberty Bond salesman.



Captured But Not Conquered, modeled by Cyrus E. Dallin from Halyburton's figure in the photograph at the right.

SHOOT AND BE DAMNED! Cont'd from page 7

Sixteenth Infantry, now part of the First Division, was waiting orders to move into the lines.

Within the month—it was October, 1917—we would be out there beyond the thundering horizon. As the first Yankees to face the Germans under our own colors, we would make history. Ours would be the first victory, or defeat, no doubt—the first casualties, too.

Truly it was something on which even a rough-and-ready sergeant of the old army like myself might meditate.

Johnny grabbed my arm. "Pull in your ears and come on, sarge. If it's war that interests you, you'll find more of it here in the training area than at the front. Anyhow, you know we've got a game on."

I grinned, and we headed for our billets to which big-money gamblers from all over the division would soon be flocking. Recently there had been pay days in both the infantry and artillery brigades. Our pockets bulging with tattered francs, all of us, from buck privates up, were out for anything that seemed likely to afford any fun—liquor, crap games, girls, and fights.

Brawls were almost continuous. The army was having

and the infantry, artillery, and marines with the M. Ps. There had been a shooting affair in one café, a stabbing in another, and a battle royal in the market place.

"I don't like it," Johnny was saying. "This man's army has been worked up to a point where it's apt to explode before it hits the lines. Everyone's loaded with cussedness and primed with cognac."

I shrugged. "A few new men may blow up, but there are enough regulars left yet to hold the division together. We never did train on milk, you know."

"Yeah; but now," the corporal argued, "now a lot of men are at battle pitch—even old-timers. They're keyed up so they want to kill at the drop of a hat."

I was not convinced, though I had to admit that in F Company a change seemed to be taking place. Men supposedly close comrades had thrown themselves at each other's throats with little or no provocation.

APPROACHING the Lion Rouge, a hotel where we had managed to get rooms, we passed General George Bell's headquarters.

Near by a half dozen enlisted men were loafing. Among them I recognized several members of my own platoon, one being a corporal, Pete Mora.

I had known Pete casually for several years. On occasion we had drunk each other's beer, shared the makings, and compared notes on women. Accounted tough, he could not be called a bad soldier. Indeed, he seemed to be in line for a sergeantcy.

"Hi, boys—howdy, Pete," I called, joining the group.

Pete stepped forward saying nothing, and I rubbed the palm of my right hand upward across his nose—a bit of horseplay that had long been popular in the Sixteenth. No one had ever seemed to take offense at it.

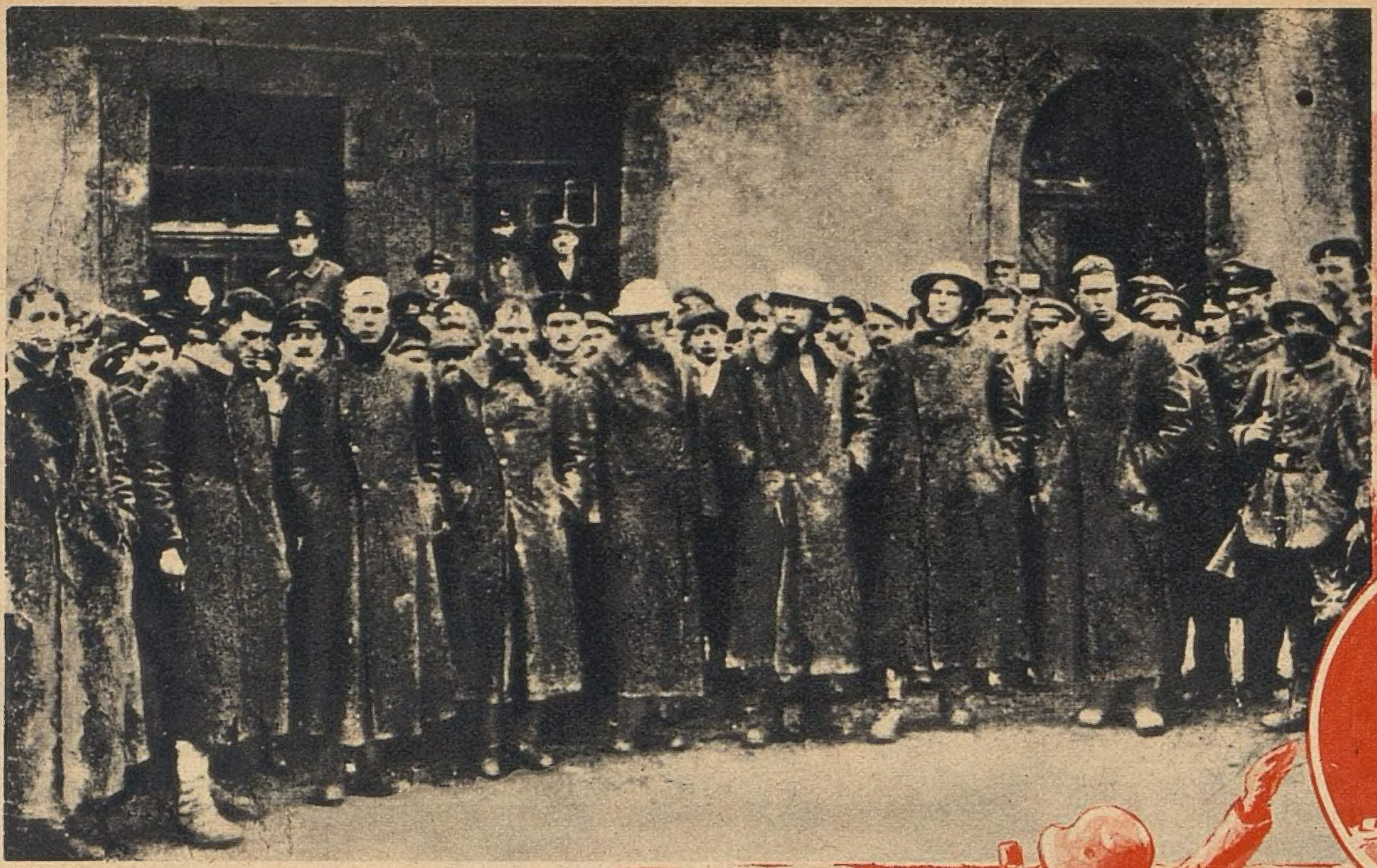
Snarling, Mora caught my outstretched arm in a savage grip and jammed the muzzle of a Colt .45 into my abdomen. I laughed, supposing he meant to frighten me.

"Laugh, you lousy ——!" he cried. "You will go round pushing guys in the nose, will you? Well, Mr. Hardboiled Halyburton, I'm going to let you have it in the guts!"

Dim as was the light, I could see froth gathering on his lips. The man was dog-mad!

"Be yourself, Pete," I said, trying to nerve myself for the smashing impact of steel-jacketed bullets. "You know I was only kidding."

"Go do your kidding in hell! Maybe you don't think this smokewagon is loaded, but it is!"



The Germans snapped this picture of Halyburton's fellow captives while he was being "third-degreed." Left to right: Privates Lester, McDougal, Grimbsley, Corporal Mulhall, Privates Kemdall, Loughman, Godfrey, Haines.

Over his shoulder I saw some of his companions edging around us, apparently looking for an opportunity to disarm him. We were standing too close together for them to reach the pistol, however. Just so, I had no chance to deal an effective blow or disengage myself.

My one hope of escape lay in pulling away from him far enough for one of the other men to grab the gun. I brought back my free hand, drawing the madman's attention to it.

"Going to swing on me?" he sneered. "All right. See whether you can beat the trigger!"

"Shoot and be damned!" I told him, letting loose a haymaker, while everything inside me seemed to turn over.

At the same instant a private, whose name I never learned, dove in and struck the cocked automatic from Mora's hand. My blow went wild, and the crazed corporal, breaking away, ran across the street to a two-story building on the upper floor of which he was billeted.

For a moment I was tempted to pursue him, but others gave chase. Wiping the cold sweat from my forehead, I started toward the hotel, ready to admit that Johnny had been right. Gondrecourt was full of men who might run amuck unless handled with care.

Just as I reached the Lion Rouge someone came racing across the cobblestones.

"Run, Halyburton!" a voice cried. "Pete's coming after you with a rifle!"

I DOUBLED to my room, caught up my Springfield—a gun with which I had won an expert marksman's medal—and slipped a clip into the magazine. A few seconds later I was back at the street door.

Crouching, I gained the sidewalk. Then a rifle blazed across the way, and a slug embedded itself in the wall so close to my head that bits of stone stung my neck.

Aiming low at my adversary, whose dark form was barely visible, I returned the shot, jerked at the bolt, and fired again. Now the figure was sprawling in the gutter.

"Why didn't you shoot me in the heart and have it over with, you ——!" Mora yelled, cursing terribly.

As I straightened up, glad that I had not killed him, Corporal Boles ran out of Divisional H. Q. and snatched my rifle. Other headquarters attachés surrounded me, some of them officers of high rank. I noted with relief that none wore anything like the little gray goatee that distinguished General Bell. Difficult as was my position, it would have been infinitely worse with the general present.

While I was trying to give a clear account of the affair, Lieutenant Weilbacher came up and put a hand on my shoulder.

"Sorry, sergeant, but I'll have to arrest you," he said. "Go to your quarters."

As I turned back toward the hotel he followed, halting me at the door.

"Don't take it to heart too much," he said. "It's obvious to all of us that Pete was insanely drunk and that you shot in self-defense, intending only to wound him."

"Is he hurt badly?" I wanted to know.

The officer looked grave.

"One bullet smashed his left leg," he said, "and the other cut an artery in his right thigh. He has a chance to pull through."

All at once I felt weak and ill. "I guess it would have been better if Pete had shot me. If I had stopped and thought, I might have found another way of handling him."

"I'm not blaming you, sergeant," Weilbacher said kindly. "You acted instinctively, doing the thing that army training taught you to do. This is a serious matter, though. The general staff is sure to raise hell. There might be a kick-back in Washington, particularly if Mora dies. There'll be a court-martial, of course, but you won't have to worry. Captain Pitts, the adjutant, will defend you."

"He may clear me before a court, but nothing can ever square me with some of the men."

The lieutenant, turning away, nodded. "Mora's friends may hold it against you. It will be up to you to show them the light. If you can't, we'll have you transferred out of the regiment. Meantime you'll remain confined to quarters."

Alone in my room, I felt like anything but the hard-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHOOT AND BE DAMNED!
Continued from page nine

boiled fighting man I was supposed to be. "If he dies," I thought bitterly, "I ought to have to meet the Boches barehanded."

First call was just sounding the next morning when Lieutenant Hanford appeared at my door, carrying my rifle. Hanford was acting as company commander.

I had been discussing my case with Johnny, for I was anxious to have it settled one way or another. Whirling as the new C. O. entered, I snapped to attention.

The lieutenant handed me the Springfield. "You're released from confinement in quarters. Fall in with the company at roll call."

I stared at him dumfounded, almost dropping the rifle.

"We're under orders to move toward the front," he went on. "I'm so short of platoon commanders that I can't leave you behind."

AN explosion, too far away to be audible, shook a window. There was a moment of tense silence; then the lieutenant spoke again:

"Although Mora isn't blaming you—he refuses to talk about what happened—some of the malcontents in the company are making an issue of the shooting. My advice is that you stay out of cafés and go armed at all times."

I soon learned the identity of the men who had espoused Pete's cause. Two of them were old regulars who had a habit of going off half cocked, making threats that they never carried out. I chose to ignore them.

A third man, more or less a stranger, as he had come to the regiment only a few days before we left El Paso, gave me something to think about. A hard drinker, he had no real friends in the company. Why he should have taken the Mora affair to heart puzzled me.

As the Second Battalion moved east and north, I began to forget that I was supposed to be a marked man. Soon, however, I heard that this comparative stranger was making nightly rounds of the village drinking establishments, packing a pistol. I gathered that he intended to shoot me on sight.

Resolved to avoid another gun battle, even at the risk of being called a coward, I obeyed the C. O.'s orders and kept to my room. When I wanted a drink I went back to Gondrecourt. There the inevitable meeting occurred.

I was entering a *brasserie* when a soldier who had been sitting alone at a table half rose, his hands concealed. It was Mora's self-appointed avenger.

Jerking out my .45, I trained it on his heart.

"Sit down and keep your hands where I can see them!" I shot the words over the muzzle of my pistol.

The fellow slumped back in his chair and I went over and took a seat on the opposite side of the table.

"What in hell's eating you, Jack?" I wanted to know. "Talk, and talk fast."

He did, and it was all clear to me. A little cracked, he had been encouraged in his mission of reprisal by men who wanted him killed!

We had a couple of cherry brandies on each other and parted friends. Indeed, he probably would have gone gunning for anyone I named, just to prove his regard for me!

A couple of nights later—on October 15, to be exact—the Second Battalion moved northeast again, arriving in Bathelémont, a reserve position, just as the First Battalion was pulling out for the front-line trenches four or five kilometers ahead. At the same time the rest of the regiment took over our old billets. The plan under which we were proceeding called for fifteen days of service on the firing line for each battalion, the units to rotate in numerical order.

The sector around Bathelémont was supposed to be the quietest on the whole Western Front. For months French and German infantrymen had been observing a kind of armistice, each side waiting for the other to start trouble, we were told. Our informants said nothing about the artillery.

As we stalked through the dark, silent village looking for places to sleep, it seemed hard to believe that a half hour's walk would take a man into the enemy's trenches.

No bugle was needed to rouse us the next morning, for something passed over the town with the roar of an express train. Everyone rushed into the streets. Again we heard the noise. It started in the east, gained in volume until it seemed to fill the sky, and then grew fainter.

After an instant of silence a jarring detonation came back to us from the direction of Lunéville. German heavies were firing on the forts! After four or five of the mighty projectiles had ripped through the clouds all became quiet again.

U. S. Official photo

Part of Halyburton's outfit, the Sixteenth Infantry, First Division, going up to the front in November, 1917.

An old peasant woman, in whose house I was quartered, gave me to understand that I need not be afraid.

Grinning toothlessly, she pointed to a clock and repeated the word, "*Toujours.*" I guessed she meant that the shells came over with such regularity that she needed nothing else to tell time in the morning.

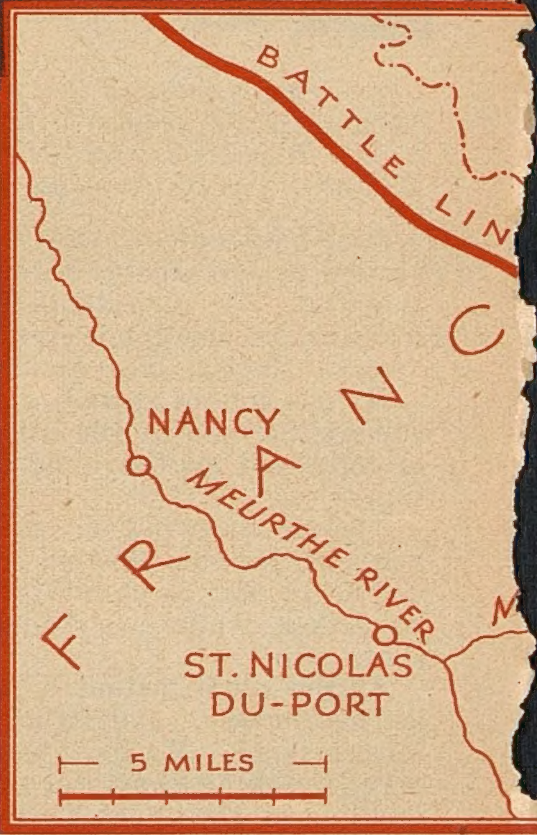
After mess, at which the men talked more of home than was their wont, I took a stroll through the village. It lay in a little valley, with trench-scarred hills, marking the front, clearly visible. Airplanes were darting back and forth across the lines.

While I watched, one of the ships flew deep into our territory, circled, and crossed the village. Its insignia were not discernible at first. Then it banked, showing the top side of its wings. There were black crosses on them. Fritz was paying us a call.

HOWLING with fury and excitement, some of the men shook their fists at the ship, while others ran for their rifles. Their agitation must have made the pilot curious, for presently the plane swung around and headed back toward us.

Less than five hundred feet above the ground now, the German laid a course that paralleled the main street of Bathelémont. Leaning out of his cockpit, he waved derisively. Everyone began shooting at him. He appeared not to mind it, for he again crossed the town, this time at an altitude even lower. He was thumbing his nose at us as he passed out of range the last time.

Of course the promiscuous firing was far more dangerous to ourselves than to him. A company clerk, stick-



ing his head out of a second-floor window, had an ear neatly perforated. Another man had fallen out of a hayloft during the fracas.

What was worse, our childish display of arms had surely identified us as green United States troops.

However, days became weeks and nothing happened in our sector. Detailed to the first-line defenses to map the German positions, I found it perfectly safe to perch myself atop a hill around which ran the earthworks occupied by the four companies from my regiment. The Heinies seemed to be tending strictly to their own affairs. That they knew they were facing Americans I did not doubt. Their apparent lack of interest in us made me suspicious.

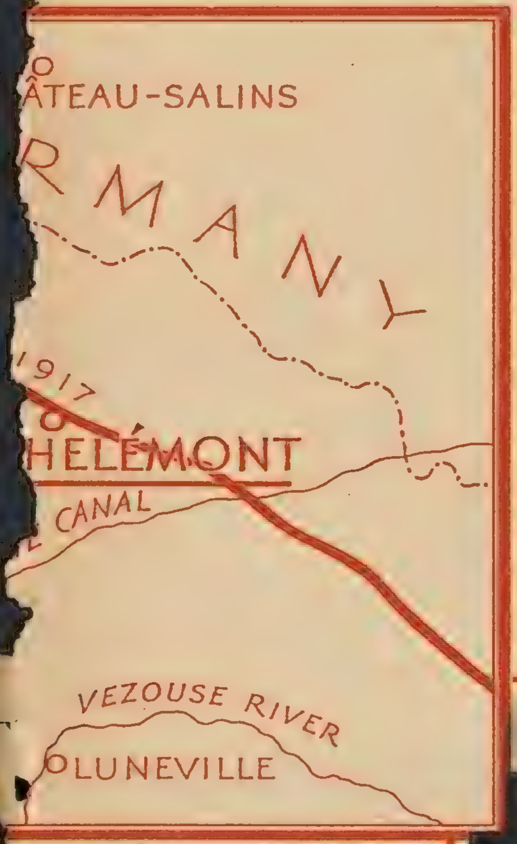
Then a pill roller came up from the base hospital with word that Corporal Mora was dead. Hard hit by the news, I found it impossible to take the disciplinary measures necessary to keep some of F Company's wild men under control. Hanford, now a captain, sent for me.

Reporting, I expected to be rearrested; but he assured me that, so far as he was concerned, Mora's death had not altered my status.

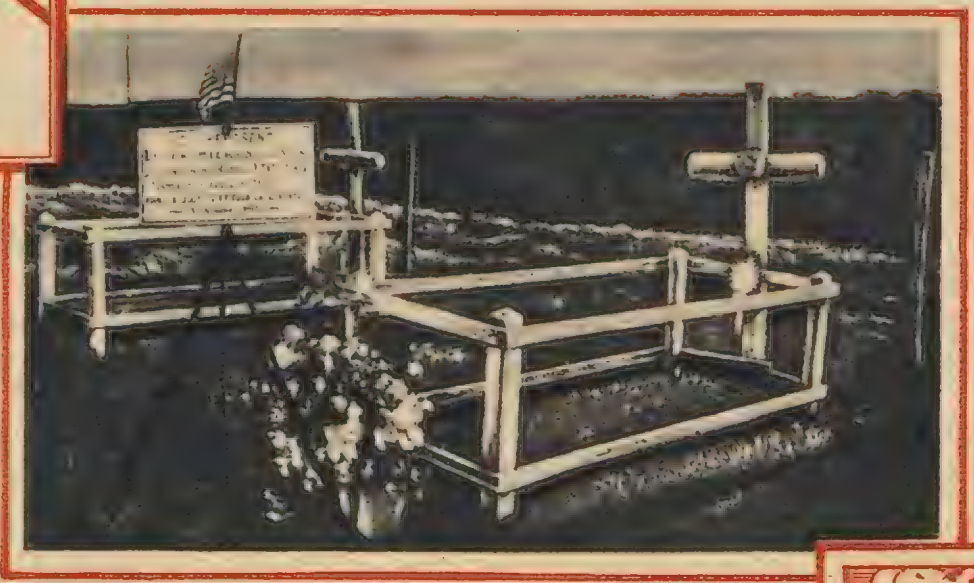
"But you can't let your men take advantage of you," he warned. "You've got to go on as though nothing had happened. I know it's tough—going into the lines with a court-martial hanging over your head; but you must do your duty, believing that you'll get justice."

I wanted to ask how I could get justice if my witnesses were lost in action before the court convened, but said nothing.

Late in October it began to rain, continuing without let-up until November 1. Relieved by French troops, the First Battalion of the Sixteenth came back to Bathelémont as planned. I thought my outfit would replace it at once, for the Frenchmen were supposed only to act as guides. Some hitch occurred in the arrangements and our departure was delayed until the next night.



owing Bathelémont, where German trench raiders captured Halyburton and his omrades, with the Sommerviller sector as a whole.



The graves of Enright and Hay, two of the first doughboys to fall in France. They were killed by the German raiders who captured Halyburton.

A more damnable night could not have been picked for a troop movement. The rain had been followed by a pea-soup fog. When we formed in the street for a final roll call, laden like pack animals with extra clothing, food, and ammunition, it was so dark no one could see the man next to him.

About eight o'clock Captain Stone ordered us to get under way and we started moving slowly toward the lines in single file. I was bringing up the rear. Orders were passed back to me from man to man.

Mud that had been ankle-deep in the town reached our knees as soon as we left the main road. There were shell holes all around us now, most of them filled with water. Some of the men fell into the miniature ponds and had to be fished out. Others, exhausted, begged to be allowed to rest.

Commands came back: "The captain says, close up the intervals—close up the intervals."

I cracked the lash at the stragglers: "Get a move on, you curly-haired mama dolls! Pick those feet up!"

"I can't keep up," someone whimpered. "You can shoot me, but I can't go on."

It was one of our kid soldiers. He had been carrying almost his own weight. I relieved him of his pack.

"Hold to my rifle," I told him.

On and on! No matter what we had left behind or what awaited us ahead, we had to go on. . . .

It was two o'clock when, cursing and sweating, we reached the section of line assigned to us. The Frenchmen disappeared like genii. Curiosity supplanted all our other emotions. Some of the men were standing on the firing steps, trying to pierce the darkness that rose like a wall between us and the enemy. More practical were those who explored the dugouts, hoping our Allies had abandoned a keg or two of wine.

Captain Hanford gave final instructions to the lieutenants and sergeants. In case of attack we were to fall back and take a stand on the high ground.

The C. O. spoke gravely, but most of his listeners seemed to think that the Germans were either ignorant of our presence or afraid of us. Had not the First Battalion held the lines for two weeks without a single casualty?

I was less cocksure. Going back to my platoon, I posted sentries and assigned sho-sho gunners to advantageous positions I had previously marked. Everyone wanted to see the new day—November 3—break over no man's land. There was no thought of sleep.

At three o'clock in the morning I was standing alone at a listening post. It was like being in a grave amid the silence and darkness of death. I fell to thinking of Mora.

Suddenly I became conscious of a sound somewhere in the inky blackness beyond the parapet. Faint and metallic, it continued but an instant. I stiffened, straining my ears. The noise was not repeated.

Perhaps one of the iron stakes in our barbed-wire entanglements had fallen, loosened by the rain.

Wondering whether the men in the apex of our little salient had heard anything, I began to feel my way toward them. I had gone less than five yards when two demolition shells exploded in our wire, which at that point was about a quarter of a mile from the enemy lines.

I broke into a run, yelling for a lieutenant who had passed me a few minutes before. But he had high-tailed for the second-line trenches—to ask Captain Hanford what he ought to do!

It was obvious that the enemy would follow up the bracketing shots with a barrage.

"Back to the high ground — everyone!" I shouted.

Either the order went unheard or the men were too confused to obey. Before I could get any of them together, another shell crashed in our wire.

Then, terrible in its intensity and precision, came the German barrage. I saw a wall of fire rear itself in the fog and darkness. Extending to right and left a couple of hundred yards, it moved upon us with a roar above which I could not hear my own voice.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHOOT AND BE DAMNED!
Continued from page eleven

The earth shuddered. The mist rolled and danced. Sections of the trench began to give way. Then the explosives were falling all around me. The air was filled with mud, water, pieces of duckboard, and shell splinters.

As I dodged to shelter the concussion from one blast knocked me forward on my face. Before I could get up I was half buried by another explosion.

I had been carrying my rifle in my left hand and my pistol in my right. When I crawled from under the débris I could find neither weapon.

The barrage lifted as suddenly as it had started, and I stumbled on, hoping to get the men out before it enveloped our communication trenches. Almost at once, however, the efficient enemy artillery threw a curtain of fire over our flanks and rear. We were boxed in!

At the same instant German infantrymen began pouring into the trench in three columns, each bigger than my entire platoon. Hundreds of little lights blinked as they switched on the electric lamps fastened to their breasts.

Ahead I saw a sho-sho open up. As its muzzle crimsoned, some of the lights outside the trench went out. I started toward the gunner. Then a flare went up, and I could see that the space between us swarmed with men in coal-scuttle helmets. Other Heinies were running along the duckboards behind me.

Halting, I looked around for something with which to defend myself. An ax was sticking in a log at the entrance of an unfinished dugout. As I stooped to grab it, a violent blow in the back of the neck knocked me out.

When I recovered enough to know what was happening, I found myself on the parapet. Two Germans were holding my arms, while a third searched the pockets of my blouse. Near by stood a German officer, smoking a cigar and viewing the operations with satisfaction.

I had lost my helmet and overcoat. The back of my head felt sticky and something warm was trickling down my spine.

Only enemy soldiers were visible in the trench from which I had been lifted. They were running back and forth brandishing pistols, knives, and hand grenades. Apparently they had found no use for the rifles slung over their backs.

MY men were no longer offering any resistance. I concluded that they had all been wounded or killed. I could hear some of them screaming in agony. America had lost her first fight with the Germans, and her first men.

"*Auf mit ihn,*" the officer directed my captors.

I had seldom heard anyone speak in his tongue, but the order was full of meaning for me. I was about to be taken across to the enemy lines. I would be questioned, tortured—perhaps crucified, if the stories I had heard were true.

As my head cleared I realized that my one hope of escape lay in stalling for time. The French and American artillery would soon be putting down a barrier of fire between the raiders and their trenches.

"*Komm, Amerikaner—eilen!*"

The men who had hold of my arms started pulling me. The other was jabbing me in the back with a knife.

Before we reached the wire, I jerked back suddenly, expecting the man behind me to drive his steel through my ribs. But I was a prize too valuable to be killed immediately. The German merely rapped me over the ear.

Getting back my senses in a few seconds, I renewed the struggle. A German tripped over a wire and scratched his legs. He retaliated by battering my face.

Panting, cursing, almost sobbing, I discovered that I was now being pushed and pulled through the shell holes in the middle of no man's land. Every second diminished my chance of getting away.

Just when I was beginning to believe that the Allied artillery had failed us utterly, a seventy-five exploded in the German wire. I was ready to whoop with joy, believing my captors trapped, just as my platoon had been.

The counterfire was not well directed, however, and the three Germans seemed little concerned over it. They were veterans who knew how to dodge shells. Whenever the ground erupted in a fountain of flame, they flattened themselves, falling just the right way, and pulling me with them. Now they had me just outside their trenches.

Seeing that nothing was likely to spare me the ignominy of being the first American soldier to pass through the German lines as a prisoner, I threw myself directly into the next shell burst, jerking along the men at my sides. We fell in a heap.

Ordinarily, all of us would have been blown into bits. As it was, the blast harmed no one. The Boches yanked me to my feet and gave me another beating.

Stunned and barely able to see through bruised and swollen eyes, I sank to my knees. With toes trailing, I was carried the rest of the way to the German trenches.

AFTER that I had no clear conception of anything until I was shoved into a brilliantly lighted room in a village behind the lines. I crouched in a corner. A guard was staring at me as though I had been some kind of freak.

Presently a door opened to admit an *Unteroffizier* and half a dozen more guards. Behind the gray-green of their uniforms I glimpsed something that looked like olive-drab. They were bringing in more prisoners—Americans, and members of my platoon.

These were Corporal Nick Mulhall and Privates Ed Haines, Herchel Godfrey, Vernon Kemdall, Frank McDougal, John Lester, Harry Loughman, Hoyt Decker, and Clyde Grimbsley—nine in all.

Covered with mud and blood, they staggered toward me. Corporal Mulhall's face looked as though it had been half shot away. One of Decker's eyes had been blown out and was hanging on his cheek. Lester had five gunshot wounds in his legs. Most of the others had been stabbed or clubbed. I had never seen a more pitiful group of soldiers; yet, to a man, they were full of fight.

"How many were killed?" I asked Mulhall.

He shook his bleeding head. "Three, I guess—Merle Hay, Jimmy Gresham, and Tom Enright. I saw it. God, it was awful! Guess we're in for the same thing."

A young German lieutenant came in. He looked and acted very much like one of our own ninety-day shavetails.

"So these are the Americans?" he asked with a sneer, speaking perfect English. "A fine lot of soldiers!"

One of our men said something out of a corner of his mouth, and the *Herr Leutnant* blew up.

"Prisoners, you must not talk to each other! If you do, I'll have you shot like dogs."

He began noting our names, ranks, and organizations.

"How long have you been in the army?" he asked Lester.

"Five months," said the wounded man, standing with shattered legs spread far apart to ease his pain. "How long have you been in?"

The German danced with fury. "Swine! I want you to understand that I'm asking the questions."

The *Unteroffizier* strode up to poor Decker and took hold of the pendant eyeball.

"*Was ist das?*" he laughed, jerking it free from its socket and throwing it on the floor.

Decker, fainting, fell like a log. Blind rage succeeded our horror. We were ready to throw our maimed bodies on the saw-tooth bayonets that encircled us.

With a massacre impending, the *Herr Leutnant* spoke sharply to the *Unteroffizier* in German.

"I have ordered the wounded man taken to a hospital," he told us. "Everyone with serious wounds will be given care."

Decker was carried away. A little later Mulhall and Lester were herded out of the room. Daylight found the rest of us being hauled to the rear in a truck.

Our guards were in high spirits. They laughed and sang as we jolted along. Still dazed, I was trying to get myself together. We sat with our heads in our hands, seldom looking up.

Out of the war area now, the truck began stopping in every town, giving the guards plenty of opportunity to show us off and take aboard the *Schnapps* with which their countrymen always rewarded them. Schools let out and shops closed as soldiers and civilians—men, women, and children—flocked to the truck to view the wild *Amerikaner.*

Jeering us, the spectators invariably shouted: "*Gelangen, gefangen, gehangen!*" The rhyming words, beating constantly on our ears, had a sinister sound. We would not have been much surprised had we then known their meaning — "Coming, capturing, hanging!" We were convinced that the best we could hope for was quick death. From time to time we were compelled to pose for army photographers. Knowing that the pictures would be used as propaganda, we tried to hide our despair. Finally I was singled out, pulled from the truck, and shoved into the midst of twenty or thirty grinning officers. A cameraman was adjusting a tripod near by.

I had recovered enough from my daze to be thoroughly aroused by the exhibition they were making of us. Forgetting my helplessness, I faced my tormentors defiantly, with hands clinched and chin outthrust. The photographer caught me in that very attitude.

U. S. Official photo

Doughboys of the Sixteenth Infantry digging trenches for protection against air raids.

The camera clicked and the incident seemed closed. Yet, as I learned long afterward, the photograph, appearing in Berlin newspapers, was to find its way to the United States through neutral countries. It was to take the fancy of a famous American sculptor and serve as a model for the statue, Captured But Not Conquered.

Our captors concluded their tour in a little town north of Faulquemont. Each of us was given a bowl of soup and a piece of raw bacon. We drank the soup, horrible as it was, but refused the fat pork. In our condition, the meat was revolting. Our guards laughed at us, intimating that we would soon count any kind of meat a luxury.

The men who had taken part in the trench raid were leaving us now. The detachment that took their places was composed of oldish men whose dress-parade outfits were suggestive—two damned suggestive, in fact. I thought of a firing squad.

"*Amerikaner*, you vill comm vit us," said a *Feldwebel* with the face of an undertaker.

WE rose and followed the *Landsturm* soldiers into the street, where they formed around us. The *Feldwebel* gave an order, and we passed out of the town into a forest, our guards goose-stepping in death-march time.

The sky darkened. Rain began to patter on the dead leaves that carpeted the road. Then a priest appeared out of the woods and fell in step beside us, never once looking our way. His lips were moving in prayer.

A peasant, driving home a cow, stopped and stared at the procession. He made the sign of the cross.

I looked at Godfrey on my left and Haines on my right. They were keeping their eyes to the front. I nudged Godfrey. He responded with a nod. I looked at the others. Their thoughts were written in their faces, but not one of them seemed to be weakening. Good boys! The best ever!

The slow march went on, with the priest still talking to God. . . .

I was remembering the last hand in the poker game on the transport—the blonde Johnny and I had met in Paris—and Pete Mora. Except for that night in Gondrecourt, Pete might have been with us, carrying on as bravely as the next man.

I reached for the tobacco I had had in my shirt pocket before the raid. Strangely enough, it was still there. Very carefully I rolled a cigarette.

We had come to a fork in the road, far from any habitation. The priest vanished as mysteriously as he had appeared.

The cadaverous *Feldwebel* held up a hand. "Halt!"

Now we would be lined up and shot, I thought, deciding to give the solemn riflemen a cursing they would not forget.

"*Euch*—you vit stripes on der sleef—vit me you muss gelang now."

I pressed Godfrey's arm and gave the others a look of farewell.

AS I fell in beside the *Feldwebel* and was led to a road marked with a sign reading St. Avold, the rest of the party moved off in the opposite direction. At any moment I expected to hear the crackle of rifle fire.

It was still raining. From the wet earth rose the odor of decay and death.

Shortly after dark my grim escort brought me into St. Avold. Turning into a tall black building, we climbed three flights of stairs. Then I was standing in an enormous room, blinded by high-powered electric lamps. The *Feldwebel* pushed me into a straight-backed chair.

When I got back my vision I found I was seated in the exact center of the chamber, directly under the beams of a flood light. A guard with a sword and a bayoneted rifle was standing in front of me, another behind.

The only other occupant of the room was an officer on whose shoulder knot gleamed the gold star of a first lieutenant. A pale man, thin-nosed and spectacled, he made me think of a professor as he bent over a desk.

For a moment my position puzzled me. Then it struck me that I was in for a German form of the third degree.

Ghost hairs rose along my spine. In imagination I was already having my eyes gouged out.

I looked at the guards. They were big devils with flat, expressionless faces. I thought them quite capable of carrying out any atrocious scheme that might be hatching behind the *Leutnant's* scholarly forehead.

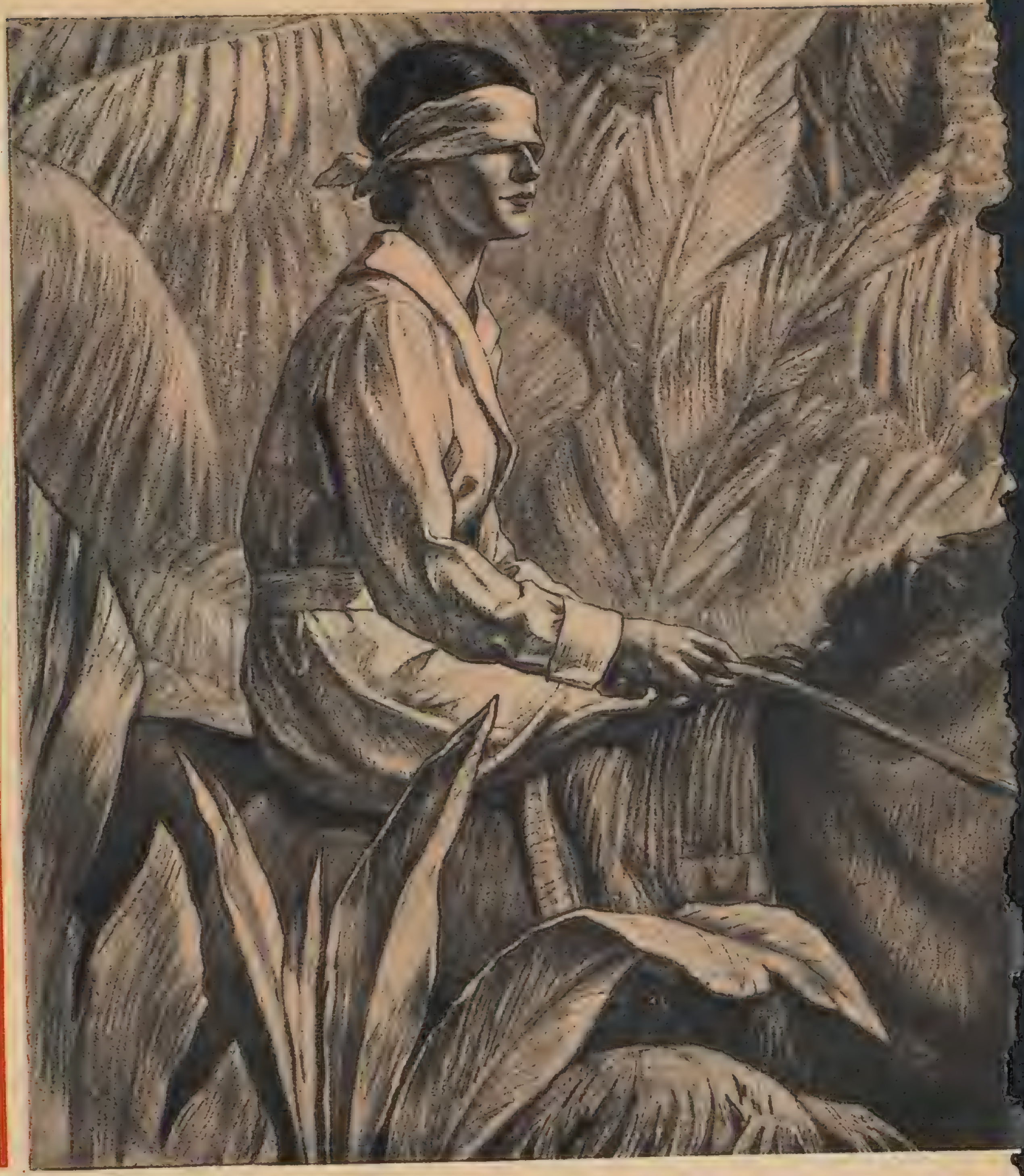
While I watched he picked up my notebook and began to leaf the pages, frowning a little. I guessed what was perplexing him. In jotting down my observations of the German trenches I had used my own gambler's code.

Minutes passed, then hours. I closed my eyes, but the lights overhead burned through my bruised lids.

At first I had been afraid to have him question me. Now I was almost praying that he would say something—anything! One instant I was shivering; the next, sweating. I wanted to leap, screaming, from that chair.

After what seemed an eternity, the *Leutnant* rose and motioned to me to follow him. I staggered out of the room after him, and he led me downstairs to the street.

The long-drawn-out "third degree" ordeal that awaited Sergeant Halyburton; his reunion with his captured comrades in the St. Avold town lockup; their removal to the underground dungeons of Metz; their transfer, by way of Berlin, to Tuchel in West Prussia, and their appalling first impressions of that man-killing prison camp, where hordes of captive Russians, slave-driven and starved, lived huddled in filthy dugouts or died like flies in the midwinter cold—these are among the gripping sensations in next week's installment of the sergeant's own story.



The Devil's

In Which Is Forged a Woman

By BEATRIC

Pictures by
Carl Link

(Reading time: 31 minutes 20 seconds.)

> As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's smithy—
> Which is the poison to poison her, prithee?
> Browning.

IN the Sheba Islands there was no cool season. There was only hot and hotter.

It was hot in the lounge of the City of Manchester Mission. The Mission folk, resting after their day's labor, panted for breath.

Between the sun blinds the sea showed, flaming blue. Red poinciana trees burned fierily. The dark skins of the native servants glittered with sweat as they carried round tea. Beyond the range of the punkah no air stirred.

At the far end of the lounge rose the voice of Arthur Peveril, second in command of Port Absalom station. He was reading The Eve of St. Mark:

"The city streets were clean and fair
From wholesome drench of April rains;
And, on the western window panes,
The chilly sunset faintly told
Of unmatured green, vallies cold,
Of the green thorny bloomless hedge,
And rivers new with spring-tide sedge,
Of primroses by sheltered rills,
And daisies on the aguish hills."

"Oh, stop!" called a beseeching voice. "I can't bear it; it makes one feel so much worse."

"Oh, go on!" begged another. "I can actually fancy I see the chilly sunset!"

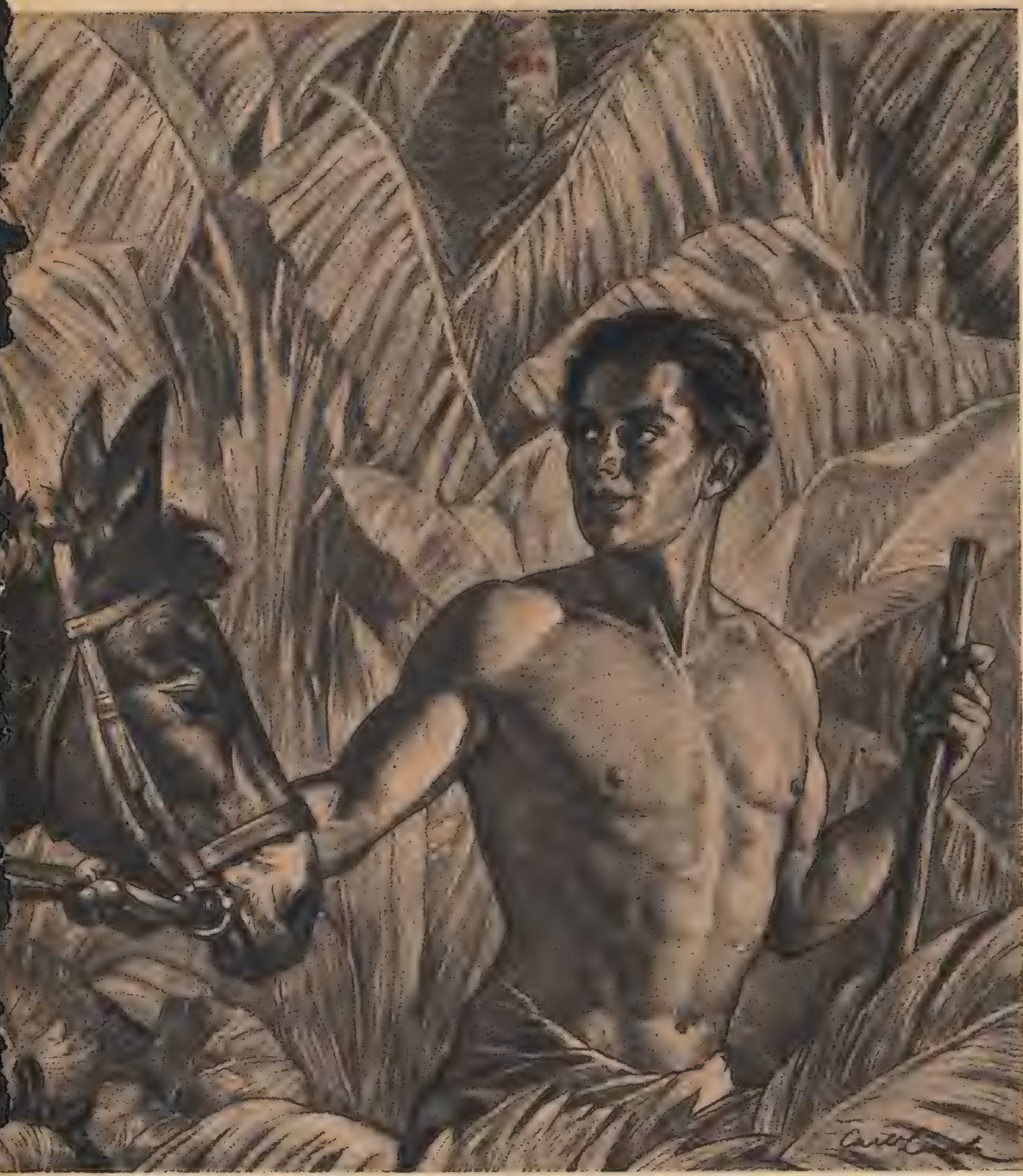
Another woman, sitting beside the two "lady teachers," said nothing. She was watching the reader.

Peveril did not appear to have heard either of the teachers. He seemed to be occupying himself exclusively with the Mission nurse. Mrs. Glenn was a new arrival, a young widow out from "home." She was not at all like the lady teachers, who were exactly like almost every other female missionary in the Shebas—which is to say that they were extremely worthy women, hard workers, deserving of every consideration and esteem.

But they had mousy hair and shiny faces, and they wore what Easter Glenn had been heard to describe, in a satirical moment, as "Christian clothes." Easter herself was tall, blonde as a Norse princess, and beautifully dressed in white silk hospital frock and white lawn veil. In spite of the marrow-melting heat, she managed to look cool.

Arthur Peveril, the good-looking redhead who sat beside her, had been five years without a furlough. To him, as to most other members of the Mission, England, chilly sunsets, unmatured green, valleys, thorny bloomless hedges, and the rest, were part of an impossible paradise seen only in longing dreams.

There was only one member of the Mission staff who loved the Shebas for their own fierce sake, and that was Lydia Cookson, the "lady in charge" of the next station.



Smithy

Weapon and a Man's Fate

GRIMSHAW

But Lydia had been on the field since she was twenty-two, eleven years ago. Lydia was clever (and a missionary is none the better for that). Lydia, in the opinion of everyone but her fiancé, was really a little mad. . . .

Lydia was the woman sitting silent beside the lady teachers. And her fiancé was Arthur Peveril, just now reading poetry aloud to the nurse.

Peveril, a passionate enthusiast, a man with a touch of the saint about him and a flavor of the possible sinner, had deliberately chosen out Lydia, as the least unattractive of the various unmarried women on the field, some months before. They were to be married in March.

In January Nurse Glenn came out. No missionary; just a young woman who wanted a job and liked the idea of travel. Recommended, of course, and highly qualified. Somewhat of a disturbing element in the Mission as weeks went on. Because "everyone" (which meant the two teachers and the lay readers and the entirely missionary wives of the two married missionaries) could see from the very first what was going to happen. Arthur Peveril did not seem to see it. He said that a true friendship between a man and a woman was a precious thing.

FOR hours they seemed to twist and turn among innumerable forest tracks. The heat impended like a heavy blanket over Lydia's head.

"You know," he was saying in a low voice (yet not so low but that the teachers, and the dark woman beside them, could hear), "from the very moment when I first heard your name, you made me think of that poem. You are the poem! Easter Glenn—why, it actually means the green valleys and the primroses and the—"

"Funny thing," said the nurse in her calm voice. "I thought I'd heard you were to be married at Easter."

PEVERIL looked at her with the air of a man suddenly awakened from a dream.

"Why, yes," he answered. "Oh, yes. That is, Miss Cookson and I—we were to have been married in March, but circumstances have arisen—the fact is—"

Easter, looking at him under heavy eyelids, saw him flush, noticed his hesitation.

"The fact is that I'm getting furlough a little later, somewhere about September, and we thought—"

He did not say what he and Lydia thought. He broke off short, turned the leaves of his volume of Keats, and said: "Now listen to this. This is the Eve of St. Agnes:

> "St Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
> The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold."

In her corner, Lydia quietly arose and slipped away from the lounge. The two lady teachers, avidly watching, broke into sudden talk. They did not gossip; it was "not allowed." Loyally they tried to speak of something else:

"Isn't it hotter than ever?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

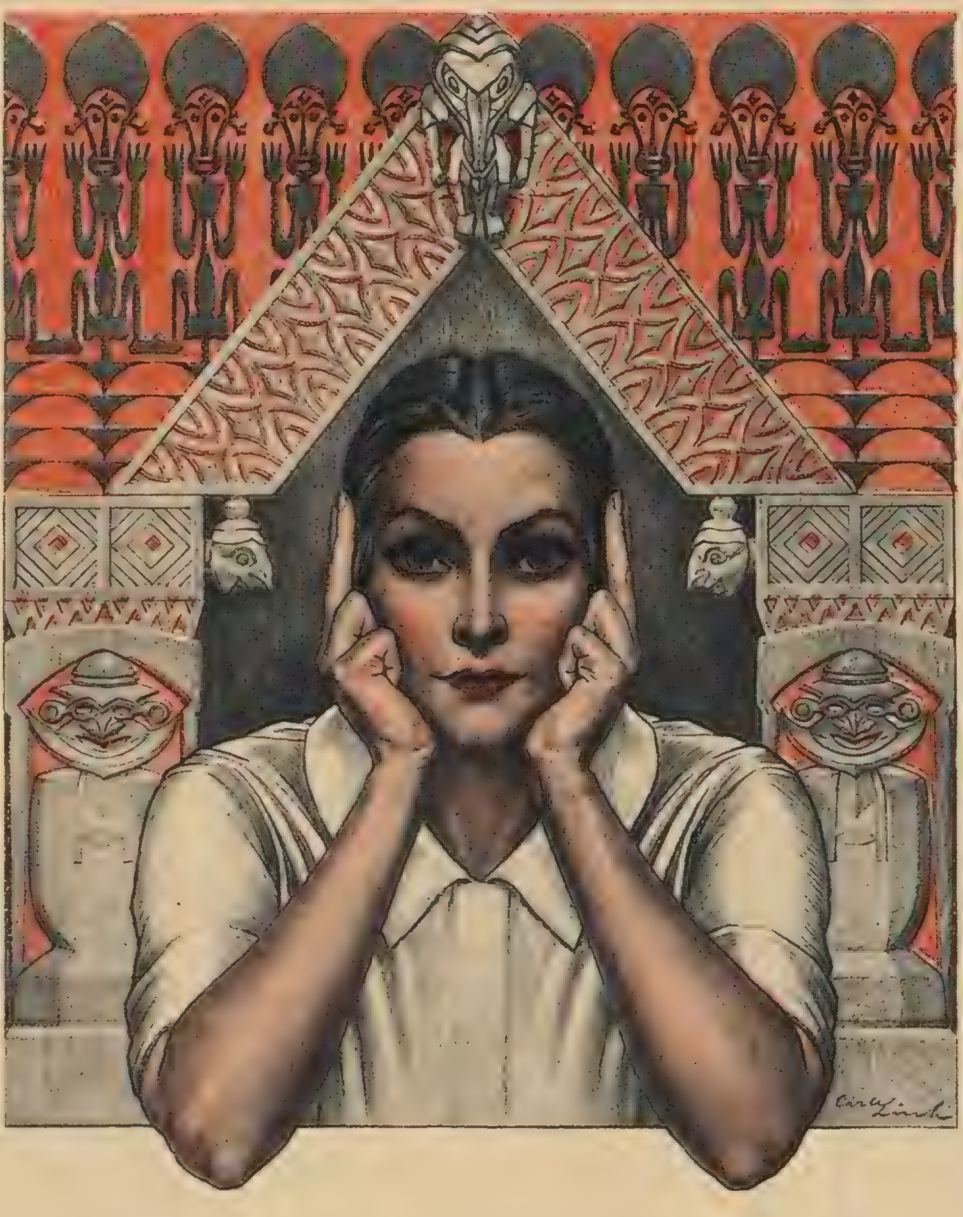
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

"Did you hear what happened in the hospital?"

The first said, "No—yes. I believe there was trouble with Aikora."

"Yes. The sorcerer from Kari-Kari village. He came in to beg for some quinine, and they gave it to him—he is a true son of Satan, but one mustn't— And he saw Nurse Glenn, and stared at her, and said something insulting in native—admiring, you know; no other native would dare—and the native helper translated it, and she just took the basin of dirty water beside her and flung it right in his face!"

"Dear me! Well! No doubt she did what she thought right—and one can't for a moment allow— But Aikora, you know! And just when Miss Cookson was doing such magnificent work for the gospel cause!"



She sat alone and quiet. Here, already, was the stillness of death.

"Don't you worry about Lydia. She can handle him."

"Oh, she's wonderful! A real heroine. Do you remember how she broke in upon that cannibal feast, and went to the village where they were all fighting, and ran in among them, and struck up the spears and—"

"Oh, yes. She deserves to have a station all to herself—though no woman ever before—It's so lonely!"

There was a moment's silence, and then the first teacher broke forth determinedly: "Nurse Glenn—has wonderful hair."

It was a noble effort of Christian charity, but it damned Nurse Glenn as completely as Peveril, five minutes before, had deified her. Both women felt better.

A long way off, the pattering hoofs of Lydia Cookson's mule sounded upon the path, upon the hollow bridge, and died. . . .

It was night in Kari-Kari, and the Missi had come back.

The natives had seen her ride away that morning, pale and heavy-eyed. They knew—all things are known in a native village—that she had hardly slept for two nights. Not since the letter came from Port Absalom, brought by Peveril's boy.

No one had expected to see her back within twelve hours; but she was there in her house, behind shut doors.

ON the floor she lay, like a native, with her face hidden in her folded arms. She was not crying now. She had cried for two nights and a day, and then she had gone to Port Absalom, unsummoned. Arthur had been quite kind, entirely reasonable. He had pointed out the advisability of waiting till furlough time, and Lydia had agreed.

He had said everything that was nice, and he hadn't kissed her, and he had gone away.

An hour after, he was reading poetry to the white creature from the hospital.

Lydia, from that moment, knew. And she was terrified. Not by the knowledge itself, but by what it had done to her.

It had seized her and cast her, for the time being, into the dark flood that flows always too near the feet of dwellers in savage lands. To Lydia's feet it flowed very near—now. She had bought her empire over the savages with a price. She knew that these eleven years spent among head-hunting fiends, living through the furious seasons, the fiery beauty of Kari-Kari, through dangers that irresistibly beckoned, solitudes that burned like ice, had changed something in her nature, brought her too near the people over whom she ruled.

She loved Arthur Peveril. Not as he loved her, or had loved her: in a good, kind, Christian way—the best possible way, of course. No. She loved him with the flame and fury of a heathen.

At that she writhed upon the floor and sent out a sudden cry.

Someone had opened one of the closed shutters and was looking in upon her. "Missi," the person said.

"Go away," answered Lydia. "I am ill."

"Missi," the voice persisted in native. "Let me in. I am Aikora."

SORCERERS in the Sheba Islands ranked as princes. Lydia knew that no light thing had brought Aikora to her door. She sat up and looked at him as he entered.

He was a young man, physically perfect, as were all the sorcerers of the islands; picked men, every one. Naked save for a strip of bark cloth, he wore none of the usual savage decorations—no beads, tusks, or shells. His bronze skin glittered; his eyes, beneath the huge bar that marks the savage, shone fiery black. The man was a human dynamo; you could almost hear him crackle.

Lydia rose and seated herself. "Well?" she said curtly. "What do you want? Have you come to say you are sorry for carrying off my girls and corrupting my young men?"

"No," said Aikora, standing cool and perfectly poised beside her. "I have come to take you to the sorcerers' college."

Lydia caught her breath. For years she, and all the Mission, had been trying to locate the sorcerers' college, hidden with cunning skill in the deepest forests and surrounded by a maze of misleading tracks. Every year a few of the finest youths of the villages were carried off, by ones and twos, to be educated as wizards; to terrorize the surrounding country, commit murder wholesale, carry out and perpetuate all the horrors of worship that the Mission was trying to eradicate. No one had ever succeeded in finding the place.

And now Aikora was offering to take her there.

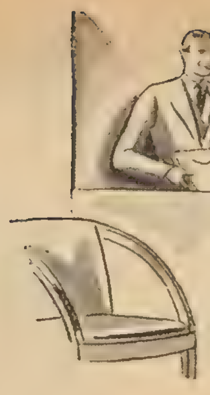
Lydia was shrewd. She asked immediately: "What do you want?"

"Nothing," said Aikora. Then, watching her, he added: "A charm, maybe. Something to make a charm."

And, as Lydia opened her mouth to refuse, he added quietly: "A charm—to make a woman grow cold to a man."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTEEN]

Penny for Penny Dollar for Dollar



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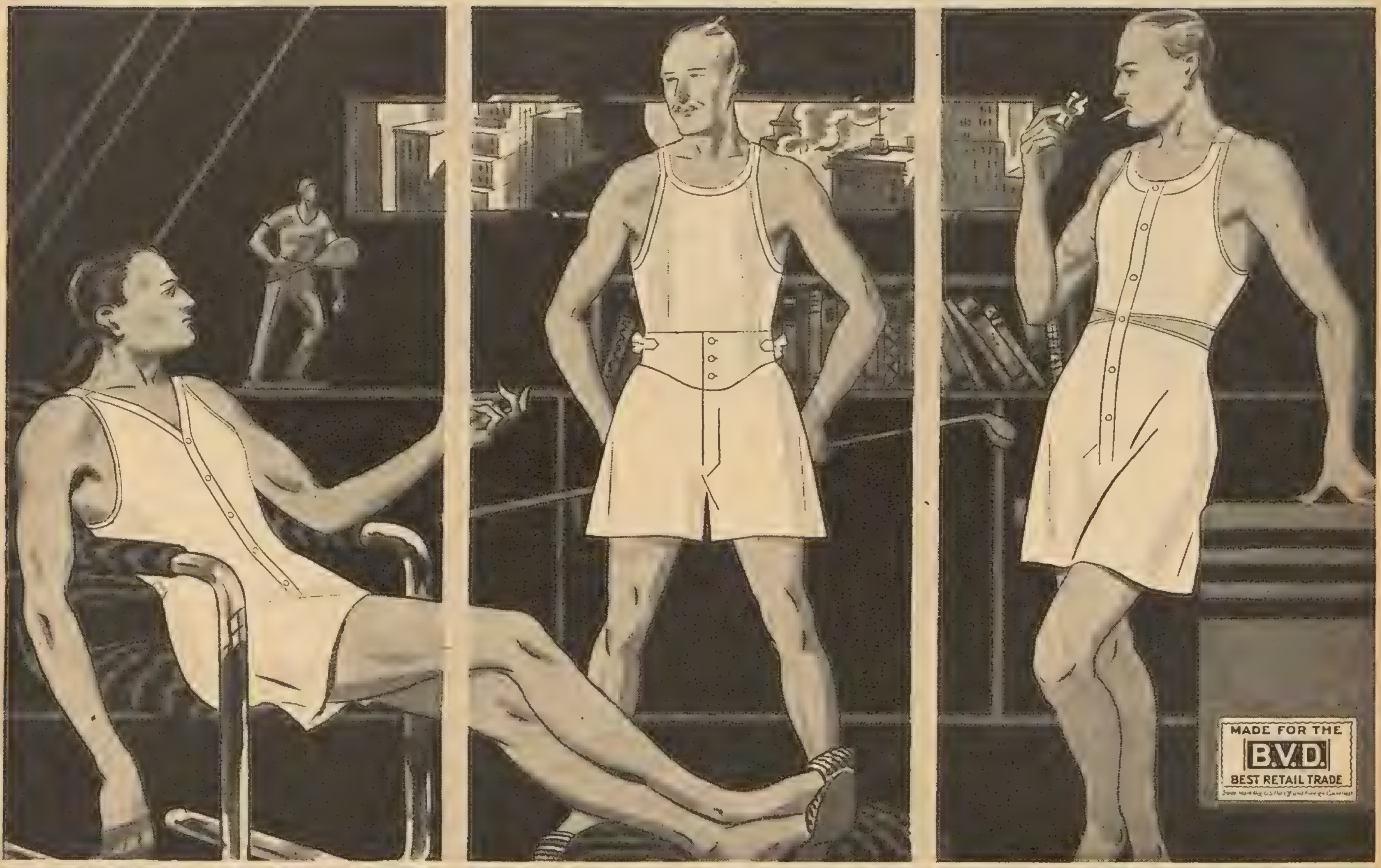

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Its patented closed crotch—elastic web inserts at shoulders and encircling the waistline—have made the U-1 the most popular union suit ever sold. In B.V.D. nainsook (regular sizes).

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YOU demand more value for your underwear money. You *should* get more in these days of lowered costs—and you *can* get more!

But you won't get it from nameless and fameless brands—from depression "sales" or red-paint "close-outs."

You can get more in B.V.D.'s! Penny for penny, dollar for dollar, you do get more—more in style, quality and service—in the coolness and comfort of perfect fit—in fabrics that stand the gaff of the most murderous tubbings—in stitches that stay sewn and buttons that stay put!

B.V.D. prices are down—down to rock-bottom levels. Shirts and shorts labeled B.V.D. are priced as low as $.50. The new 1932 price for U-1, the biggest-selling union suit of all times, is $1—the trim, youthful athletic "Sports Model" in nainsook is reduced to $.79—coat shirts and knee drawers to $.59.

Insist upon B.V.D.'s! Keep your economy eye opened for that three-lettered label of underwear service and satisfaction—the most respected label in the underwear field—the label that has never let you down. The B.V.D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York. Copr. 1932, The B.V.D. Company, Inc.

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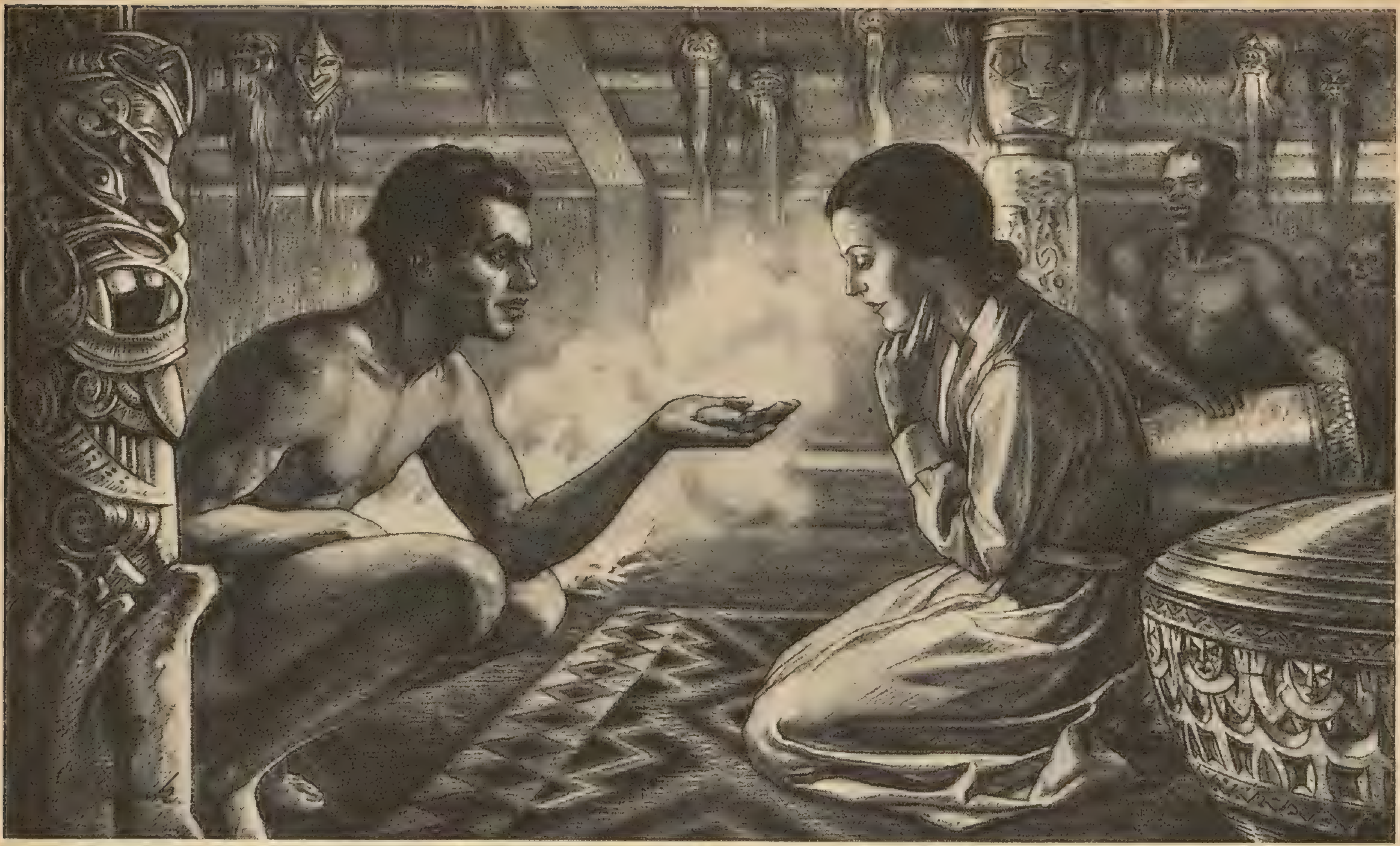
NEXT TO MYSELF I LIKE B.V.D. BEST
B·V·D



"This is the great charm," the sorcerer said. "What do you want to do with it?" asked Lydia.

THE DEVIL'S SMITHY
Continued from page sixteen

"I—I can't help you in any heathen rubbish," she told him feebly. The temptation was almost beyond her. Lydia believed fully in the power of the sorcerers, as did many other white people. "Satan himself helps them," she used to say.

"Never mind," Aikora said. "But you can come—and see. No harm there."

"I will come," Lydia said, taking down her electric torch from the shelf.

But Aikora shook his head. "No light," he said. "You must bring no light, and you must ride your mule, and your eyes must be bandaged."

"What!"

"No other way." He waited.

Lydia thought quickly. "Go out," she said, "and I will come in a minute. Get me my mule."

She closed the door behind him, then hurriedly opened her store of small trade beads and filled her pocket with them. They were fine as oatmeal, but brightly colored.

"I'll mark the way with those," she said, and laughed.

Aikora knocked on the door. "Mule here," he said.

Before she mounted, in the warm dark outside, he tied a handkerchief tightly about her eyes. In the forest there would not be so much as a ray of starlight; but nevertheless she was to ride quite blind. Aikora took no risks.

FOR hours they seemed to twist and turn among innumerable forest tracks. Sometimes the mule climbed, grunting, over rocks, and sometimes it splashed clumsily through the bed of a stream. The heat impended like a heavy blanket over Lydia's head; she could hardly breathe; her arms and neck streamed sweat as they went. But Aikora, leading the mule, stepped as lightly as a bird, and once or twice, when he touched her hand, his hand was as cool as spring water.

At last they left the mule tied to a tree. Lydia was led for some distance afoot. A door was opened; her shoes trod over soft mats on a bamboo floor.

"Take the bandage off," said the sorcerer.

Lydia took it off, and found herself standing in a huge dusky room lit only by the flames of a fire that burned in the middle. The roof was smoky, indistinct. The pillars upholding it, thick forest trunks stripped of bark, were curiously carved and painted. Drums, also carved, and wooden monsters were hung about these pillars; and on stands there were many human heads which had been cured into leather and painted black and red. Also there were skulls, adorned with pig snouts and set with pearl-shell eyes that glimmered in the firelight.

Strange—and horrible! Lydia in that moment felt herself akin to the wizards of Scripture: to Saul when he called upon the demons. . . . Were not these things true?

THERE were three or four young boys sitting in a corner. They took no notice of Lydia. They seemed to be drugged, half conscious. One of them was drumming, drumming, with limp fingers that never ceased. Aikora spoke to him in native; told him to fetch "the love charm." The boy got up. He was naked save for his little fur sporran. He was curiously painted. He went on drumming as he moved; it seemed as if he could not stop. He was a mere shell of a human being, no soul left.

Lydia's lips were dry; she licked them unconsciously. She had heard about the youths. A lad who had never touched woman could be used to help with sorceries. This was part of the education.

The boy came back, still drumming. His eyes were turned up till one could see almost nothing save the whites, but he seemed to know what he was about. Drumming with one hand, he reached out to Aikora with the other, and went backward to his seat again.

Aikora showed Lydia the charm. It was a queer small carving of black wood, like a pig, like a nut, like a little yowling fiend—she did not know what to call it. It seemed to have no definite shape, but to take on different shapes as she moved it about.

"This is the great charm," the sorcerer said. "It cannot fail."

"What do you want to do with it?" asked Lydia.

"The same as you do," he told her. "This white woman has annoyed me. She is not to marry the red chief. It will be bad for all of us if she does. It will be bad for the Mission."

Lydia wanted to say, "A lot you care about the Mission!" but somehow the words would not come. Aikora went on. He told her that she must get him a piece of the white woman's underclothing—some that she had worn and that had not been washed since. She must cut it in two, give him one half and keep the other. The half she kept was to be wrapped round the charm, and the charm put away in the dark.

"In three days," Aikora told her, "she will grow cold—cold to the red chief. And he will never marry her."

For a moment Lydia hesitated. Then she stretched out her hand. "Give me the charm," she said.

The little soulless boy kept on drumming, drumming, and never looked at her. The high, dusk room was full of strange odors: dust and mildewed thatch, and perfumed gums from the forest, and the sharp scent of the herb that native men use for adornment, and smoke and sweat, and above all the leathery, sickening smell of the dried heads. There was another smell, too. Lydia wondered if she knew what it was. . . . Yes. Snakes!

At the far end of the room stood rows of clay cooking pots, each with its cover on. Aikora had not spoken; but a youth at some sign, rose from the floor and, while the drumming still went on, took off a pot lid and stood watching. Almost immediately, out of the pot rose a glittering head with tongue that flickered like black flame, and a huge tiger snake began to pour itself over the pot edge.

Aikora nodded, and the lad took the snake as if it had been an eel, and twisted it back.

"These are our watchdogs," the sorcerer told Lydia. "It would be very bad for anyone who came looking about the place. They have their teeth, and the covers are not always on."

She knew that he was warning her. She did not care. "I will use the beads," she thought.

Aikora tied the handkerchief over her eyes again, and led her out. For quite a long while after she was mounted on her mule she could hear the dull, unceasing, hypnotizing sound of the drum. "He's going roundabout," she thought. "But I can beat him."

It was pitch dark, and Aikora was walking on ahead of the mule. Screened by the night, Lydia dropped one fingerful of beads after another all the way back.

They reached the village, came to her house. Aikora plucked the bandage off her eyes. "You must get me the garment tomorrow!" he said. "Leave it beneath the corner stone of the wall. Here is something that belongs to you. Good night."

Into her hand he poured a mass of beads, all that she had painstakingly strewn upon the dark way. There was a screaming laugh as he disappeared into the forest.

Late next day Lydia was sitting in her house with a pile of wash before

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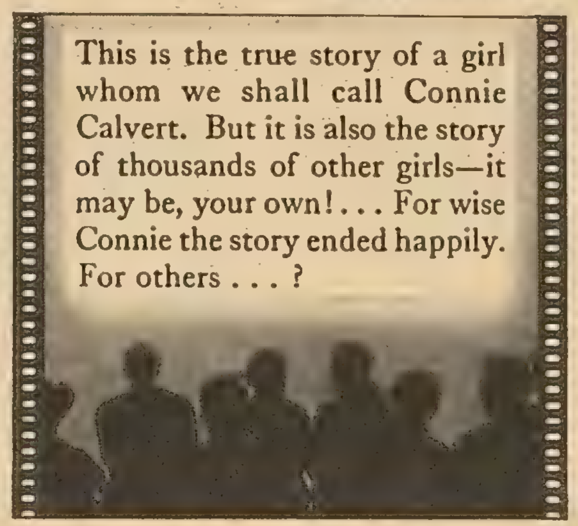
REAL LIFE MOVIES

. . . Connie Comes Back!


This is the true story of a girl whom we shall call Connie Calvert. But it is also the story of thousands of other girls—it may be, your own! . . . For wise Connie the story ended happily. For others . . . ?

1

Everyone was happy for Connie and Tom when they became engaged . . . until . . . even their friends began to notice. Tom was definitely growing cold.

2

Then—the Blakes' party. And Tom's interest in that vivacious Peggy Hale. Jealously, Connie contrasted Peggy's sparkle with her own listlessness.

3

Late that evening, locked in her room, Connie faced the facts. Of course, Tom was full of life . . . And she—well somehow she *had* become a "dim bulb."

4

She realized how much of a girl's charm is vivacity . . . vitality. And somehow she had lost hers. Then—Connie did a wise thing. She went to Dr. Summers.

5

Connie never suspected the real trouble—*constipation.* But what a change in her now! And Tom can't understand this *new* vivacious, *fascinating* Connie!

6

AND THIS IS HOW CONNIE "CAME BACK"

Post's
BRAN
FLAKES
WITH OTHER PARTS OF
WHEAT
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If *you* are troubled with headaches, tiredness, lack of energy—do as Connie did! She exercised more—ate more fruit and vegetables, drank more water, and EVERY morning, she had a bowl of Post's Bran Flakes.

Post's Bran Flakes, a natural "regulator," speeds up sluggish intestines. And often brings new vigor to tired minds and bodies—new color to dull complexions.

You'll find, too, that it is a most delicious food. Thousands call it the finest tasting cereal on the market.

So don't let intestinal sluggishness rob you of enjoying the good things of life. Begin eating Post's Bran Flakes *regularly* every morning. A product of General Foods.

THE DEVIL'S SMITHY
Continued from page nineteen

her. The clothes from Port Absalom headquarters were sent to Kari-Kari every week, since it was known that Lydia's girls were the best laundresses in the Mission. Lydia trained her converts excellently, and for the most part they did not (in Mission parlance) “fall away.” One of them, Deira by name, had gone off to the bush lately, but it was said that she had gone far from willingly; Aikora's name was whispered. . . .

The clothes of Arthur Peveril were Lydia's first care. He was something of a beau for a missionary. His mother, down south, kept him supplied with fine silk vests, and Lydia loved to mend them, to count and darn his socks, sew buttons on the white suits when they came back from ironing. Easter Glenn had not taken that pleasure from her—yet.

When she had counted Peveril's clothes, she turned to Easter's. There was a huge pile of fine underthings, mostly silk and lace. Lydia wrinkled her nose at them. “Nets to catch fools,” she said.

She chose a silk chemise, and was about to cut it in two with her working scissors, when suddenly she paused, struck by a new thought.

Aikora had said that she was to keep one half of Easter's undergarment and wrap it round the charm. With the other he would work spells, and in three days—no more—the woman would have grown cold to the man.

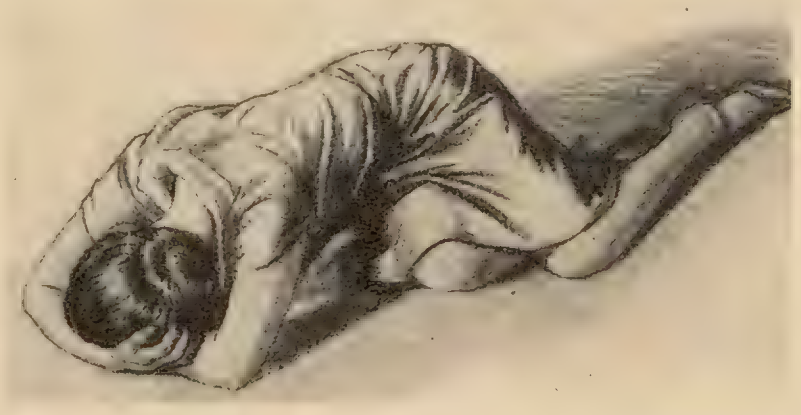
All very well, as far as it went. But would it be enough, if Peveril remained in love with Easter? Easter might refuse him, send him away. Would that give him back to Lydia if Easter was still there, still temptingly hanging like a bright fruit on a low bough? She did not think it would.

Laying down her scissors, she thought. The very air of the house seemed to stand still. Pencils of sunlight slid through the walls of basketwork, wrote runes upon the floor, and passed away. Lydia sat on, unmoving. In the tall cottonwoods “six-o'clock” locusts struck up their wooden chirring. A crocodile, somewhere in the lagoon, sent out its mournful sunset bellow, sounding like a bull in death agony. Night was near.

Lydia got up and lit the lamp. “Why not?” she said aloud.

She took one of Peveril's silken vests and slit it in half. Aikora would never know the difference.

One half she wrapped about the charm, hiding the little parcel on a high shelf. The other half, folded in a green banana leaf, she left beneath the corner stone of the wall. Then, calmly, she returned to her neglected tasks.



She writhed upon the floor and sent out a sudden cry.

THAT night she slept as she had not slept for weeks. Once only she dreamed. She saw, for a moment, Peveril, tall and winsome, with a laugh in his eyes. She saw Easter Glenn. And Peveril had an icicle as long as a spear, and with it he was driving Easter Glenn away.

The native girls nudged one another and giggled when Lydia came into school next morning.

“The chieftainess is happy,” said one. “Maybe she brought poison from the house in the forest, to kill the white woman who has cast spells on the red chief.”

“Maybe,” agreed the others.

On the following day Lydia rode her mule into Port Absalom. She had business there.

Deira, the lost girl, ran by her stirrup as she went. She had not escaped from Aikora; the sorcerer had sent her back with a curt message: “Payment.”

Deira did not understand. “Him say him no want me,” she explained, trotting beside the mule. “Him say me cly too much, cly all-a-time. Cly all-a-same one piggy-pig, him say. True, Missi, me cly. Me no like Aikora.”

She was crying now, a pretty little figure in her short grass petticoat that swung like the kilt of a Highlander as she ran; with her bushy brown-gold hair, unadorned, and her red-painted breast bare of flowers or beads. Last week Deira had been decked with all the many ornaments of a village maiden. Now she went plainly, like a married woman. Only, no bride price had been paid for her, no cooking pots carried home; nor was there any slim brown youth with blackened teeth awaiting her where the village smoke went up.

She would marry, but it must be an old man now, and she would go cheap; no boasting among the matrons over the number of pigs that had changed hands at her marrying. Life was shorn of prestige for little Deira.

But Lydia was glad to have her back, though she did not care for the tone of Aikora's message. She was taking Deira in to headquarters now, in order to leave her with a colored teacher's wife. There she would be safe even if Aikora changed his mind. The fate of the sorcerer's cast-off loves was terrifying, even in thought. There had been women's heads among those sinister trophies in the “college.”

After leaving the girl in the native quarters she went up to the Mission. “Deira is all right now,” she thought. “ ‘ “But can thim that helps others help thimselves? Answer me that, Sorr.” ’ ”

AS if in mockery, as if her evil spirits had replied, there came a peal of laughter from the house. She could see into the lounge. Easter and Peveril were there, sitting on a sofa together, sharing some careless jest.

Lydia looked at them. She felt her heart go down like a stone sinking into deep seas.

“O God,” she began to say—and then remembered that she had no right to call on God any more. She had sold herself to the devil, had she not? And now she was beginning to wonder whether Satan (as people said he did) was not going to cheat her of the price. What had Aikora meant when he assured her that one of those two would, within three days, grow cold to the other? This was the third day, and they were sitting side by side, looking in each other's eyes.

She went to her own room on the women's side of the sleeping corridor, and saw no one else that night. She rested badly. Hour after hour she sat upright in bed, listening to the faint sounds of quiet breathing from Nurse Glenn's room beside hers, noting the silence that told of Peveril's heavy slumber opposite. The men's rooms opened into another corridor, but they backed on to the women's; every sound could be heard.

Outside the night was quiet, save for the faint chip-chipping of a woodcutter bird a long way off, and at intervals the noise of flying foxes quarreling among the mango trees. Down on the beach the suck and draw of waves steadily sounded. The tide was coming in.

Late, toward morning, the stillness of the night was splintered by a cry—a shout in a man's voice. Trampling of feet and blows immediately followed.

About Port Absalom, the Mission lived in constant expectation of native attack. Everyone was out of bed in an instant. The corridors filled with men and women in night clothes; torches flashed. People asked one another, with determined calm: “Did you see? Where are they? Have they come?”

Some of the women, white-faced, saw the gates of heaven near; most of the men felt the thrill of fighting blood, and thanked the same heaven that they were going to have some fun. . . .

Then it all collapsed. Arthur Peveril came out of his room with a handkerchief tightly tied about his hand, and said: “There was a tiger snake in my room. Where's the ax? Quick!”

Nurse Glenn, in a becoming wrapper, ran forward. “Let me see,” she begged, taking hold of his hand.

He pulled it away. "Leggo!" he said. "You can't— Ah, Lydia, good!"

Lydia had run to the kitchen and fetched the cook boy's ax. She asked no questions. She gave him the ax, as she would have given him her head, had he asked for it.

"Stand back," Peveril warned. He pulled the bandage from his little finger.

Lydia saw two blue marks on the middle joint, and her heart turned over, for she knew the power and venom of a tiger snake in the hot season's heart.

One of the married missionary women screamed as Peveril laid his hand upon the veranda rail and raised the ax. It was all over in a second. The finger fell bleeding on the floor, and Peveril, letting the severed stump drip over the rail, said coolly: "That's done it. Now we'll go and have nurse tie it up."

Easter was sobbing. "Why did you?" she asked through tears. "I've plenty of snake serum at the hospital."

"Yes, down the beach—and before you could have got it— Why, this was the biggest tiger snake I ever saw! He escaped, worse luck."

"We'll kill him for you," promised one of the men. "Where do you think he went?"

A small brown face, unheeded, peered through the veranda rails. "No good you looking for dem snake," Deira said. "Him b'long Aikora. Him go home."

NOBODY listened. The men went out to engage in a fruitless hunt for the snake. Peveril went down to the hospital with Easter. Lydia, unnoticed, followed them. She heard Peveril consoling Easter, telling her not to be upset.

"You don't know our snakes," he said, "especially such a monster as that was. Why, if I'd waited for you and your serums, I'd have been as cold as freezer beef by now!"

As cold as freezer beef!

Lydia stopped dead beneath the palms, her hand upon her heart. Before her, pale in the starlight dusk, the figures of Peveril and the nurse went on.

Lydia said slowly: "I ought not to be allowed to live!"

She had understood.

Aikora indeed had spoken nothing but truth when he said that Easter Glenn would be "cold" to Peveril if she, Lydia, gave him that undergarment of Easter's wherewith to make his spells.

Cold! Yes, cold in death. And she had given him Arthur's shirt instead.

It was not her fault that Peveril was alive. She—with her tamperings and her spells! She—who hadn't believed the current tales about sorcerers and trained snakes, who had thought Aikora's tigers were neither more nor less than he described them, watchdogs, meant to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"So the clerk told you these shirts wouldn't shrink, eh?"

"QUITE a comedian, wasn't he? Telling you these shirts wouldn't shrink. Look at those sleeves. They've crept half-way to my elbows. Notice those shirt tails. They're so short now you might run an elastic through them and I'll wear the shirt as a blouse. And the collar — watch me choke when I try to button *that!* Won't shrink? Bah! You can give the lot to the ash man!"

* * *

What an extravagance they are — those perfectly good shirts that have shrunk beyond all wearing! Be done with shrinking shirts—switch to Arrow. For Arrow Shirts are shrunk by Arrow's own Sanforizing Process—the only process of its kind—a process that guarantees *permanent* fit, no matter how often the shirt is laundered, or you get your money back.

And what a fit that is. The experience gained in tailoring over four billion collars gives Arrow Shirts a trim, smart fit to the collar that's the despair of other shirtmakers. And the collar—remember—is the part of a shirt that the world judges you by—the part that completes or destroys that well dressed look. Only Arrow Shirts have Arrow Collars.

To enjoy perfect fit—and permanent fit—insist upon Arrow Shirts. Get the correct size, the correct sleeve length, and rest assured they'll *stay* that size. Don't let "bargain" claims lead you into temptation. What you really want is value, not "bargain". Try the famous Trump, of specially woven broadcloth, with collar attached, or neckband for starched collars. Only $1.95. And remember, if the shirt hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt.

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ARROW SHIRTS SANFORIZED SHRUNK

Guaranteed to fit you PERMANENTLY — *or your money back*

THE DEVIL'S SMITHY
Continued from page twenty-one

keep strangers away from the "college." They were that, no doubt; but she knew now that they were more.

Deira—she must ask Deira! She could hear her, somewhere among the mango trees, where the great fruit bats had ceased their quarreling and quieted down to sleep, where now the first stir of the dawn wind was beginning.

The girl who "cried all the time" was crying still. Well, she had something to cry about. And she could tell something, surely; she had lived a week in the sorcerer's own house.

Lydia found her, crouched upon the ground. "Me no do it," she explained, sniffling.

"No one said you did," countered Lydia, who was beginning to understand just why Aikora had tired of this creature; almost feeling ready to sympathize with him. "Stop howling, if you can," she ordered, "and tell me what you meant about the snake."

Next week—

"When I Take Charge of Germany"

Hitler Shows His Hand

The Fascist platform—its threat to Bolshevism, and what it means to the rest of the world

By

George Sylvester Viereck

Also
stories and articles by
Philip Wylie—Helen Topping Miller—
Clement Wood—W. H. (Bill) Rice—
Bert Green—Franklin D. Roosevelt

Deira sat back on her heels and, still sobbing at intervals, told what she knew.

It was quite true that the sorcerers, especially Aikora, could train their snakes to bite anyone they liked. It was done in this way:

You procured a piece of the intended victim's clothes, an unwashed piece, and for some days you teased the snake with it, making him strike his fangs in, and dragging it away, hitting him with it, and so forth.

By and by the snake came to associate the odor with the annoyance. Then you took him by night to the victim's house, slipped him under the bed, and waited results.

Of course there were spells as well—very powerful spells. But that was the way of it.

Aikora had been very angry with the white woman because she had insulted him and made little of him before the other natives. And Aikora would be very angry indeed when he found that his snake had played him false. No doubt he would kill it.

But she, Deira, had not done anything; Missi must believe her.

"Oh, shut your head!" Lydia impatiently told her. "You could never do anything—but cry."

The nurse was coming back in the pale dawnlight, alone. Lydia went to meet her. "How is he?" she asked.

"I gave him a shot of serum for safety, and made him go to bed," Easter replied. "He'll do all right. But his hand—his beautiful hand—"

She turned her head aside; she did not want to talk. She had been crying, too.

LYDIA, with dry, burning eyes, glanced scornfully at her. How contemptible they were, these women who sobbed and cried! She felt herself harder, infinitely stronger, than any of them. None of Nurse Easter's breed would have sinned, as she had darkly sinned, for her lover.

Not one would have had the strength, if she had sinned, to keep silent about it. Their sort of sinning ran another way—an easier way. . . .

And none of them all would have done what she was now going to do.

It would be very simple. There were herbs in the forest that would give her ease. She would find them tomorrow—no, today; it was morning now. Her last morning.

Before she died she would pray very hard, and perhaps she might be forgiven. Perhaps she might be allowed the least and lowest seat among the "many mansions" where Arthur, surely, would have the highest place.

And there, where there was no marrying or giving in marriage, where she could never know kiss or embrace of his, her consolation would lie in knowing that Easter at least would be no wife of his, either.

Live on and see their happiness here she could not.

That afternoon, with the herbs plucked and the brew in a cup beside her, she sat alone and quiet in her house at Kari-Kari. Away in the port it was steamer day, she knew.

There would be bustle and excitement—mails arriving, passengers leaving the ship. Here, already, was the stillness of death.

She twined her long ivory fingers round the cup, caressing it. In the looking-glass that hung on the wall she could see her face. For the first time it struck her that she had beauty. Not the kind of beauty most people understood or appreciated, but a bizarre charm, an almost decadent attraction, with her deep eyes, and tilted faunlike eyebrows, and the sharp corners to her long red mouth.

Well, all that would be clay, and soon. Cold—as Peveril would have been cold today, through her, but for his own swift courage.

Her fingers closed round the cup. All her senses were tight strung. She could hear the noise of beetles moving in the thatch, the sound of land crabs walking among dead leaves outside. She could hear— No, no!

But it was. It was the sound of hoofs—somebody riding toward Kari-Kari.

A LADY teacher drew rein before her door. She was one who liked Lydia, and had been feeling uneasy about her these few days. She had made an excuse to call at the Kari-Kari station, being "moved," as she said, to go and see what Lydia might be about. Also—and this may have had something to do with the "moving"—she had a piece of news to impart.

"Do you know," she said, dismounting and tossing her reins to the boy—"do you know we're losing Nurse Glenn?"

"Yes?" queried Lydia, with a face of stone.

"Truly. It's very unexpected, and so—so— Well, one can't call it scandal, can one, when it's really news? She—her husband has turned up."

Not a muscle moved in Lydia's face. Standing in the doorway, she reached forward and stroked the neck of the panting horse.

"Indeed?" she said.

"It seems she was not a widow, after all. She ran away with another man, and was actually living in sin with him, when he deserted her. So then she got this appointment to keep out of her husband's way, and he followed her here, and they had a dreadful quarrel, but in the end he decided to take her back, instead of divorcing her as he said he would, because—can you believe it?—he's fond of her, after all. And the steamer leaves tonight, and she's going."

Lydia said, "A very bad example to our converts."

"Shocking," agreed the teacher. Then, recollecting herself: "But, after all, which of us can say that he or she is perfect?"

Lydia made no answer to that. She had gone into the house and was busy washing up china. "I'll give you some tea," she said. "Just let me throw the slops out of this cup."

. . . . . .

Deira the "Blubberer" (for so the village had named her, and the name was to stick) had come back to her family, from the Mission of Port Absalom, after only two days.

"I don't mind if you sell me to one of the old men," she told them. "I would rather have that than the talk of the native teachers' wives; they do nothing but scold. And I want to stay in Missi's village.

"She is a good sort. She isn't really down on sorcery, for all she tells us that it is bad. What do you think she is doing now?"

The family leaned forward, eager to know.

"She has locked her door (but I peeped through a hole) and she is making spells by burning papers in the fire."

"Ma!" chuckled the family, delighted.

. . . . .

Lydia, having finished her burning, put back on the shelf a little volume of Keats, from which two pages now were gone.

In the fireplace, glowing embers showed white on red, two fragmentary lines:

. . . green, vallies cold,
. . . primroses . . . shelterea rills.

Lydia turned on her heel and left the fire.

THE END

Author's Note: This use of snakes by sorcerers is well known to many residents of the western Pacific. Recently a government tax collector was attacked by a sorcerer's trained snake, and nearly killed.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the birth stone for July?
2—What is the capital of Mississippi?
3—How many shillings in a pound?
4—Who ranks next above a captain in the United States Navy?
5—What is a clavichord?
6—What kind of creature is a wryneck?
7—What is Avernus?
8—What is a copse?
9—What is phonetics?
10—What is the waist of a ship?
11—What is a pluviometer?
12—Under what department is the United States Secret Service?
13—Of what country, other than Denmark, is Christian X the king?
14—Who succeeded to the Presidency upon the death of William Henry Harrison?
15—What is the name of the North Star?
16—What is chorea?
17—To what island group does Guam belong?
18—What is ullage?
19—Where is Kashmir?
20—What is the most important muscle in the body?

(Answers will be found on page 37)

HELLO THERE, KATHERINE! YOU'RE THROUGH WITH YOUR WASH EARLY
OH, GOOD MORNING RUTH! COME ON IN FOR A FEW MINUTES
I CAN'T STAY LONG — I JUST RAN OUT TO BUY SOME SOAP
WELL BE SURE YOU GET RINSO — IT'S THE SOAP THAT SAVES ME HOURS OF SCRUBBING EVERY WASHDAY
SO THAT'S WHY YOU'RE ALWAYS THROUGH SO MANY HOURS AHEAD OF ME! AND IS IT RINSO THAT GETS YOUR CLOTHES SO SNOWY?
YES — I DON'T EVEN BOIL MY LINENS ANYMORE, RINSO GETS THEM SO WHITE
LATER
RINSO'S WONDERFUL! MY WASH IS WHITER THAN EVER AND I DIDN'T SCRUB A THING. I MUST TRY IT FOR THE DISHES, TOO

"Amazed at big lot of work it does," says Pittsburgh woman

"I NEVER REALIZED how much a big box of Rinso would do until I kept a list. I was amazed at the big lot of work I was able to do. With just the one large box I did all this washing:

8 face cloths
10 napkins
8 pillow cases
3 table cloths
18 towels
3 aprons
7 dish towels
10 shirts
5 pairs socks
5 children's nightclothes
12 pairs " stockings
8 pcs. " underwear
2 housedresses
2 nightshirts
6 pairs curtains
45 handkerchiefs
13 pieces underwear
2 pairs pajamas

"And in addition to that I scrubbed the floors twice, cleaned the sink and tubs several times—and did the dishes 36 times. Goodness—my dishes just *shine* after washing them with Rinso!"

Mrs. Emma Lang, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Try Rinso. See how much work one big box will do for *you.* See what an economical soap it is. Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—*even in hardest water.* Thick, active suds that soak out dirt, save scrubbing and boiling, *save the clothes.*

Saves your hands, too

Rinso is kind to hands. They don't get red and washworn the way they do when you use old-fashioned, strong scrubbing soaps. The makers of 40 famous washing machines recommend Rinso. You'll like its creamy suds for dishwashing—and for *all* cleaning. Get the BIG package of Rinso today.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Millions use Rinso
in tub, washer and dishpan

Rinso
2 sizes most women buy the large package

MARRY *A GIRL*

Because This Scientific Study Shows that These Are the Years in Which Man Is Appreciated Most

Are men as healthy as of yore? "Yes!" cry the girls of 24 to 30.

(Reading time: 14 minutes 20 seconds.)

IF you want the best of the girl you marry; if you want to begin your married life when she is in the softest, loveliest of moods toward you; if you want her when she is most willing to believe in you, to hope with you, to desire you, to admire you—and to forget any little human imperfections you may happen to possess—

If you want any or all of these things, marry her when she is between 24 and 30, the earlier the better, since you have more of those precious six years. For during those six years American womanhood is made for man!

There isn't any doubt about that statement. It has been tried, tested, and proved true by the latest approved scientific method; that is, by taking all womankind as a working laboratory and questioning enough of them to get an assured reply. Last year 500 of our girls and women replied definitely to interviewers, also female, as to their ideas, opinions, feelings, and reactions to men, sex, and love.

Their replies prove that the old whiskered village wiseacre who used to cackle amid chaws, "Pick her young, boys, and bend 'er to yer will!" had no concept of the postwar girl whose will seems stronger at nineteen than at any other age and not likely to bend under pressure. The younger the girls interviewed, the more captious and demanding. Girls of 19 to 24 are much harder to please and more highly critical of men and love than girls a bit older. Also these sweet young things have a strongly developed mercenary tendency.

Women over 30, married or unmarried, are apt to be a bit embittered or indifferent or aloof toward men and love. But between 24 and 30 the girls of 1932 are liberal in their ideas of men and sex, more liberal than they have been or will be ever again in their lives. Not every girl or every woman runs with the majority. Take heart, O man, if your particular girl happens to be 19 or 31. She may be an exceptional girl; of course she is, as she is yours. But when 500 women of all ages from 19 to 50 reply to questions so that the answers just naturally fall into three age classes, it follows that most women are their own age.

"Are men today as attractive as men of years ago?" was one of the questions asked. One in every four girls under 24 pouted, considered, and decided that men are *not* as attractive. They prefer the sterner pioneer type of our swashbuckling, sword-fighting ancestors. Many women over 30 join them in this preference for men of the past. But the girls 24 to 30 stated emphatically that the men of today are *the best ever*. Nine for to one against—90 per cent strong—these damsels cast their votes for men as they are.

"Do you think the lines of a man's body more beautiful or less beautiful than those of a woman's?" A majority of the 500 women think woman's body more beautiful. But when classed by ages there is a different result. Girls between 24 and 30 give their majority vote in favor of men. Either they think that a man and woman may have equally beautiful bodies, or they decide that a man's body is more beautiful than a woman's. As women between 24 and 30 are usually in the fullest perfection of their own bodies, this is a generous vote, indicative of their attitude toward men in general.

"Is a man who has had affairs previous to marriage more desirable or less desirable than a man without?" In their replies to this question—listen with care, my brothers—the whole 500 women were liberal. One in five, that is 20 per cent, believe that a man is less desirable because he has had previous affairs. Nineteen per cent think that it does not matter. But our girls of 24 to 30 again massed as an age group. Nine to one—again 90 per cent of them—said frankly that men who have had affairs before marriage are just as desirable or are more desirable than those who have had none. Unashamed, many state their preference for the sex-experienced male.

ONLY since the close of the World War have women become frank enough to give honest answers to questions such as these. And even in this year of 1932, Mr. Herbert G. Edwards, director of this research, decided that it was wiser to send women to interview women if he was to secure sincere replies. Mr. Edwards spent several years as an executive in a research company which directed and supplied questions for young women who went forth to discover such interesting facts as how high housewives prefer a gas oven and how long they like bath towels. As he codified and analyzed the replies, Mr. Edwards began to wonder why facts concerning more vital human relationships might not be found in like manner. When he assumed charge of his own research business he began upon this form of human relationship. The results surprised and interested him.

Applying his knowledge of the field of specialized research, Mr. Edwards sent eight young women experienced in the difficult art of asking questions which bring forth truth from reluctant females to find out just when, and how, and why women love and admire men. These young women sought and talked with other women from all parts of the country: Maine, Alabama, California, New York, and the states between. There were no questions answered by mail. *Every interview was personal,* which makes this research distinctive. Practically no girl or woman refused to reply to the questions. Why should she? Any woman likes a chance to get what she thinks of men and her relation to them off her chest, and an impersonal female interviewer seems a safe person

BETWEEN 24 and 30

By HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT
and
HERBERT G. EDWARDS

with whom to work off any grouches or to whom to confide those bits over which you blush a little in secret.

Mr. Edwards planned his questions with the skill of a trained research worker, and the results of those 500 interviews are as searching and convincing a report of female opinions on men and love in 1932 as has ever been gathered. One of the odd results was that after the first hundred reports came in and were analyzed, the next hundred and the next ran right along the same lines. Yet the interviewers saw all sorts of women: school-teachers, stenographers, and society maidens, housewives, widows grass and sod, actresses on one-night stands, and lifelong stay-at-homes.

Like Judy O'Grady and the colonel's lady, all these were sisters under their skins, and, north, south, east, or west in our U. S. A., they run true to one and the same form.

In this machine age our critics say that we shall presently all think alike. These questions and their replies show that we don't as yet, not by any means. But our differences show up about as well in a cross section of a hundred women as in a thousand. So, while the 500 women interviewed are not *all* the women in America, they seem to represent all of them pretty accurately. The black-haired girl from Newton, Massachusetts, who boasted a string of ancestors, the redhead from Birmingham, Alabama, and the rare brown-eyed blonde from Rhode Island, all agreed from the depths of their individual 25 years that a happy sex life is the most important thing in marriage.

"*Is there,*" the question demanded, "*anything more important to a married woman than a happy sex life?*" And, as the next question, "*If so, what is it?*" A majority of the women of 1932 (according to these 500) answered emphatically "No." Nothing, they agreed, is more important to marriage than happiness in sex. Of the minority who answered "Yes," one spinster of 37 instantly registered that "comfort" is to her the most important thing in marriage. A widow of 37 wants "comfort, plus a home." Our 24-30 girls came out stronger than any other group for a happy sex life. They registered 65 per cent.

HOWEVER, looking over the replies of some of the minority—that is, of the girls who think that something else is more important than a happy sex life—there is little that need dismay any young man looking for a wife. For, unlike the spinster and widow in the thirties, the answers are unselfish and idealistic. "Companionship," said one girl; "tenderness," another. "Trust," said a black-eyed 26-year-old. "Children" and "home life," declared several. I found one real intellectual of 26, a writer who is separated from her husband, who made a solitary selfish demand for "mental stimulus," but she apparently is a *rara avis* in this age group.

The portrait of the man of today as drawn from the replies of the maidens, wives, and, alas, divorcees and widows in the years 24 to 30 should give any self-respecting American male an extra inch across the chest. The beliefs already stated, that the man of today outclasses and outdoes all men of the past, that the lines of his figure are as beautiful or more beautiful than those of a woman, ought to put a lot of pep into that cold shower in the morning. But hearken to further confessions in favor of men:

"*Are men of today effeminate?*"

"No." A quick and sturdy chorus of denial.

"*Do men make good companions?*"

"Yes," in as quick and sturdy a chorus of approval.

"*Are men of today as healthy as in other times in history?*"

A catch question that, to see if the girls would back up or contradict their statement that men of today are the best ever grown. But they were not to be caught.

"Men of today," they stated, "are just as healthy as any men in history."

Then came a teasing, bewildering question, one calculated to probe the female heart to its depths:

"*Are women finer than men?*" Many a girl hesitated and offered, "Well, some ways—" But the interviewers would have none of "some ways." It was a "yes" or "no" answer and nothing else but. More than half (excepting the girls within our precious six years) said: "Yes, women are finer than men."

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

Has a woman's body more beautiful lines than a man's? A majority say "No!"

More than 50 per cent of the girls of from 19 to 24 believe that women are finer. When it comes to women over 30—well, the percentage is enough to chill any male. It rises to 70 per cent. But you'll not stay cold, brother; the girls within the six precious years are going to rescue you. The 24-30s reversed the decision of the other ages. More than half of them believe that men are equal to or finer than women. Fifty-eight per cent in man's favor.

IF more is needed to show how generous girls between 24 and 30 are to men, just look at this question:

"*Do most men think women inferior to themselves?*"

Of the nice young girls under 24, 70 per cent believe that men *do* think women their inferiors. But when a girl reaches 24 she moderates her stand. The six-year group gave a clear majority to the answer:

"Men do *not* think woman inferior to them." And the next question brings a reply in the nature of a revelation as to just how they feel about it. The question is:

"*Is this offensive to you?*" That is, if you *do* believe men think themselves superior to you, do you mind?

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

Half the 19-23s who had decided in such vast majority that men do regard themselves as superior were annoyed, and vastly annoyed, by that fact. But even the minority of the 24-30 group of girls who said that men *did* think themselves superior to women seemed only amused and not annoyed. Only two women in ten who think that way care at all about it. Some of this group actually believe that men are superior to women. So if men think so, well, they are just right, and that is that. But even when the minorities of the 24-30s believe men are *wrong* in thinking themselves superior to women, only two in ten care anything about it. To the other eight it is not offensive or objectionable; *let the men think what they like.*

Now sit right still and let us figure for a minute. Add to the majority who do *not* think that men consider themselves superior to women that part of the minority who think men *do* and *ought to,* since they *are* superior, and then add the *eight in ten* of those girls remaining who don't mind what men think about it—well, did you imagine that the women of 24 to 30 in this country ever could be as generous to men as that? Can you beat it?

AS for my own opinion, I can but echo Mr. Edwards. "Talk about liberality," said he. "Could any man hope for a better deal! That's liberality plus!"

The same generosity shows in the replies to:

"Do men make petty criticism of what women do?"

As the interviewers explained, this question is intended to refer to personal appearance more than anything else. Do men criticize women for wearing a mere brief of a bathing suit no bigger than their own? Do men criticize women for shedding undies until what is left is a wisp, or less? Do men find girls' lips too red, their cheeks too pink, their eyes too darkly shadowed, their eyebrows too thin, their lashes too mascara thick? There isn't a reason to suppose that girls 24 to 30 wear any more clothes day or night, in the water or out of it, than girls of 19 to 23. And certainly they doll up just as much with lipstick, perfume, and what not for their boy friends, husbands, and lovers. Presumably, if men make petty criticisms, they extend them to all women. But the younger girls, 19 to 23, found men guilty by a big margin. Seventy-eight per cent of them said:

"Men *do* make petty criticism of women." And the way they said it showed resentment. Seventy-four per cent of the women 31 to 40 years old agree with them. But the 24-30 girls reduced their majority to 61 per cent, and many of these girls did not seem to feel that it mattered.

All American males who care a hoot what American women of 24 to 30 think of them are hereby invited to look at the portrait of the man of today as the majority of those girls believe him to be: a healthy, masculine, good companion, better than any man of years gone by. He possesses an attractive body with as fine or finer lines than those of a woman. Whether he thinks himself superior to woman or not does not matter; possibly he is superior. If he takes it as his prerogative to criticize woman's clothing or lack of it, her rouge, lipstick, perfumes—well, that does not matter either; let him criticize; there is no resentment of it. This generously drawn picture is not exaggerated; it presents faithfully what most girls of 24 to 30 think of American men.

What kind of love life does our generous girl of 24 to 30 years expect to have with her man? She believes with a good majority that sex happiness is the most important thing in marriage, and she declares in favor of the sex-experienced male. She also believes in love, whole-heartedly and with small reservation. She was asked:

"If you were on a desert island with the man you loved, would you live with him, although not married?"

On my desk are the replies of a 26-year-old black-haired stenographer, a blue-eyed, blonde school-teacher, aged 24, and a hazel-eyed, brown-haired 25-year-old who does social work. They all say that if they are ever on a desert island with the man they love they will live with him without benefit of clergy. Ninety-three per cent of the girls between 24 and 30 likewise answer "Yes." They are not afraid of love. *But* the question following indicates that they prefer loving wisely to too well. It is:

"Do you believe in birth control?" Eighty per cent of the 24-30 girls promptly reply "Yes." In fact, while they are willing to live and love on the desert island, these modern young women do not expect to be responsible for populating it.

Most of them wouldn't mind the desert island, because they believe men romantic. In this belief the 19-23 girls join them in an almost even majority. But when the girls pass 30—what a drop! Then they believe men *not* romantic; two-thirds assert definitely that they are *not.*

"Of ten women, how many do you think marry for love?"

THERE is a new division in reply to this. The *married* 24-30 girls are kinder in their replies than the *unmarried* ones. In fact, among the whole 500 women, the married women are more likely to believe that other women marry for love than are the unmarried ones. Which is—is it not?—a very hopeful commentary on the married state and worth a thought when most commentaries of today are far from hopeful. Married women believe that seven out of ten women marry for love, while unmarried women reduce that number to five. Of all the women, there are fifteen melancholy souls who believe that only one woman in ten marries for love. Five of these sad females were married and ten were unmarried. And once more our 24-30 girls shine in their kindness toward men, love, and marriage. Six per cent of them said that *all* women marry for love, while of other women only 2 per cent did.

If you have followed this analysis carefully and are *male*, and have your eye on a girl of, say, about 24 to 26, I doubt if you stay beyond this. For if you have the spirit of the romantic soul she thinks you are, you have your hat on and are out the door to find her and make her name the wedding day. My heart is with you. Get the best of those six years *while they last.*

If you are female and under 24, you can be happy in the knowledge that you will be sweeter by and by just naturally—which helps some. If you are 24 to 30, revel in your years of generosity and make them count. But if you are over 30, protract that lovely 24-30 period; take it along with you. Leave the majority; become an exception.

THE END

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Bread Line

A Short Short Story

By KARL DETZER

(Reading time: 4 minutes 31 seconds.)

THE night was cold, and I was walking down Broadway with my collar turned up. I was wearing my one glove, and wondering where I lost the other, when I saw two people from my home town coming out of a talkie house, and I ducked. I was ragged, see. Dirty. Looked like a bum.

I turned around quick, and almost ran into a fellow I used to work with at Consolidated Chemicals. I didn't want to meet him, either.

So I slipped across, through traffic, to the middle of Times Square, where the midnight bread line was forming. Only they call this a sandwich line, for even the moochers have self-respect these days.

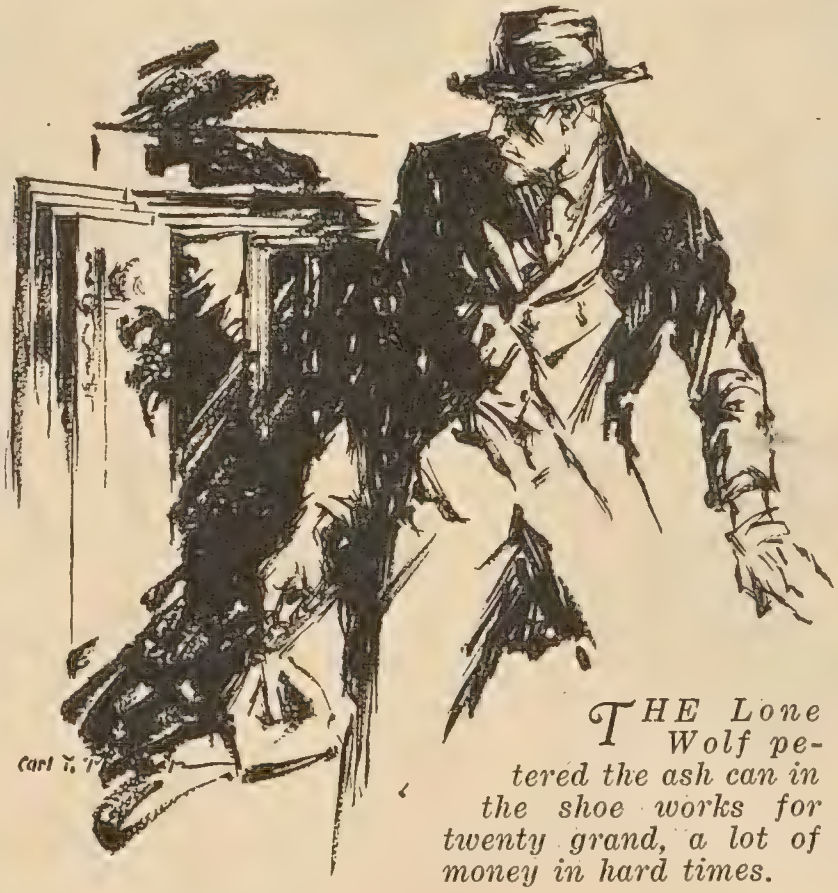
There were about a thousand of us, four abreast, with cops herding us. A fellow stopped beside me, and I saw that he was raggeder than I was, but fat, too fat for any bread line.

"Cold!" he said, his lips shaking. "It would freeze a brass monkey!"

"Yeah," I said.

The fellow next him complained: "And they make you stand around here all night. Rotten service!"

"Try the Waldorf, Joe, if this don't suit you," the fat man said. The other—Joe—was skinny, with red eyebrows, and needed a shave. I didn't like his looks.



THE Lone Wolf petered the ash can in the shoe works for twenty grand, a lot of money in hard times.

The fat one said: "I thought you'd lammed, Joe."

"No," Joe said. "Was I to lam, the bulls would fall down on me like a ton of bricks. They're watching every hole—ferryboats, railroad yards, everywhere. But they'd never look here. Ain't that right, buddy?" he asked me.

"Sure is," I said.

"It's using your noodle," the fat one said. "These cops here don't look at you; just keep you moving. But if you tried to lam, or even tried to mix with that theater crowd over there, somebody'd spot you. Lights are too bright."

"That's right," I said. "I saw some parties from my home town over there a bit ago. They'd of made me in a minute."

Joe said: "What town's that, buddy?"

"Evansville, Indiana," I told him.

The fat man grunted. "Hell of a burg. Run outa there once."

"I had a good job there once," I said. "Wish I was back."

Joe said: "What's your racket, buddy?"

"Chemistry," I said. "Good job. Nice home. Wife and two kids. Everything jake. But I thought I was too big for the town. Now I wish I had my old job back at Dow's."

"Dow's?" the fat man repeated. "I remember. Wholesale groceries."

"No," I corrected him. "Nitrates. Fertilizer and explosives. I was a chemist."

"Oh, yeah?" the fat man said, like he didn't believe it.

I didn't care what he believed. I could hear him telling Joe, then, maybe it would be safest to lay around a few days before lamming. Told him not to flash any jack. Soon's they see money somebody would start shooting questions. Naturally, I added up two and two.

I opened up a muddy tabloid I found by the curb, and pretended to read while I listened.

The tabloid was all warmed up over a robbery in the Bronx. Shoe-factory job. Laid it to the Lone Wolf, whoever that is. He'd petered the ash can in the shoe works for twenty grand, pay-roll stuff, and a lot of money in hard times. Blew three steel doors, and didn't wake up the watchman.

JOE and the other fellow had stopped talking, and just stood there looking cold.

"My hands are froze," Joe said. He said: "Give me the loan of your mittens, buddy. And when we're done here I'll show you a sweet flop. Not fancy, but warm, and free, and no questions asked."

"I got only one glove," I said. "But take it a while."

So he put it on, and pretty soon we got to the sandwich truck and grabbed ours, and the cops said beat it, which we did. I was thinking about what these guys had said, and about what I read in the tabloid. There was a reward out on that Bronx job—five hundred.

The fat crook said: "Come on, we'll show you that flop," and I followed them west in a side street, thinking very hard. So hard I didn't rightly notice where we were going.

Then Joe said, very sudden: "Here we are."

"Hell!" I said. "This here's a station house!"

"Sure," Joe said. "We're cops. Stick 'em up, buddy. Now go inside. We want to check this glove against the one that was dropped up in the Bronx." He waved the glove I'd loaned him. "We been watching for a smart guy with one glove."

"Yeah," the fat one said. "A smart guy from Evansville. That glove we found's got the name of an Evansville store in it. And the guy that dropped it must of known how to handle explosives. Must of been a chemist or something."

"Smart guy," Joe said. "Too smart to show the jack right off. Too smart to lam. So we watch the bread line. See, buddy? That's where the smart boys turn up, thinking we won't look for a guy with new money mooching punk."

So they brought me in here. And listen, sergeant. I'm not holding out on you. You got me. The twenty grand's in my shoes. Take a look.

No, I'm not smart. Told them all about it. One glove. Evansville. Chemistry. Explosives.

But these dicks aren't so smart, either. Any kid could of figured it out.

THE END

Night Court, a play depicting Justice asleep, presents Phillips Holmes and Walter Huston.

Loretta Young and Norman Foster in Week-End Marriage.

Borrowed

The Helping Hand Rules in Hollyw
Some Racing; and One from Lond

By FREDERIC

(Reading time: 5 min. 10 sec.)

NOT so long ago the Hollywood studios fought each other bitterly. Now a fine brotherly spirit of camaraderie permeates the movie colony. Everyone is helping everyone else.

The studios are busy loaning stars to each other.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has just loaned Joan Crawford to United Artists to star in Rain.

The Warners have loaned Warren William to M.-G.-M. for a leading rôle in Skyscraper Souls.

First National is borrowing Nancy Carroll from Paramount to play opposite Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

Fredric March goes from Paramount to M.-G.-M. to be Norma Shearer's leading man in Smilin' Through.

Joan Blondell of Warners plays opposite Stuart Erwin on the Paramount lot in the new version of Merton of the Movies, to be called Half a Hero.

In Night Court, reviewed in this issue, Phillips Holmes appears for the first time away from Paramount films.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ½ NIGHT COURT

CAST

Mike Thomas	Phillips Holmes
Judge Moffett	Walter Huston
Mary Thomas	Anita Page
Judge Osgood	Lewis Stone
Elizabeth Osgood	Mary Carlisle
Crawford	John Miljan
Janitor	Jean Hersholt
Grogan	Tully Marshall
Lil Baker	Noel Francis

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.
Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The dire tribulations of an innocent young wife who is framed by stool pigeons of the vice squad, railroaded to a cell, innocently mired amid squalid accusations.

This is a lively melodramatic commentary upon big-city police methods, written by the Broadway sob columnist, Mark Hellinger. The pretty victim is dragged before a corrupt, grafting judge, and thus the film enters into dishonest legal practices as well.

The melodrama is consistent enough, possesses speed and punch, and is very well played, particularly by Walter Huston as the crooked magistrate. His is a graphic performance.

★ ★ WEEK-END MARRIAGE

CAST

Lola	Loretta Young
Ken	Norman Foster
Peter	George Brent
Agnes	Aline MacMahon
Shirley	Vivienne Osborne
Connie	Sheila Terry
Davis	J. Farrell MacDonald
Mrs. Davis	Louise Carter
The Doctor	Grant Mitchell
The Judge	Harry Holman
Louis	Luis Alberni
Joe	J. Carroll Naish

Directed by Thornton Freeland.
Produced by Warner-First National.

Another of Faith Baldwin's stories of the passions and perils of the Great American Stenographer. This presents a panorama of brides who keep on working after marriage, sharing the breadwinning with the husbands.

They race to a makeshift breakfast after the alarm clock arouses them, race to work in the subway, see nothing of each other all day, and race home, tired and harassed, to another makeshift meal.

Only over week-ends do they have time to get acquainted.

James Gleason and Tom Brown in Fast Companions.

Hugh Wakefield and the telephone figure prominently in a mystery play from London, Life Goes On.

Stars

o Pictures Featuring Wives;
mong Current Talkies

AMES SMITH

Miss Baldwin's story works out an emotional appeal for babies rather than pay envelopes. Women's place, according to the adventures of the lovely heroine played by Loretta Young, is in the kitchenette.

You will find it interesting to watch Grant Mitchell, one-time Broadway stage star, walk into a single scene as a doctor and walk out with one of your unforgettable impressions.

★ Fast Companions

CAST

Marty Black	Tom Brown
Silk Henley	James Gleason
Sally	Maureen O'Sullivan
The Information Kid	Andy Devine
Midge	Micky McGuire

Directed by Kurt Newmann.
Produced by Universal.

The story of a young, handsome, and crooked jockey, and how he is won to honest riding by love and by a little homeless waif who joins up with him.

The jockey and a pal frame races at small-town meets, but of course they eventually go straight.

Just another story developed in the well known formula of Turn to the Right.

A Hollywood lad with the good old Rugby name of Tom Brown is the bad young jockey, while personable Maureen O'Sullivan is the sentimental inspiration toward rectitude.

★ Life Goes On

CAST

Richard Emsworth	Hugh Wakefield
Robert Kent	Wallace Geoffrey
Ronald St. John	Warwick Ward
Clare Amore	Jeanne Stuart
Lady Sheridan	Betty Stockfeld
Arthur Carlisle	Dennis Hoey

Directed by Jack Raymond.
Produced in London by Paramount.

Like Reserved for Ladies (reviewed in Liberty as Service for Ladies) this comes from the London studios of Paramount.

It is a British Grand 'Otel, all the action revolving around the telephone switchboard of a swank London hostelry.

A murder is committed in one of its rooms, and the plot, smoothly enough worked out, presents the frantic efforts of the variegated guests both to solve the mystery and to prevent a solution.

Unfortunately for the film and its climax, the murder turns out not to have been a murder at all. And that celebrated crisp English diction is missing, for it is hard to understand what it is all about.

This film, I fear, is a trifle thick for American audiences.

Do you know that—

Lillian Harvey, heroine of Congress Dances, has been signed by Fox to appear in American films?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Grand Hotel, Congress Dances, One Hour with You, Shanghai Express, Broken Lullaby, Dance Team, Emma.

★★★—State's Attorney, Letty Lynton, Scarface, The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari, Tonight or Never, Hell Divers, Private Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith.

Be Curious-

Some Friendly Advice to Th
School or College for

By MRS. FRANKLI

(*Reading time: 9 minutes 30 seconds.*)

CURIOSITY will lead to education! Without curiosity no amount of school or college will ever make anyone an educated person.

Betty Anne has finished her education. In June she graduated from college and her sister finished high school. They had flowers and white dresses and a diploma or degree, and both of them are educated, for the younger one is not " booky " and does not want to go in for higher education. But, you ask, how can both be educated, how can both be finished? The answer is, neither one is finished, for education goes on all through life; education is never done till we lie quiet and peaceful in our last long sleep.

What is done for every child from the day it is born till the day that formal schooling comes to an end is to provide it with the tools whereby this never ceasing process of education goes on. We begin in the home, and the first step in education is taken the first time the baby cries to be picked up when it should sleep, and mother lets it cry, having first, of course, determined that there is no discomfort or real cause of the wails. Day by day the lessons multiply, and before the child goes to school, curiosity, perseverance, self-control, and truthfulness—the four necessary tools for education—are all beginning to take form, ready to be fully developed during the school years.

The very fact that education is a process which does not end with formal schooling is what makes it possible for many people denied the advantage of many years of schooling to still become well educated people.

Many a man and woman, endowed with curiosity in spite of few educational advantages, still are educated by life and the experience and contacts which life brings, and many a man has educated himself through reading and study, having received as a gift from God that curiosity we all remember in Kipling's elephant's child. The endless questions of a little child should never be discouraged, but answered so as to lead the youthful mind down new avenues of thought.

To attend school and college may mean that a person has certain facts crammed into his memory; but without curiosity which leads him to have an active interest in the world about him as a whole, he cannot ever really become well educated.

What do we mean by an educated person? To me it means a person with intellectual curiosity, a desire to know about any new thing which crosses his path. Someone ready to grasp at new opportunities for knowledge, able to experience new sensations with a sensitiveness of perception which makes appreciation of the beautiful in many different ways possible, an understanding and interest in other human beings, and a truthfulness which makes him dissatisfied with superficial knowledge and half-baked philosophies.

This, however, means that he must have acquired the other tools we spoke of. Perseverance, for instance, the ability to follow some avenue into which his curiosity has led him until he really knows something about the subject which has attracted his attention. Many things require familiarity and some concentrated work before we can either understand or appreciate them, so perseverance is a very necessary tool. No one in the world can study or remember everything that there is to know on every possible subject, but education primarily should teach us how to find out whatever it is that we want to know at the moment, and where to look for this information; and, when we know where to look, how to stick at it until we have found what we want.

Then we have mastered perseverance and self-control. Self-control really means the ability to make ourselves do things against a lethargy or inclination which whispers, " Why bother? Why not take someone else's word for this particular thing? " It requires self-control to force ourselves to be intellectually honest and know enough about any subject to form an opinion which can truly be called representative of our own intellectual thought.

We are each one of us a citizen of a country and responsible for our share in what that country becomes, and as year by year nations are drawn nearer together, citizens of every nation become more responsible for the way the world travels. That curiosity which is essential to individuals is equally important in nations, for only as we learn to know and understand other nations can we live together in peace and harmony. So we find that the prime need of all education, whether it is of individuals or of nations, is curiosity which will make us discover facts which will lead us by the path of imagination to a recognition of responsibility to each other.

An educated person has a great interest in the thoughts of others as revealed in books or in art or in personal contacts, but he does not accept these thoughts as true for himself until he has made them his own through thought. Education must make us curious, and it must teach us to think. It must keep us from being merely " yes " people, accepting all we read and hear as truth without testing it through our own intelligence.

Going to school and going to college will not produce an educated person. It may produce a pedant and still not give an education or even the tools with which to continue education satisfactorily. One may know all there is to be known about logarithms and be unable to enjoy a sunset. Real education, though it may lead us only a short way along the path of knowledge in any one direction, must open our minds and our perceptions to as many things in the world as possible.

I remember once crossing Great Salt Lake on the train, and hearing an eminent statesman say that scenery meant nothing to him; and I once heard a strident voice remark before the Venus de Milo that she " couldn't see anything

nd Educated!

ho Mistake Graduation from
of Self-Development

. ROOSEVELT

Pictures by
Charles De Feo

so wonderful in that woman; she didn't even have any arms and feet!" In other words, nothing is beautiful or interesting if you are lacking in the feeling or the background which makes it possible for you to appreciate it, and the educated person is the one who is constantly increasing in knowledge and in ability to respond to new things seen and felt.

We have all known people to go year after year to Europe and to return at the end of the summer with trunks full of new clothes but no new appreciation or knowledge and probably no new friends. They have gone to hotels filled with people from their mother country, looked up some acquaintances, spoken their own language, played games as at home, exercised as at home, and returned home undented by anything they have seen, heard, or read. If in the Champs Elysées you see only the Grand Boulevard of Chin Chin, Kansas, or Portchester, Massachusetts, you might better have stayed on your own Grand Boulevard, for the money you have spent abroad might have been more usefully employed turning the wheels of industry here. If, however, you spend your life in one humble village, as has a friend of mine, but have developed certain qualities of mind and heart which make fertile ground for new impressions, then you bring back from anything you do rich stores to add to your education.

My friend Sarah Jane was left at fifteen with five younger brothers and sisters to bring up. School stopped for her and she went to work for a woman professor in a women's college. Sarah Jane had curiosity and sympathy, and when she found that this strange lady forgot to eat the meals she prepared because of a book she was reading or some work she was doing, Sarah Jane decided not only to cook and wash and sew, but to help in other ways; and she became the valued assistant in experiments, she read the books the professor suggested to her, and finally she went around the world with her, and returned knowing how many new people lived and thought the world over.

Her curiosity made her read their history and their literature so as to understand present-day customs and thoughts, and back again in her own small village she became the inspiration to young and old and the one person everyone turned to for help.

THE best example I know of an education which did not educate is contained in a story of Dorothy Canfield's called Petunias, That's for Remembrance. The girl in the story could learn nothing from her travels because "having eyes she saw not, and having ears she heard not," and so she had no understanding and could get nothing real from her books or her travels or the people she met abroad, and she could get even less from the people in the village where she had spent happy summers as a child, and where she now returned a sophisticated but bored young woman. These people might have taught her much, and they longed in return to learn much from her, but she could not get and she could not give. Her tools for education were valueless.

One result of education is good taste and the ability to savor life in all its phases; then you will be anxious to give as well as to get. The surprising thing is how much we get through giving. One of the most charming and gifted women I know spent two years teaching in a small rural school. Everyone was sorry for her; the discomforts were obvious. She boarded in a farmhouse, she tramped in all weathers a mile or more to school, she had a stove that needed coaxing to keep her schoolhouse warm, her pupils varied from the slow-witted, hulking boy of fifteen to the curly-haired daughter of the Slovak farmer from over the hill, aged six. The most difficult teaching task; and to obtain coöperation from her varied group of parents, to draw them together into a semblance of community life, was well nigh a hopeless task.

IN the end she did it all, and when she left there were few dry eyes at the last school meeting. She told me that in spite of many rich opportunities in after years, she felt sometimes that certain things gained in that community were among her most precious possessions. She would never forget the winter sunsets nor the first spring flowers brought to her desk, nor the shy child's hand slipped into hers as a youngster overtook her on the way to and from school, nor the look in a poor mother's eyes when she told her a doctor she knew in the world outside of the valley would operate and cure her child of a speech defect. She learned what nature could mean to her, that appreciation of beauty and fine character know no class distinctions and are dependent on no formal schooling, and that all knowledge learned from books must be seasoned by experience gained from living.

Education is meant to fit each separate individual to live life to the utmost, to achieve the best of which he is capable, and to enjoy every opportunity that life brings him, and to profit by it so that a new window may open before him. Every morning when we open our shutters to the sun, we should open our minds and our hearts and pray that the day may bring us a step forward in our quest for education. Not only is this attitude important to us as individuals, but on it depends largely the progress of nations. Lack of recognition of this responsibility has caused many of the troubles of the past, and therefore it seems to me that an essential part of all education is the awakening of a civic responsibility and the right kind of conscience about one's brother.

So we end as we started, with the remark that all knowledge and responsiveness have their birth in curiosity, and without it there will be uneducated men and women, and nations will perish from the face of the earth.

THE END

SOMETHING T

By

MARGARET CASE MORGAN

Pictures by
DELOS PALMER

(Reading time: 17 minutes 45 seconds.)

LELA WAYNE was frequently to be reminded by her friends afterward that they had warned her against Ivor. He was Russian, they told her; nobody knew very much about him. And a woman like herself—young, divorced, and desirable, and living alone as well—really could not be Too Careful. Repeatedly they told her all this, and Lela listened gravely.

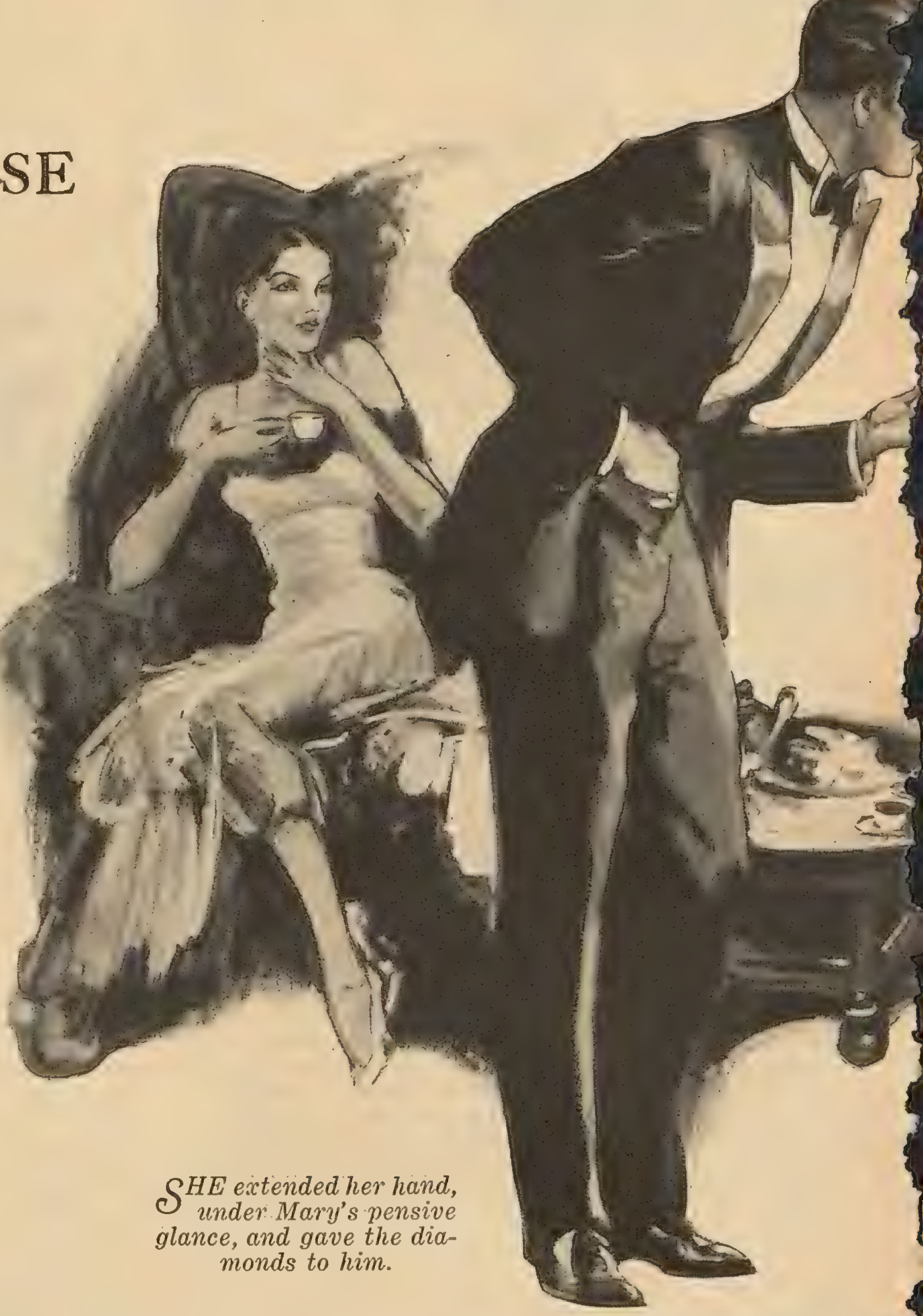
"Well," she was apt to say on these occasions, "but you *can* be too careful. You can be careful until you're blue in the face with it, and what does it get you?" Here a long, slim hand, usually holding a cigarette, would be outflung in a gesture of faint despair. "A lot of dull evenings sitting at home alone in the twilight, or having a quiet supper in bed with an egg. And I don't mean the kind of egg you think I mean, either." She smiled briefly. "I'd rather go out somewhere and take a chance."

"The trouble with you, Lela," Mary Thornley had once added, "is that you're too fond of attention. You're willing to stoop below yourself to get it."

"But I'm willing to overreach myself too, if necessary," Lela had protested. "I'd just as soon have a grand duke in love with me as a racketeer."

"Or *vice versa.*"

There had been a little silence. "Yes," Lela had replied thoughtfully; then, "or, possibly, *vice versa.*"



SHE extended her hand, under Mary's pensive glance, and gave the diamonds to him.

Ivor Orel was neither a grand duke nor, as far as anybody knew, a racketeer. Certainly there was nothing sinister in his appearance as he sat with Lela, conspicuously giving her his soul across the little table for two at the Casino, on the night that it all started; nothing to suggest that he was the instrument through which Lela Wayne was to get what, in the opinion of a good many people, was coming to her.

Around them the music throbbed upon the dimly lighted air; the dancers moved rhythmically, blindly, like people swaying under water; and Lela, always inspired by lights and music, leaned forward slightly and encouraged the man across the little barrier of linen and silver, with that talent for encouragement which had already bound so many dizzy captives to her shining chariot wheels. Her eyes invited him to be clever, her mouth told him to be kind; every long, satin line of her body seemed to flow, expectant, toward him. Ivor's hand moved slowly across the cloth.

"Lela," he said murmurously, "Lela . . ."

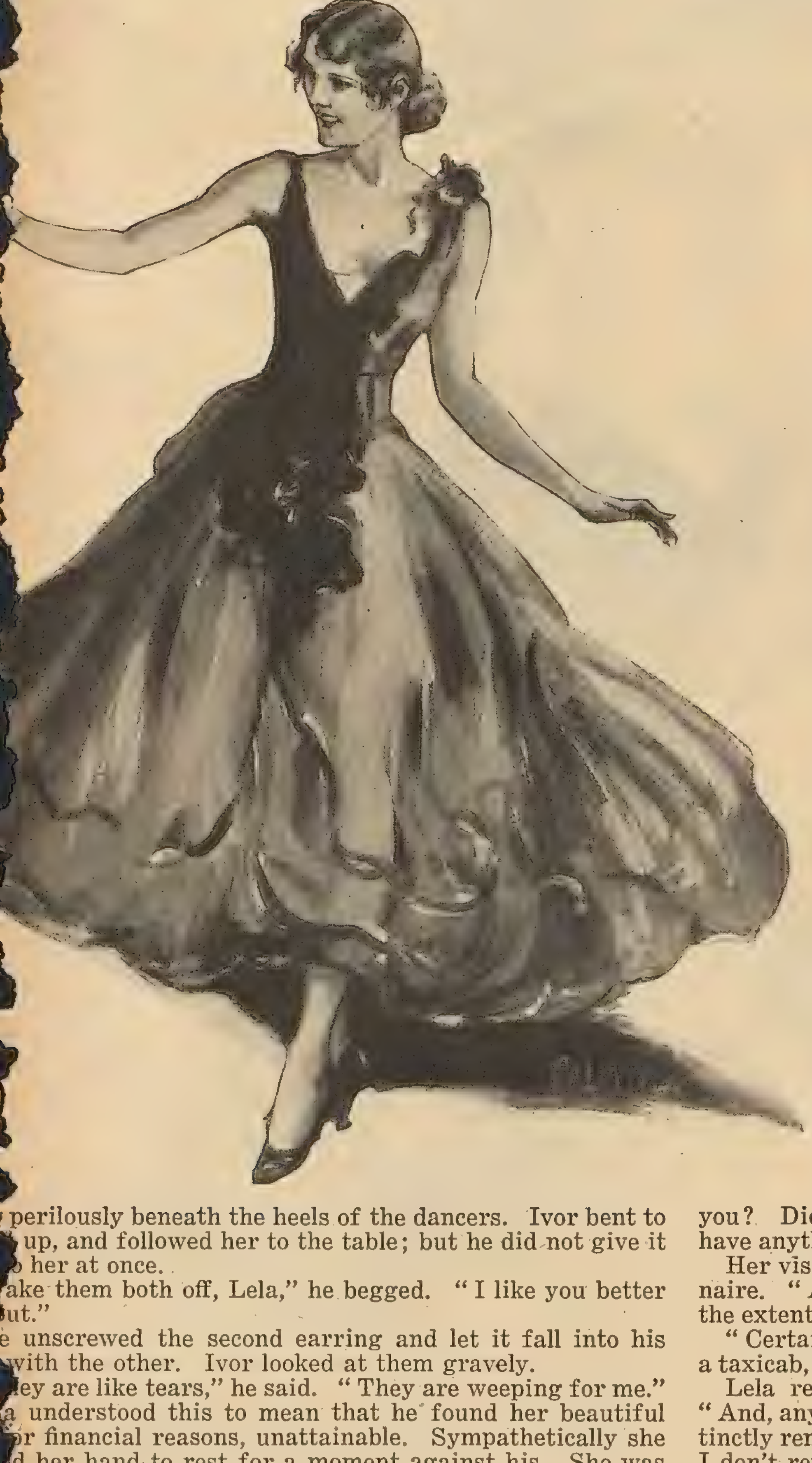
That was all. It might have seemed that he had availed himself too little of the invitation so exquisitely extended. But Lela, the veteran of a thousand tables for two, recognized the longing, the skillful sigh, the pause that followed. "I w say so much more," it implied, "if only I had the right." cately it added just that touch of melancholy without any romance would be a poor, monotonous thing.

And now Lela, smiling at him, saw, not the manicured y man whose conversation consisted perhaps too largely o gentle murmuring of women's names; not the dinner-and- ing partner who was too suavely Russian in a city and that had had its fill, and more, of Russians; she saw in his the flattering reflection of herself, frail and desirable i pink satin. And she shook her head with a little moveme delight, so that the long diamond earrings which somewha crisply framed her small face danced in the soft ligh sparkling and as debonair as though the husband wh given them to her had not been casually divorced in Pa years before.

It was a gesture habitual to her, since she never ti finding herself attractive in men's eyes. And it was tha quick movement of the head that later—as with Ivor she p incredibly suspended on the last note of a tango—sent those earrings, insecurely fastened, flashing to the floor,

Remember *YOU* By

The Story of the Heartbreak of a Man, and a Woman Who Got What Was Coming to Her



perilously beneath the heels of the dancers. Ivor bent to up, and followed her to the table; but he did not give it her at once.

ake them both off, Lela," he begged. "I like you better ut."

e unscrewed the second earring and let it fall into his with the other. Ivor looked at them gravely.

ey are like tears," he said. "They are weeping for me."

a understood this to mean that he found her beautiful or financial reasons, unattainable. Sympathetically she d her hand to rest for a moment against his. She was g a lovely time.

mood was, however, less gentle the next afternoon as paced back and forth in the living room of Mary ey's apartment.

course," said Mary thoughtfully, "nobody knows much Ivor, except that he's got some vague sort of job in a And then, he *is* Russian—"

paused wearily in the middle of the floor. "You needn't suspicious, just because you're an American." She lit a cigarette from a Lalique box on the table and resumed the course up and down the long room. "You can always," she said severely, "tell a woman who has never really lived by the way she goes around distrusting Russians."

This was unjust to Mary, who lived very well indeed, although still with the same husband. She ignored it.

"Well, but tell me, Lela, what did he say when you asked him to give the earrings back to you?"

"He practically said, 'What earrings?' You see," Lela explained, "I called him up this morning and asked him to come to tea this afternoon and to bring back my earrings I had given him to keep for me last night. And—" She paused, and her eyes darkened with anxiety.

"And?"

"Well, he swore that he gave them back to me last night. He says he put them in my bag in the taxi on the way home."

"And you haven't got them?"

Lela was emphatic. "He never gave them back. We went to the Casino for dinner; that's where I gave them to him, because he didn't like them on me—"

"Oh, he *asked* you to take them off, did he?"

"WELL, yes, in a way," Lela admitted reluctantly. "I suppose they reminded him of Poor Wally, who gave them to me, you know." Lela always spoke of her ex-husband as Poor Wally; and rightly, perhaps, considering what he had lost. "So I asked him to keep them for me, because I didn't want to leave them in my bag on the table while we were dancing. Then, when we left the Casino, I forgot to ask for them, and then we drove around a little—through the park—and he took me home."

Mary magnificently continued to refrain from saying "I told you so." But, knowing how exquisitely Lela was apt to dissolve at the approach of love, she asked instead: "Did Ivor make love to you? Did you kiss him?" And then, vulgarly: "Did you have anything more to drink?"

Her visitor sank upon the couch, paralyzed by this questionnaire. "Are you implying that I got drunk and passed out to the extent—"

"Certainly not. But when a gal leaves discretion behind in a taxicab, she's liable to leave an earring or two as well."

Lela recovered. "Don't be carnal, dear," she requested. "And, anyway, I didn't have my earrings on in the taxi—I distinctly remember not having them on. But," she sighed, "what I don't remember is Ivor putting them back in my bag, as he says he did."

"Have you looked in your bag?" Mary asked, feeling that it was not a particularly intelligent question.

"Well, naturally!" Lela said, with some annoyance. "They're not there. Of course, they're insured; but I can hardly go to the insurance company and say that I'd like to have the money for them because a friend of mine stole them." She hesitated. "Of course, I'm sentimental about them on account of Poor Wally; but I don't mind admitting to you that

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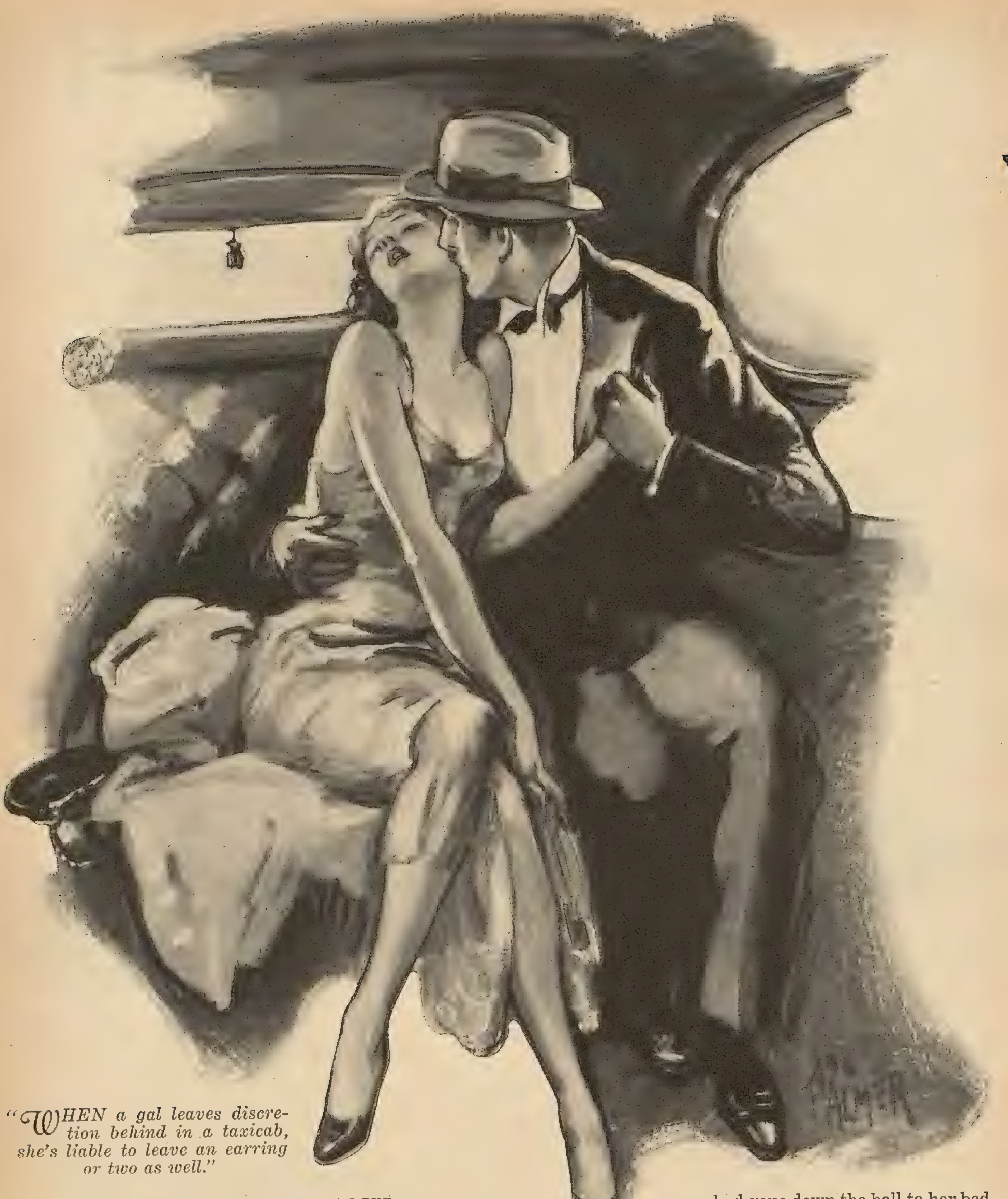

"WHEN a gal leaves discretion behind in a taxicab, she's liable to leave an earring or two as well."

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER YOU BY
Continued from page thirty-three

I'd just as soon have the insurance money. They're rather ordinary-looking, except for the size of the stones. But then, Wally never did have what I would call a distinguished taste in those things."

"You're being rather insulting," Mary reminded her casually, "considering that I've got a pair of earrings exactly like them. You remember, Joe gave them to me the same Christmas that Wally gave you yours. . . . . Lela!" She stopped, and slowly an idea was born in her usually tranquil eyes. Lela watched her respectfully.

"What is it?" she ventured after a moment; but Mary had gone down the hall to her bedroom, and was returning with a pair of diamond earrings in her hand. "Aren't yours just like these?" she asked, holding them out.

"Yes, exactly," said Lela, and added with a plaintive humor, "I suppose I'll have to pinch yours now, to wear instead of my own."

"No," said Mary thoughtfully—"no. You won't have to do that."

She sat down again, beside Lela this time; and for a while the long room, colored with the light of late afternoon, was murmurous with the sound of women plotting.

The first fruits of that discussion began to be discernible on the following night, at Mary Thornley's dinner party. Outwardly there was little to distinguish it from any other small dinner that begins with Martinis and *moules marinière* and ends with brandy and backgammon. Eight or ten people were there—the enameled and vivacious crowd in which Lela habitually moved; but only to three of them could the drama of the situation have been apparent. And that drama, all of it, was caught and concentrated in the diamond earrings that dripped their splinters of icy light from Lela's ears.

They were Mary Thornley's earrings; but no one except Mary and Lela herself knew that. Certainly Ivor, who was also there, could not have known it—yet he had himself well in hand. For, confronted with the earrings (and "confronted" is the only word to use in a case where a man suddenly beholds in their rightful ears the diamonds he remembers having stolen from them the night before), he neither started nor paled. He remained Russian—that is to say, poised and impassive.

If Lela was disappointed, she did not show it. She was already a little disconcerted by Ivor's behavior in not having vanished at once with his loot. A man, she told herself, does not deliberately rob a woman of thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds, and then go on tranquilly dining with her.

Perhaps, she thought, Ivor really believed he had returned them to her; perhaps they had fallen on the floor of the taxi. But no. For the hundredth time she rehearsed mentally the movements of that evening, and for the hundredth time decided that she could not possibly be wrong. And now she thought she understood, too, why Ivor had not left town. To disappear would amount to a confession of guilt; moreover, it would remove him too soon from the rich field of his maneuvers. He was safe for the moment, as long as he stuck to his story; and apparently he was going to stick to it.

In the drawing-room after dinner she betrayed nothing of what was in her mind as she took a cup of coffee from Mary and turned to Ivor, who was standing rather moodily by the fireplace.

"You see," she said, nodding her head toward him slightly so that the diamonds blazed in the firelight, "I found my earrings, Ivor dear. Wasn't it idiotic of me?" She appealed to Mary. "They were right in my bag all the time; just where Ivor said he put them. Aren't women pests? And yet," she sighed, "men say they can't get along without them."

Ivor stared at the flames. "I have not said that," he remarked deliberately.

Lela's eyes widened. So that was it! Having gotten what he wanted from her, he was now going to be rude. All the sighs, the yearning, the enchanted silences with which he had wooed her, all that had been only a skillful display of technique leading up to his own deplorable triumph, and then—to this barren moment when he no longer needed or wanted her. A little flame of anger and injured pride burned for a moment in her eyes.

But a look from Mary at this point reminded her of what she had to do. She recovered her sprightliness with an effort.

"Ivor doesn't like me to wear these earrings," she said, unscrewing them. "It makes him cross." She extended her hand, under Mary's pensive glance, and gave the diamonds to him. "No, you must keep them for me—I left my bag in Mary's room, and you'll have to keep them for me again, Ivor. Aren't I wonderful, Mary?" she added, and a close observer might have noticed that she spoke more distinctly than usual. "Here you've seen me, with your own eyes, hand over my earrings to Ivor simply because he likes me better without them. Really," she sighed, smiling vaguely around the room and avoiding Ivor's eyes, "I'm so obliging, it's no wonder everybody loves me."

She played backgammon with Joe Thornley after that, and when Ivor sought to return the earrings to her, waved him away.

"No, darling," she insisted; "I can't be bothered getting my bag

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!
WEIGHT
120
125
130
135
Has a fit if she gains a pound! Ignores sickly gums, and she has . . .

"pink tooth brush"!

Of *course* you watch your weight! YOU don't intend to sit in a corner with an overstuffed figure, while some slender girl gets all the attention!

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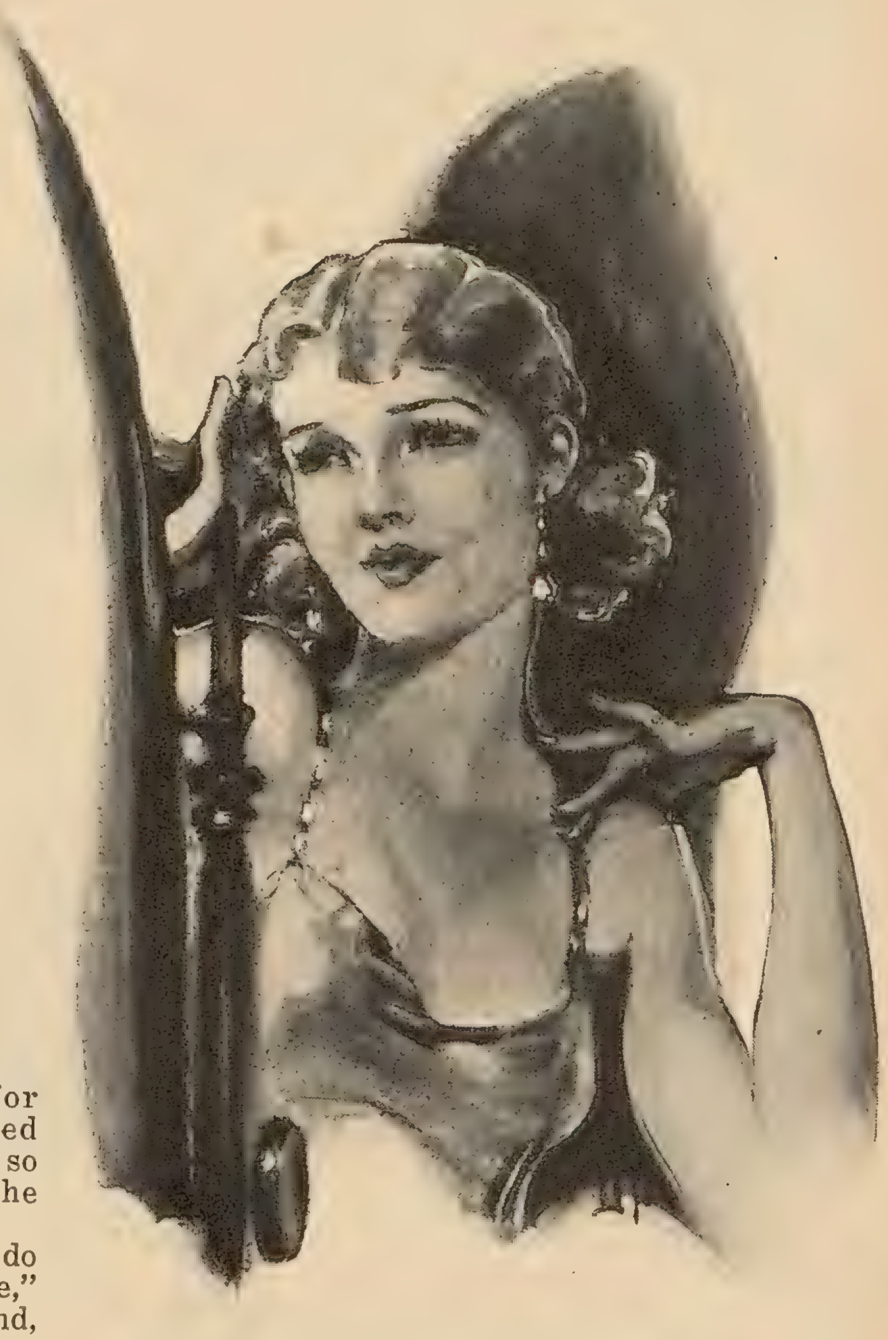
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

[SOMETHING TO REMEMBER YOU BY
Continued from page thirty-five]

from Mary's room now. Just keep them and give them to me later." This, Mary's nod reassured her, was distinctly the right procedure.

It was only when Ivor was taking her home, and they were alone in the taxi, that she accepted the earrings from him. Disregarding the hand she extended for them, he screwed them in her ears so tightly that she winced with pain.

"So that you do not forget *this* time," he said grimly. And, somewhat to her relief, he did not attempt to kiss her good night.



LELA would sigh and shake her head so that the diamonds in her ears danced.

She went around to Mary's apartment the next morning to return the earrings.

"Although," she said, sitting on the side of Mary's bed, "I really don't see what we've gained by all that. You loaned me your earrings, and I did as you told me—I gave them to Ivor in front of you, and got them back later when we were alone. So now you have them back. But I," she reminded her plaintively, "still haven't got mine."

"My dear child," Mary said patiently, "I thought I had explained all that to you. Listen."

She paused, and then spoke slowly and emphatically:

"I saw you give Ivor the earrings you were wearing last night, to keep for you. I was a witness to it."

"Yes, but—"

"But I didn't see him give them back to you, did I?"

"Well, no. How could you? We were alone."

"Exactly. There is a witness to prove that you gave them to him, but"—and here Mary sat forward eagerly in bed—"there is *no* witness to prove that he gave them back to you. So you simply go to him today (you're lunching with him, aren't you?), take me along as your witness, and ask him to give you the earrings you left with him last night."

Lela was slightly dizzy. "You mean that—"

"I mean that when you demand, in the presence of a witness, that he return to you the earrings you gave him in the presence of the same witness, he'll have to do it. And since he can't give you mine, because he has already returned those to you, he'll have to give you the only other pair he has, which are—"

"Mine!" cried Lela.

"Of course."

Lela gazed at this superwoman. "My God," she said simply, "you ought to be mayor or something!"

Mary, modestly silent, got up and dressed, and the two went forth to meet Ivor for luncheon. Over the *macédoine*, Lela said casually:

"Oh, I'll have my earrings back now, darling, if you don't mind. I'm dining out tonight, and I want to wear them."

There was a silence. Then, "What earrings?" demanded Ivor, so exactly as they had expected he would that they both jumped a little. But when he was finally convinced that Lela was serious, he got quite pale and tense, so that Lela, looking at him, felt her too facile heart grow warm with something that was almost pity. It was then that she discovered, with a sense of shock, that Ivor was becoming more interesting to her now that his distinction was criminal rather than social.

His desperate eyes now went swiftly from one woman to the other. "Do you deny," he asked Lela, "that I gave them back to you last night—"

Mary interrupted him. "I saw Lela give the earrings to you at my house last night. I did not," she added deliberately, "see you give them back to her."

Ivor flung his hands outward in an odd little gesture of despair. "All right," he said bitterly. "Both of you are too much for me. I have not got the earrings with me, but if you will come—you, Lela, and Mary too, if she likes—to my flat at five o'clock this afternoon, I will give them to you."

"Darling," said Lela to Mary Thornley, as they left Ivor's at half past five with Lela's earrings safe in her hand bag, "I can't thank you enough. You've been marvelous."

"A woman," said Mary vibrantly, "can always outsmart a man any time she wants to."

THE story got around, of course. And it was then that Lela's friends reminded her of how often they had warned her about Ivor, pointing out that it was only by pure luck that the incident had had a pleasant ending. It was at about this time, too, that Ivor actually did disappear.

Whenever she wore the earrings, after Ivor's disappearance, they reminded her of the way he had looked that afternoon at his flat—white and beaten, with the diamonds glittering cruelly in the palm of his hand. It was dreadful, she reflected, for a man to have to go away like that, with a disgrace upon him. And here Lela would sigh and shake her head so that the diamonds in her ears danced, as gay and as debonair as though the heartbreak of the man who had given them to her had not now been duplicated in the heartbreak of still another.

She was thinking of Ivor one rainy afternoon as she scrambled her bureau drawers about under the impression that she was putting them in order. The sight of the little shining bag she had carried that night at the Casino reminded her of him; and her fingers touched it tenderly, brooding over it, hesitating as they came upon something hard beneath its surface. . . .

WELL, you know. She found the earrings where they had slipped, that night, between the frame and the lining of her bag; the original earrings, which she had practically accused Ivor of stealing. They had been there all the time!

She flew to her jewel case and took out the pair he had given her on that last day, at his flat. She stared at them. Had he stolen them from someone else to give to her? He must have done that—or, worse still, he must have actually bought them for her. He had gone into debt for Heaven knew how many thousands of dollars—for her.

Ruined, disgraced—and all because of her—he had vanished into nowhere.

But there was one thing, she decided, one tribute that she could, and would, pay him.

She would put Wally's earrings in the safety-deposit vault, and wear Ivor's forever. It was the least she could do.

And so she did until, a month or two later, she noticed that one of the smaller diamonds had dropped out of one of them.

She took them to her jeweler to have it replaced.

"The repair," the clerk told her, "will cost about thirty dollars. And really, Mrs. Wayne, it would be cheaper for you to buy new earrings."

She stared at the man.

"You can get earrings like these," he was saying politely, "at almost any department store for about ten dollars and a half."

"And so you see," Lela pointed out, when she told the story on a later occasion, "all those people who warned me about Ivor were quite wrong. He was simply grand—much grander than I was." She said it bravely and rather wistfully. But perhaps the image of Ivor, wronged and noble, was fading a little in her active heart; for she said it to a young aviator named Gaines, who was conspicuously giving her his soul across a little table for two.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 23

1—Ruby.
2—Jackson.
3—Twenty.
4—Read admiral.
5—An early instrument of the piano type.
6—A small bird of the woodpecker kind.
7—The infernal regions.
8—A growth of small trees periodically cut.
9—The science of sounds, especially of speech sounds in actual use.
10—That part of the deck between the quarterdeck and forecastle.
11—A rain gauge.
12—Treasury Department.
13—Iceland.
14—John Tyler.
15—Polaris.
16—St. Vitus's dance.
17—Mariana or Ladrone Islands.
18—The amount which a vessel of liquor lacks of being full.
19—In northwest India.
20—The heart.

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Do the AMERICAN

A Grim Warning to the Arrogant Rich from One They Call "Traitor"

Before the French Revolution, the bluebloods danced while Paris was smoldering.

(*Reading time: 7 minutes 50 seconds.*)

"TRAITOR!"

The word perforated an atmosphere of babbling undertones. Gayly garbed guests in all parts of the tropically treed courtyard looked up. Amazement might have been in the eyes of some; but understanding appeared in others. Their cause had been avenged.

Then the white-silk-gowned young lady from Oklahoma City again pierced the atmosphere. This time she veritably spat: "You're a —— —— traitor to your class, Mr. Vanderbilt!"

Conversation ended abruptly. You could have heard the dew drop. In a moment, however, she backed water: "Don't blame me, Mr. Vanderbilt; they bet me I wouldn't dare tell you how they felt."

This buffet supper took place in the French quarter of old New Orleans early this year. Mine hosts wedged their way through Louisiana's first families and were swiftly at my side. They were apologetic—genuinely so, I feel quite positive. Strange as it may seem, the whole affair had amused rather than angered me. It has happened before. Not once or twice, but quite frequently in the past fifteen years. In trying to be honest with my public I have lost my own class' support. But the social happenings of the upper crust in every large city in America today are so inequitable, so bluntly unjust, that the heart of the recorder must be made of granite if he does not jot down for the public's consumption the inequality of our highly developed class system.

With millions of men out of work, with further millions dependent upon them, with bread lines blocks long and soup kitchens in between, the country-club sets are still doing the most lavish entertaining it has ever been my privilege to witness! Not in Manhattan alone is this the case, but in nearly every large city and in many of the smaller ones I have visited during the past six months.

We were on our way to the theater the other evening in New York. The car in which my escort was taking me passed the Forty-fifth Street and Broadway soup kitchen, about which thousands were huddled in the dark drizzle.

"Why don't those swine try to get themselves a job?" said the lady of fashion and inherited wealth. "What we need in national politics is a gentleman."

What they will get if they're not careful of how they swing their epithets is, dear reader, the guillotine!

America was never closer to the cañon's edge. Yet there are half a million citizens or more who would not be slow to appropriate a vast portion of their hoarded wealth in support of a Fascist movement which would force upon us indirectly an autocratic dictator.

Our Vanity Fair is as indifferent to the problems of the masses, as arrogant and unjust, as were that very same class of people who danced while Paris smoldered.

Perhaps it is bromidic to say that history repeats itself. Yet the parallel of the days of Marie Antoinette and those of the disciples of Harry Lehr and Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is most interesting and extraordinary.

When servitors of the French court called upon the reigning nobility for bread to appease the appetites of a starving humanity outside the portals of the palace, did not the grand lady reply: "Give them cake"?

In Detroit, where more than one-sixth of the population of the city were jobless last winter, its multimillionaires descended as of one drove to Miami Beach to disport themselves. Never have I seen quite such elaborate entertaining as took place there this last winter.

"People must keep money in circulation. How better could we spend it? Every time we entertain, thousands of dollars flow out to the butcher, the baker, the tailor, the florist, the caterer. We're providing untold jobs."

That, to me, is the rawest kind of argument. It is one step beyond the other favorite recipe, the charity ball!

Said a newspaper headline in south Florida recently: "Millionaire Guests Raise $600 at Benefit Dance."

Yet the fortunes represented by the names that followed aggregated at least $100,000,000!

Almost immediately thereafter I attended a private ball at the home of one of our better known national industrialists. The affair was called a "depression party." There were, perhaps, 350 guests, clothed in fancy dress to represent the various types of unemployed. A motley crew of mock apple sellers, bread-liners, sandwich men.

Because I did not garb myself likewise, I was immediately the cynosure of all eyes. I had violated the supreme honor of my invitation. And they took good care to let me see just how they felt about it.

I am *not* a communist. I do not agree with many of the teachings of Lenin or Marx. But I disagree just as thoroughly with some of the principles of Harriman, Gould, and Ford.

Bourbons Realize Fate?

By CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

Pictures by HUBERT MATHIEU

Our Vanity Fair today is as arrogant as were the French of the same class.

With the world astride a crack of fire, Mayfair must be stark, staring mad to indulge in the kind of extravaganzas I have been witnessing recently.

The other day Governor O. Max Gardner of North Carolina said to me: "If the period of 1925 to 1929 had not ended as abruptly as it did, we would have raised the softest, sorriest, most worthless generation of young people ever known in history."

I wished I had been able to lead him within the portals of the hotel ballroom in New York City where the Century Ball was given a night or two later. If anyone believes for one moment that the 1925-29 situation has passed in the blue-blooded strata, then he had better do a little quiet investigating on the side for himself.

Perhaps I *am* a "traitor to my class." But when I record these things I do not feel I violate the trust which God places in every one of us born upon this earth.

Instead of damning my public, the escutcheon under which I have written for more than a decade has been "The Public Be Served."

In the swimming pool of an Italian Renaissance house on Chicago's Lake Shore Drive were myriads of opalescent balloons. Under the water colored lights shone.

One or two male guests who evidently felt the effects of their drinks disrobed, and plunged in their birthday suits into the pool. This was an example followed swiftly by a dozen or more guests of both genders. Their names would have done justice to any front page.

Had I simply been out for the dirt, I could easily have gone to the nearest pay phone and sent in anonymously a news story that would have made Nero's fiddling look like fiddlesticks. That, however, never entered my head.

What did stick in my mind was that, coming in to the party on the red carpet under the marquee, I'd noticed burly policemen whisking away some poor unfortunate boy of the nickel-for-a-cup-of-coffee-mister variety.

At a dinner party I attended in Boston recently, twelve sumptuous courses were served. Someone suggested that the left-overs be sent to a settlement house.

"Oh, dear, no," said the host; "we always give the leavings to the dogs. You see, we keep a number of big animals, just in case we should ever have trouble with the masses."

Interesting, isn't it, the acknowledged fear of the capitalistic class for the fellow out of work?

NOT many weeks ago I was dancing at a party given at the Everglades in Palm Beach. Out on Lake Worth were a number of the larger yachts of the social clan. In an article in Liberty some weeks before I had written that the big shots were ready to flee in these yachts to foreign lands in case we should have labor troubles in this country. After the article appeared, great numbers of individual friends wrote me protesting at my revealing their plans, and condemning me for "putting the public wise" to their intentions.

It was a delicious tropical evening. The ladies smoked tiny black Cuban cigars from extra long cigarette holders—the latest fad—and quaffed champagne. Gentlemen argued discreetly, with the wisdom of Wall Street.

"It is always the erroneous opinion of any group of unemployed," said the president of a large woolen corporation, "that the millennium can be brought about by simply overthrowing the men then in power."

"Quite true," replied a banker who had recently been testifying before the United States Senate Foreign Loans Investigating Committee. "Yet we must not forget that the masses rise swiftly when they find no way out from what they consider oppression. A revolution is a queer bit of psychology. It spreads from the cities and the towns to the country by a strange hysterical movement. It is not always a movement in favor of a new republic. It is more often an attack upon 'privilege.' Furthermore, excitement and suspicion are caused by hunger and lack of employment."

"Then are you driving at the fact that we may be on the verge of revolution in this country today?"

"Precisely," said the other; "precisely."

Silence—the most ominous silence I have experienced in high society in this country in a number of years.

The second speaker then arose. He turned to the forty guests at the party and said very quietly: "Ladies and gentlemen, if you value your hides as much as I do mine, you'll step without the territorial boundaries of the United States of America with as much cash as you can carry just as soon as it is feasible for you to get away."

This occurred on February 25 of the year of our Lord 1932. And I was the witness and "traitor" to record it here.

THE END

A New Idea in Taxation

By

Dr. SEUSS

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THE BABY'S AGE TAX

IN inventing new taxes, Congress has overlooked one good bet entirely. Why tax luxuries, which people can give up, when you can tax Bad Habits, which are permanent? Perhaps the best habit to start in on is that irritating habit mothers have of telling the baby's age in *months*. The entire deficit could be wiped out overnight by taxing mothers one cent for every month they mention.

THE HIRSUTE TAX

OF all the wasteful habits known to man, the most futile is the beard. A man with the beard habit dithers away years, cultivating an inferior agricultural product that isn't even worth harvesting. Today, however, beard growers are in a position to justify themselves. There are, roughly, two million acres of beard in the country, which, if taxed one dollar per acre, would do wonders toward ending the depression.

THE KICK TAX

ACCORDING to the Bureau of Bad Habit Statistics, over fifty per cent of the nation's bad habits take place under the bridge table in the form of Shin Kicking. Nothing would pour money into the Treasury faster than a good Shin-Kick Tax. All bridge players would be required to wear kick meters, and settle up with the government after the game to the tune of a nickel a boot.

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To the Ladies!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 5 minutes.)

"HOLLYWOOD is a grand health resort—especially when you're working."

So says blonde, curly-haired Miriam Hopkins of the movies. She herself is the best health advertisement I've seen in a long while. She says she doesn't go to parties in Hollywood. Goes swimming instead. And riding. And plays tennis.

That's how she stays so sunburned. Even her hair is sunburned. She looks just like a nice country girl.

Must look that way to her fans, for one of them wrote, "Why don't you marry me and invest in a chicken farm? You wouldn't be wasting your money, because I'd be a comfort to you in your old age."

Miriam has now adopted a baby boy; he's two months old, and his name is Michael. She loves kids and friendly arguments. Comes from Savannah, Georgia.

She intended to be a dancer when she first went on the stage. *Was* a dancer until she broke her ankle. But it was a weak ankle anyway, she declares. Is fond of screen work, but said, "I can't see myself doing it forever."

Reads a good deal, requires plenty of music, but doesn't care for visitors who turn on her radio when they drop in for the evening. She weighs 105 pounds, wears a 2½ shoe, and has a lively sense of humor.

Had a fine time making The Smiling Lieutenant with Maurice Chevalier. Likes herself in that picture. Says she "hates herself" in the Bancroft film, The World and the Flesh, because she thinks her voice came out sounding actressy, her gestures self-conscious.

Miriam Hopkins

"WE like them. They're awfully nice, and we want to go around with them, but we can't stand their friends."

A young married woman came to me recently with this problem. She was talking about a certain couple we both knew. Some of my readers may have found themselves in the same quandary, so I am going to tell the rest of the story.

"What in the world can we do," this young lady asked me, "with nice people whose friends we don't like?"

As far as I can see, the answer must be conditional. The chances are that the friends you object to dislike you as heartily as you dislike them. It seems necessary to draw the line somewhere. I know a woman who drew it by inviting different *kinds* of friends on different days. Her classifications weren't snobbish—she didn't keep the rich ones away from the poor ones, the highbrows away from the lowbrows. But she realized that certain temperaments just will not mix.

Sometimes we can be frank enough to say, "We like you, but we can't bear that Whosis family you go around with. Can't we get together without them?"

This is a fine way out, but using it requires a lot of tact and finesse. Don't try it unless you're sure your frankness won't cause hard feelings.

WHAT is the use of saying that we girls are not "prohibitionists" by nature? Recently the women of a town in upstate New York took over the government of the town for a day. Their first act was a rule to arrest anyone who uttered the word "depression." Curbing irresponsible depression talk is necessary, of course, but gagging mouths by law never has solved a problem yet. I wonder how much free speech there would be if women ran the world?

LONG ago, when I was ever so young, I used to stay for weeks, as a visitor, in a real medieval castle with a moat around it, with stairs of stone winding darkly up the towers, walls sixteen feet thick, and a broad park shaded by trees as old as Romance.

This was in Belgium. Part of the castle was quite modern. Only 150 years old! The paneled Empire rooms in the new wing were lovely, but they looked so sedate, so sad, with all the furniture arranged as formally as buttons on a butler's coat, and with never a flower to bring the place to life.

I just had to do something about it. I was *not* a shy little girl. Into the castle garden I went, after flowers. The prim geraniums I rejected, and the timid begonias. What I wanted was gayety—graceful gayety. Then I found an overgrown bed of white hydrangeas. "They'd be better if they were brighter," said I, "but at least they're big."

I filled the stately Empire room very full of them—loaded them into the priceless Empire vases and bowls of pure rock crystal. The household, when my work was discovered, threw up its hands, shocked by my temerity, but in the end the effect I had achieved drew forth a chorus of praise. The white flowers did the trick. For the first time in a century and a half that room no longer had the blues.

I learned a valuable lesson. I learned how magically white flowers brighten a room that is dark or gloomy. White flowers are best for bringing the summertime into any house.

Try them and see.

EVEN if it upsets you, W. E. Woodward's latest book, Money for Tomorrow, is worth reading. It deals harshly with our depression theories. (Liveright, Inc.)

HAVE you seen the new evening coatees of lacquered satin with enormous puff sleeves? They look marvelous in black. In Paris the very latest evening wrap flows to the ankles, is semifitted, and is made of crêpe Elizabeth, double thickness. Slimming and alluring.

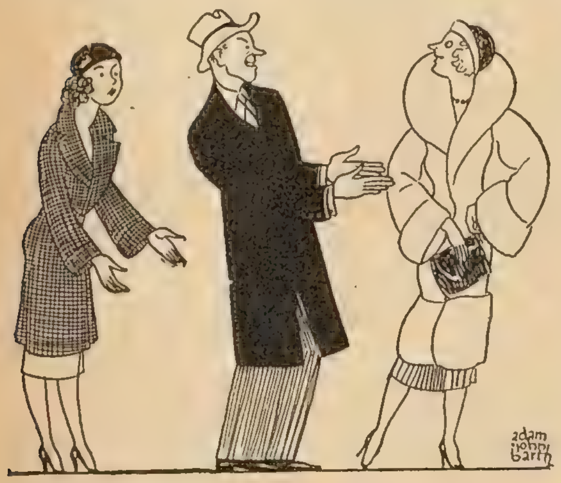
WANT your homemade mayonnaise to be smooth? Add a tablespoon of *boiling* water after you have stirred in the vinegar. One tablespoon hot water to 2 egg yolks, 2 cups oil, 1 tablespoon vinegar.

Vox

What—If Anything—Is Wrong with American Wives?

Dallas, Tex.—"Is the American Woman Asleep?" asks Leyla Georgie in an article that recalled my grammar-school days in which I was given a subject I knew nothing about and told to write six pages.

About twenty years ago I married one of those American marvels she knows so much about—the sort of man who's supposed to appreciate selfless, unexacting love—and our entire married life was operated on Leyla's theory. I not only wore an old cloth coat while my neighbor acquired a fur coat—I wore it while she wore and discarded *two* fur coats. Wore it and liked it. Liked anything that advanced the happiness and career of my husband. His career did advance. But when his feet were firmly planted at the top, I was not there to share his success with him. That part was taken by my fur-coated neighbor.



Did I discard the system with a bang! I married a successful and charming man. Recently my "ex," during a visit to our city, called on me. When he finally left he held my hand and sighed, "If you had only been like this . . ."

Put that stuff in a novel, Leyla, or on the stage. But don't try to cram it down our throats. We know our men, believe it or not.—*M. M.*

Bronx, N. Y.—My hat's off to Leyla Georgie for her axiomatic and timely article entitled, "Is the American Woman Asleep?" Her conception of our American women is Perfect with a capital P. Every woman, whether engaged, married, divorced, estranged, or even contemplating suicide, could have read Miss Georgie's article with benefit to herself, not once but over and over again.

R. E. Hungerbuhler

I agree with Miss Georgie that the American marriage often does border on being nothing but "legalized prostitution."

What the American wife knows about love you could write on the back of a postage stamp and have enough room left over to write a short story. Result: the average husband simply goes out and gets himself a woman who is the direct antithesis of his "frigidaire" wife.

Yes, the American husband is notoriously unfaithful. And why not? He is human. Miss Georgie's article ought to be hung up in every bedroom in America.—*R. E. Hungerbuhler.*

Lima, Ohio—It's a mistake to give perfectly good space to articles like Leyla Georgie's effusion.

Perhaps this writer does know of some unhappy marriages in America, and a lot of unfeminine women.

But it isn't any more reasonable to use one person's limited acquaintance as a standard for passing judgment on the whole female population than it is for us to form our ideas of European womanhood by the reports brought back by our doughboys in 1918.—*L. Wolford.*

San Francisco, Calif.—When you run short of good material, publish Leyla Georgie's article over again.—*Louis S. Kraemer.*

Serious Thought on Getting Back to Earth, and—

Albany, N. Y.—When such an eminent man as Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt believes in the back-to-the-soil movement, and has backed up his belief, recently, by taking 244 families from the ranks of the jobless and sending them to farms, it's time the skeptics admitted that there may be something in the idea, after all.—*F. Williams.*

—Comic Relief

Douglas, Ariz.—Why not carry your back-to-the-farm movement to its logical conclusion? Furnish the unemployed with bows and arrows and breech clouts, and turn them loose in the jungles of Africa. Or, perhaps, if our great engineers and greatest ex-Secretaries of the Treasury object to the plan as expensive, they might be able to do without the breech clouts.—*Paul S. Greene.*

Sent Us by Achmed Abdullah. Plainly a Result of His Stories in Liberty

Dhoraji, India—I am a boy of poor mason and I am a rising delicate Indian my dear sir look on my sorry life I have study a little but it has no money for my rising progress I live in Dhoraji where the all poor mason party is apeared as unhappiness so I beg you to help in 500 rupees wich will be use for mason magayzine wich I wish to published to showing they a way in a wright path sir I am fourteen years of age and hope that the money I will send you back during a little time.—*M. G. Parmar.*

Something Tells Us that You're a Man of Good Judgment

Dallas, Tex.—This photograph shows how I smile every Thursday when the boy brings Liberty. The best magazine on the market! Every page is full of world-beating reading matter. Straight-from-the-shoulder editorials, articles that present facts absorbingly, stories and serials that keep you guessing right to the end. And the covers by Leslie Thrasher are works of art. Just tell those Vox Pop knockers to lay off!—*O. W. Stamps.*

O. W. Stamps

On Each State Caring for Her Injured Sons

Oakland, Calif.—The plan suggested in your editorial, "Saving Billions for the Federal Treasury," whereby soldiers' bonuses and payments to disabled veterans be assumed by the individual states, appears to be a very good proposal. Although it would not shift materially the final burden of these payments, it would make their administration much more efficient, both from the point of view of the taxpayer and the recipient of the benefit.

Here in California, at least, such a plan would be especially simple and feasible to put into operation, since the basic machinery is already operating as the State Department of Industrial Relations.

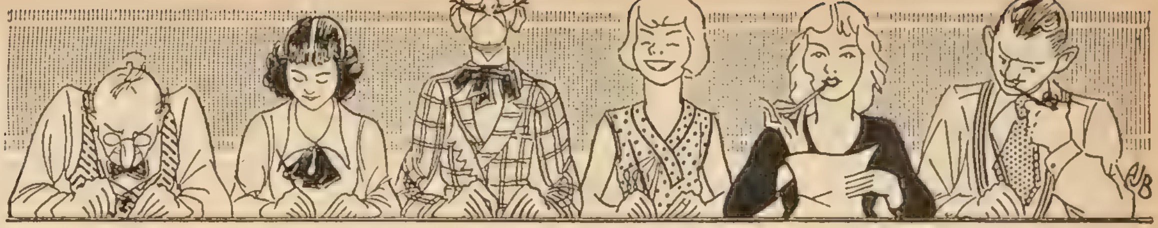
This department maintains safe working conditions, oversees industrial accident payment, and carries on a rehabilitation program to fit injured men for a new trade, taking into account their inclination and ability.

Payments are made according to how the injury is a handicap to the injured man in his trade, rather than a fixed sum for each type of injury.

Soldiers' disability and pension payments could very easily be brought under this department.

I'd like to shake hands with you, Mr. Editor, for making a splendid suggestion.—*D. M. (a man who reads Liberty).*

Pop



Aw, You've Had Too Much Space Already

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—I cannot praise too highly the deft touches given by Mr. Will Irwin to the Hoover portrait entitled, "These Whispers About Mr. Hoover." What an artist! Such insight!

I made the mistake—a quite natural one—of trying to read it before discovering that it was not mere literature but a higher form of composition approaching a Liszt rhapsody in its tender emotionalism. By borrowing my neighbor's flute I did quite nicely with it.

LIBERTY
LIBERTY
THESE WHISPERS ABOUT MR HOOVER

Tell me. Does this sort of work come extremely high? My reason for asking is that there is a prominent citizen in our town who has recently been whispered about—to such an extent, in fact, that he has been sentenced to the penitentiary. He needs assistance. I feel that Mr. Will Irwin could help him, if anyone could.

Would you kindly send space rates?—*John Slavens.*

Half a Dollar's Worth for Half a Dime

BUFFALO, N. Y.—If your magazine had nothing except the editorial page it would be worth ten times its present price.—*H. B. S.*

True; No Lady Flirts After Seventy

BEAVER CITY, NEB.—The article, "Women of a Certain Age," by Jennifer Lee, made me more than smile.

Jennifer told of seeing gray hair when thirty, being old at thirty-eight, and enjoying old age at forty. Oh, the infant!

Being a grandmother and old enough to be a great-grandmother—as has been proven—I just want to stand up on my hind legs in defense of age.

I, too, looked into a mirror and saw the lines of time—but was forty-five then.

Now, at fifty-eight, I look and feel younger than at that age. A little more flesh, fewer cares, and some visits to a beauty shop have aided nature.

Recently I heard a jubilant woman, past eighty, say that the first seventy years are the hardest.

After that you commence to enjoy life, have more freedom, not so much is expected of you, and you are not accused of flirting if you choose to admire a man.

So there seems to be no limit to the time when an old woman may enjoy feeling young.—*A Faded Flower.*

Is Youth Drying Up?

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Liberty, give us an article or editorial advocating a referendum on the prohibition question. It is the only American way to settle any national question, but it is a pity that the gentlemen of the press, who seem not to own their own souls, have used the greatest medium of education to cram propaganda down the throats of the people.

C. L. Vance

Twenty years ago I was a real young man, but I can remember seeing as many as ten drunks within a city block.

The younger folks are refraining gradually from the "pizen" now called liquor. I hear them talk. One swig and they usually show more sense than the old sots and buzzards who will soon die out.

The youngsters are learning that no more pure whisky is made.

Give prohibition five more years and it will enforce itself.—*C. L. Vance.*

"Let's Soak the Rich"

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Your editorial, "Let's Soak the Rich," reflected the sound judgment which we so urgently require in our present delicate situation.

Those who talk about soaking the rich and about "the forgotten little man" are using demagogue stuff which was born and died with the populist idea of the middle nineties. The working classes of today are too wise to be hooked with that kind of bait. They know that the present depression has been a blow to capital as well as to labor.

We are suffering from a stalled national industrial machine, and those who suggest "soak the rich" for bettering our condition are, in essence, advising us to take the engine out of the machine with the idea that it will then run.—*Carlos Cebrian.*

An Author's Tribute to an Author

NEW YORK, N. Y.—When an author is thrilled by the work of another writer, I think it's his job to let the editor know about it. Ben Hecht's story, "In the Midst of Death," is one of the finest of its kind that I have read in many moons. The combination of ghost story and metaphysics is a real achievement.

Congratulations, and thanks for a grand half hour.—*Rita Weiman.*

Dead Strikes and Live Rackets

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In "What the Republican Platform Must Stand For This Year," by George Sylvester Viereck, Senator Simeon D. Fess was quoted as follows: "Owing to Mr. Hoover's timely intervention, there have been practically no strikes in the present crisis."

In the same issue that contained Mr. Viereck's article, Will Irwin had a piece entitled, "The New Racketeer—America's Greatest Danger." In it Mr. Irwin wrote: "From the first he [the head gangster] ignores such wishy-washy methods as strikes."

So Hoover is given credit for abolishing old-fashioned strikes. But shouldn't he be given credit also for countenancing newfangled rackets? Certainly they have all sprung up since he took over the job, not only in the underworld but also in Wall Street and among the international bankers.

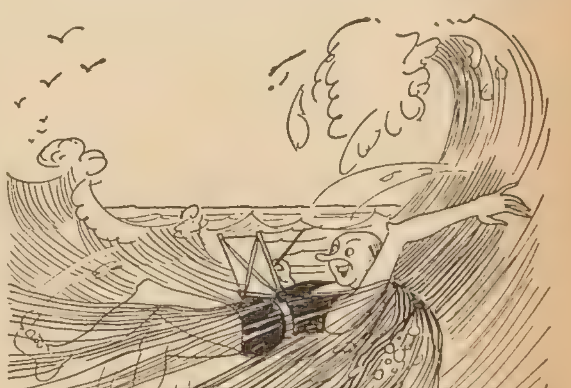
It will take a greater sculptor than Fess to remodel the statue of Hoover so that it will bear any resemblance to the phony one they palmed off on us in 1928. —*P. A. Walsh.*

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.—Will Irwin's exposé of the racketeer was the real stuff. It's about time that the citizens of this country stopped moaning about bad business, bad golf, and worse booze, and woke up to the danger staring them in the face.—*E. Z.*

If It Wasn't All Wet We Would

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I have contributed six stories to your First Story contest. All were rejected. What qualification is required? Have you got to be a famous movie star or a well known writer?

I've been considering an attempt at swimming the Channel, on my back, with a writing pad propped up on my chest. I'd start writing a short story when I left Calais, and have it finished when I reached Dover. This should gain notoriety for me, and for the story.



Please advise by return mail if, after this stunt, you will publish my stories after my name has been printed in headlines on the front page of every newspaper in America.—*W. B.*

The Lady on the TOP FLOOR

A Story of Two Lonely Hearts and a Little Girl's Bright Idea

By BEATRIX DEMAREST LLOYD

Pictures by HUBERT MATHIEU

(Reading time: 7 minutes 35 seconds.)

EXCEPT for a quaint new shop window announcing rare old books and prints, Barry's old house near Washington Square was very shabby. It had been fine enough when he was born there; but having been married for his money—as everybody but Barry knew before it was too late—he had been quixotic enough to see that Alicia, when she divorced him, had taken with her the million dollars of her sale. And repairs to an old house are not to be squeezed out of the rent of half the ground floor to a bookshop plus that of the top story to a very successful magazine artist, when the intermediate space houses a collection of transients whose only common ground is a chronic inability to pay.

Nora Malone, however, coming down from her aerie, observed through the open door of her landlord's quarters that at least intensive cleaning had been undertaken this bright June morning. She stopped in the hallway, quite shameless in her desire to see him as often as she might, and called a cheery greeting. Barry left Janitor John and his wife rolling up rugs, to step forth, his face alight with more than his usual happiness in her presence.

"What's going on?" she demanded.

"Fixing up a bit. My small daughter Peggy is arriving from Paris."

"Your daughter?" Nora's heart seemed to turn into a cold stone. "I didn't know you had one."

"Yes. I have her six months of the year, anyway."

"Oh," said Nora softly. The statement explained a great deal. "How old is she?"

"Seven," said Barry.

"Well, then, I'm going to send her in some toys. Nothing I like better than letting myself go about a doll."

"That's very kind of you. How's the Thanksgiving cover coming on?"

"I'm still trying to keep a turkey out of it. But I've had a grand offer this morning. Just fancy! John Praed wants me to do eight color plates for his History of Naples, two to each volume. It would mean some months in Italy, all expenses paid." She tried to speak cheerfully, though his suddenly downcast face made her long to cry out: "Tell me to stay here, you dear idiot—tell me never to go away!"

But Barry said nothing of the kind. Who was he, scrimping along, to offer such a protest to the independent maker of at least eight thousand a year? He merely croaked an unhappy congratulation.

Peggy arrived some days later in custody of her grandmother, almost too nice an old aristocrat to be Alicia's mother. She stayed to tea, admiring Peggy's rapturously adopted doll. She had no illusions about how badly her daughter had treated this dear, queer Noel Barry.

"You ought to spruce this place up, Noel," she said as she departed—for not even she knew that Barry had beggared himself to meet Alicia's demands. "I'll write my daughter that Peggy's safely at home. She's motoring through Tyrol this summer with the Blythes and Heman Peterby. What's this shop you've let in here?"

Barry stood on the step, when she had gone, staring blindly into the condemned shop window, until his musing eyes saw suddenly that they were looking at a very fine old print of Queen Jeanne of Naples, just the thing to send Nora Malone for a steamer card. He went in miserably and bought it, wishing he might never have to use it.

Nora, however, it appeared, was really going. Short of proposing herself, she had given him every chance to prevent it; but he would say nothing. Peggy, who quite simply adored her, was not so restrained in her protests. She had taken Nora into her little bedroom to see her godchild, who was reported to be suffering from measles and whose temperature was being taken with a straw.

It was a pretty, chintzy room, and on the dresser, among Peggy's tortoise-shell brushes and boxes, was a framed photograph of Noel Barry, without which small Peggy never traveled. Nora duly examined the stoic patient; but the picture drew her to the bureau, and she picked it up to look long into the beloved face of the dear idiot—so long that Peggy craned her little neck to see what so absorbed her visitor. "However can you go away and leave us?" she mourned sadly.

But protests were unavailing to halt the dreaded day of departure. "I might as well go," was the way Nora thought of it. "He simply doesn't want me. I've got to get over it. Only I never shall!" She packed almost furiously.

Peggy found her father standing at his table staring down at an old print of a lady whom she found extremely unattractive. "Who is that?" she asked, leaning to look.

BARRY pulled himself together. "She's one of the queens that Nora may want to paint. I thought she might find it useful. Suppose you do up a pretty package," he suggested, knowing nothing pleased Peggy so much as to practice her meticulous art of folding paper, "and we'll post it to the steamer. Stop while I scribble a card."

Peggy took the print without enthusiasm. She didn't believe Nora would care for the thing.

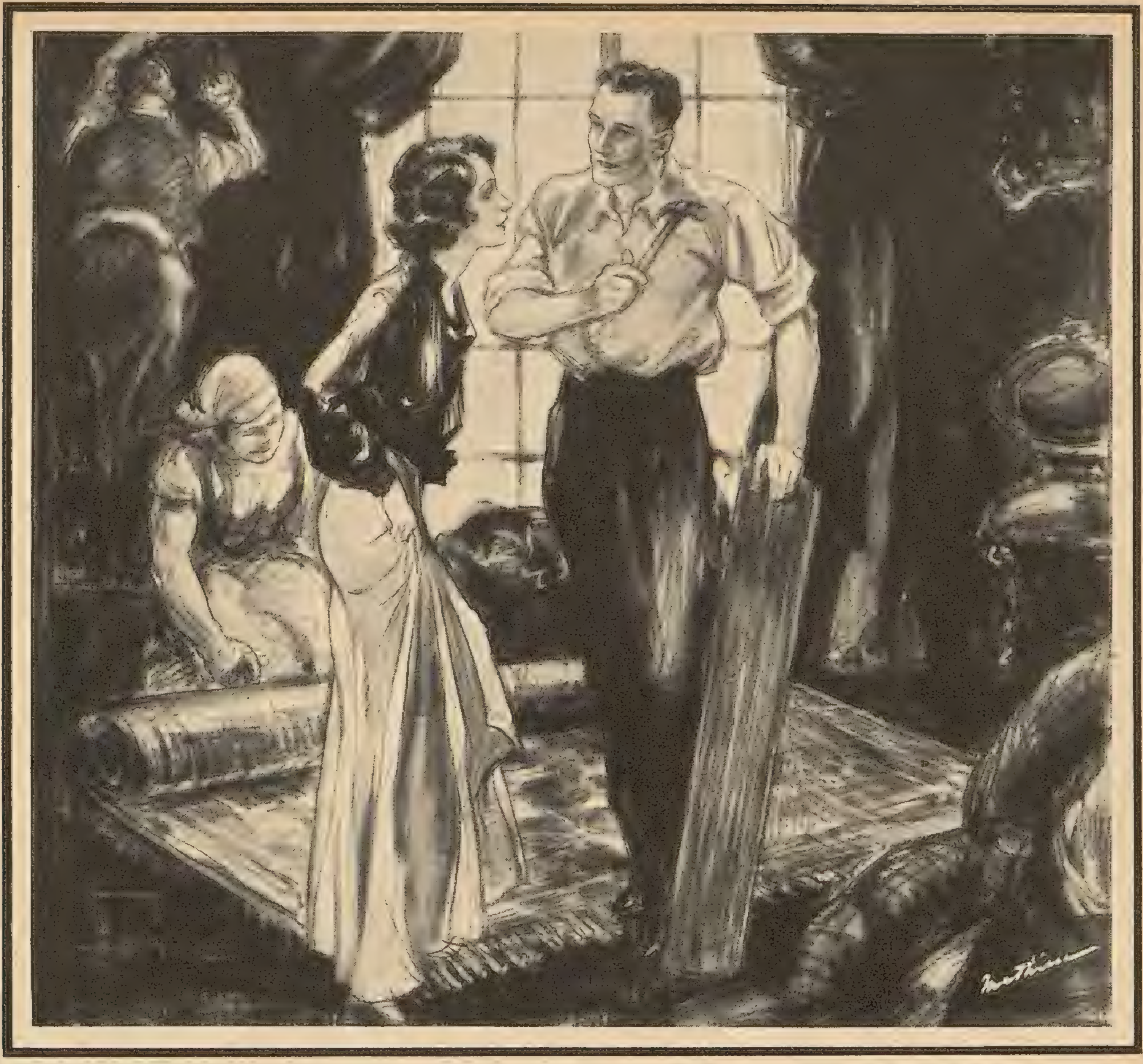
Two days—Barry could not decide whether they went quickly or slowly. But certainly it seemed no time at all before Nora was actually gone, driving off in a taxi, while Peggy had been thoughtfully enticed away to see the janitor's cat. Barry stood where Nora had left him, in a room that had never seemed so empty. He was still standing there when Janitor John knocked and entered.

"There's a gent to see you, sir."

Barry took the card. "Heman Peterby." He had a vague notion of having heard the name.

Mr. Peterby was an imposing figure, but oddly constrained. "I've come to see you on a dashed awkward errand, Mr. Barry," he said.

"Sit down," Barry said and offered cigarettes.



"Fixing up a bit," Barry said. "My small daughter Peggy is arriving from Paris."

"The fact is, I tried to explain by letter. And finally decided I'd have to see you. So I came over. It's about your money."

Barry gave a short laugh. "I haven't got any," he said, wondering if he entertained a lunatic.

"Well, Mrs. Barry has," blurted the other, "and we very nearly broke off over it. She's got all the modern ideas of her own independence"—it was a mild way of describing how Alicia clung to her riches—"but, dash me, I couldn't stick it. I'm a rich man and I won't have it."

The meaning of this incoherence burst upon Barry like a great and sudden light. "You are going to marry Alicia—is that it?"

"Yes; and what kind of a dashed man would have his wife going about spending her—well, her first husband's money? I mean under the circumstances. It's not as if you were dead, now is it?"

To his utter astonishment, Barry burst out laughing. "It's not in the least as if I were," he said, and got up very suddenly. "Do I understand that Alicia has agreed? And you've come over to arrange the transfer of my money to my own hands?" At the second nod of supreme relief Barry leaned over and shook Mr. Peterby's hand with hasty fervor. "Go and see Winters & Paull; they're my old attorneys. And thank you for coming. You'll excuse me now—I've got to catch a steamer." Mr. Peterby was left alone, gasping.

Barry leaped into a passing taxi and was driven wildly through the streets to the water front. Sprinting down the dock past commiserating head-shakers, he came to a paralyzed stop, rocking on his feet as he looked out past the great empty slip to where the huge Mediterranean liner was majestically swinging into her outward journey. He was too late!

Then, at a touch upon his arm, he turned a dazed and dejected face which immediately underwent a truly remarkable change. "Nora!" cried Barry. "You blessed girl, you didn't go!" He clutched at her.

"Of course I didn't go. What did you expect?"

The porter of her luggage stood by smiling, and, reckless as Barry was of what the mere world was thinking, he decided that they might be better alone. He hurried her breathlessly into the shelter of his cab.

"What did you expect?" repeated Nora. "But why on earth did you nearly let me go?"

"Darling, I was such a poor devil! I couldn't pay for your blessed boots."

"But—"

"But now I'm rich again. Oh, Nora—"

Resolutely she held him off. "But what did you mean by writing on your card, 'May this bring you back so much the sooner'?"

"Oh, drat the card! I thought a picture of Queen Jeanne might be useful, you know."

"I don't know!" cried Nora in bewilderment. "What do you mean--Queen Jeanne?" With both his arms around her, she managed to catch up the parcel on her lap and to hold toward his astonished gaze the photograph of Noel Barry without which little Peggy never traveled.

THE END

Diana's Diary

She Gets a Mother's Hand to Guide Her and Some Clothes to Ease the Way

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

(*Reading time: 9 min. 35 sec.*)

MONDAY: Well, here's the kick-off for another hectic week. Honestly, I'm getting so screwey lately thinking about fortunes and futures and Dream Men, I'm just about nutty. All day yesterday I sat around like a dope dreaming about my future, the Beauty Contest, Mr. Fishbaum and the swanky clothes he offered me.

Mr. Fishbaum sent me a darling ten pound box of candied fruit by special messenger today. Here's the cute note that was in it:

DEAR MISS McCOY,

None of these are as sweet as you. I'll be looking for you next Wednesday at *one*. I shall expect you and your mother to lunch with me. Sincerely,

BENJAMIN FISHBAUM.

TUESDAY: Well, I sure am in a tough spot. Tomorrow I got a date with the big millionaire and I have to bring *my mother*. Yes, and me an orphan. Oh, why did I tell him I had a mother? You thought it would look better and be more proper, didn't you Diana? Certainly I did Diary, why shouldn't I? All *nice girls* have mothers. I wish to God I *did* have a mother. Honest, I'd love her to death— Wait, there's the phone. I'll see you later Diary.

12:30 A. M.: Oh! Diary, I had the loveliest visit you ever could imagine with Mrs. Wise. She felt kinda sunk so I pinched a bottle of dago red that Marion's boy friend gave her and brought it down to Mrs. Wise. She's a perfect peach. The red ink kicked her up so much, she up and told me the history of her life. Gosh, she must of been some lady in her day Diary. She said after her husband folded up, some Wall Street slickers moved in and clipped her of everything she had including her garter-belt. Now the poor woman is on the nut, living in a one container and bath and playing mother parts on the silver screem.

Before that, she did a bit of hoofing in vaudeville until she accidentally slipped and sprung her chassie. Life is funny, ain't it Diary?

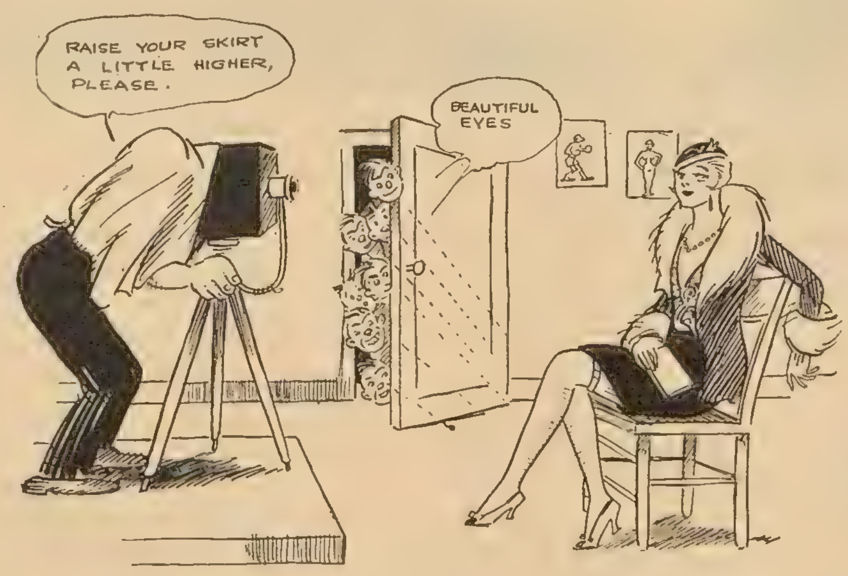
Well, when she confided in me like that, the skids went right out from under me. I figured if she was good enough to tell me all about her own private affairs, I would tell her about mine. So I took a coupla more shots of the silly soup and wound up by giving her my whole life's history. I even told her that I lied to Mr. Fishbaum about having a mother. She just laughed. She said, "My dear child, that's nothing. How'd you like *me* to act as your mother?" Honestly, I could 've swooned I was that happy. "All right," she said, "from now on call me 'Mother'! We'll work together and I'll guide your future."

Really, you can't imagine how pleased I was. I took her in my arms and kissed her—and maybe I cried. Anyway, we got our heads together later and planned our trip to Mr. Fishbaum's office tomorrow. I wish you could 've seen us rehearsing our big entrance. No kidding, it was a scream. The way she put on the ultra Ritzy airs was perfectly priceless. Then she coached me what to say and how to say it. "Remember," she said, "there's only *one* woman who teaches a man everything. I don't know whether this man's in love with you Diana, but a man in love is always a poor judge of a woman's mind, so be discreet, say little and above all be charming! One thing more—*cut out that slang!*" I told her, "My gawd, if I gotta slough the slang, I'm licked!" She just roared.

On the level, I can't wait till tomorrow to see how it goes over. Gosh, I'm so happy, I'm full of duck warts.

WEDNESDAY: Well Diary, today was the big day. You'd 've died if you'd 've seen us crashing Mr. Fishbaum's doody office. On the square, anybody would 've pegged us for a couple of airesses. When we got to his building Mother announced herself as "Mrs. Worthington Wardsworth McCoy and daughter"—don't you love it? When we were shown in, Mother started off by admiring his wonderful office. "Whoever laid out this exquisite room," she said, "must have a very charming personality." Mr. Fishbaum bowed very sweetly.

Then she began conning him about his heavy brains. No kidding, the way she laid on the apple gravy was delicious. "You remind me so much of my uncle," she said, "the late Lord Salsbury of Surrey—a delightful gentleman." "You don't say so?" replied the head man sticking out his chest. "Maybe that's because my mother comes from noble berth." "How singular," Mother remarked with much concern. "That probably accounts for your good looks."


RAISE YOUR SKIRT A LITTLE HIGHER, PLEASE.
BEAUTIFUL EYES

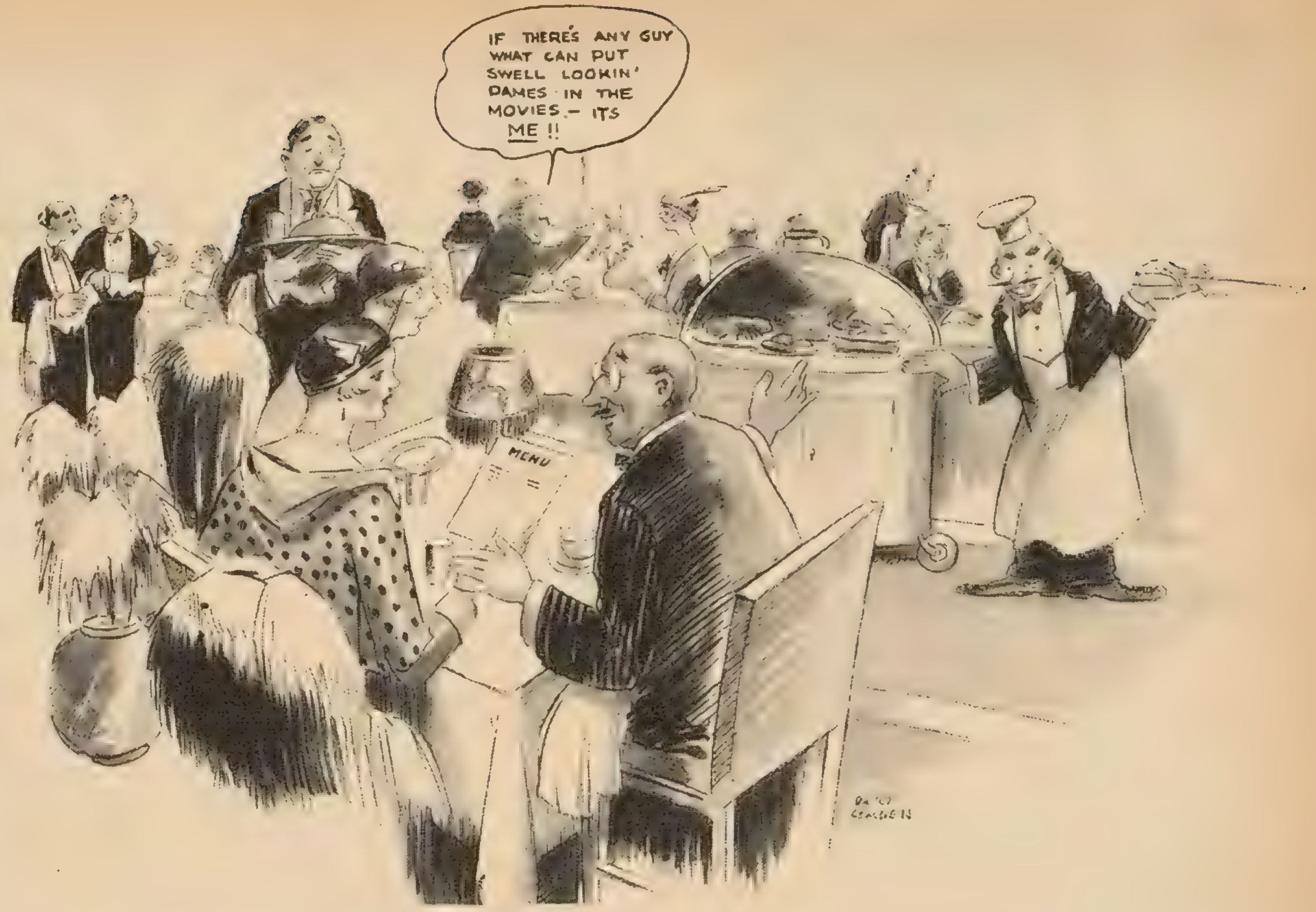
Half the reporters were stuck in the door.

I was beginning to get nervous at that crack, but Mr. Fishbaum broke in by saying, "Your daughter tells me *you* were born in London Mrs. McCoy?" "Ah, my, yes," she answered, raising her gold plated Oxfords to her eyes. "I'm proud to say I'm a direct descendant of Lord Barrington Beaverboard of Charring Cross, the leading barrister to the Court of St. Jaimes."

When Mother started popping off about Beaverboards and Salsbury steaks, I had to bite my lip to keep from going into hysterics. No fooling, with that comedy accent of hers she was a riot. She had Mr. Fishbaum tied in knots. Anyhow, after a lot of clowning and so forth, the head man escorted us to a taxi and we drove to a hotel for lunch.

When Mother got her hooks on the menu and put the spy-glasses to work, she sure made up for her gap in groceries. Mr. Fishbaum told the waitor to send the "Travellor" over. So right away a fellow dressed like a street cleaner came over with a pushcart. As soon as he opened up the washboiler *there* as big as life were ducks, roasts, chickens and the partridge from Paris all cooking.

IT'S the first time I've ever seen a field kitchen in a restaurant.


IF THERE'S ANY GUY WHAT CAN PUT SWELL LOOKIN' DAMES IN THE MOVIES.— ITS ME !!
MENU

For pity's sake, that sure was an eye opener to me. I've seen some funny things in beaneries, but it's the first time I've ever seen a field kitchen in a restaurant.

Anyhow, when we were right in the middle of Denmark's pastry, Mr. Fishbaum teed off by telling Mother that he'd taken a very keen interest in my future welfare. "I want to see your daughter *win* this Beauty Contest," he said, "and there's no reason why I can't help by giving her a few gowns and things. I assure you Mrs. McCoy, my motives are purely platonic and honorable. You see if the newspapers print her pictures, I will derive publicity by having them print the words, 'Gowns by Fishbaum' under the photograph."

After that speech, Mother got very dignified. In fact, she swelled up like a boil. She said, "Why! Mr. Fishbaum, I *couldn't think* of allowing my daughter to accept such gifts from men! Good gracious! what would people think?" But between you and me Diary, if Mr. Fishbaum had made one false move to run out on us, Mother would 've crowned him with the silver coffee pot.

So Mother and Mr. Fishbaum argued for a while and the whole thing ended by Mother suggesting we go back to his office and look the gowns over. Mother's no imbecile. We not only went back, but we left the joint with enough clothes to make Connie Bennett's wardrobe look like a broom closet.

THURSDAY: Gosh, I'm nearly dead. I sat up till two thirty this morning looking those beautiful things over. Honest, I don't know whether I'm coming or going. Twice this morning I caught myself polishing the chumps' knuckles instead of their nails. Really, I'm getting terrible.

Teddy Brown just gave me a buzz—said he had me all set to meet the big editor tomorrow night. Hot zig, I'm all of a jitter. "Wear your best duds," he insisted. "I want you to knock 'em cold!" Say, will I? If Teddy only saw my wardrobe he'd go out like a light.

FRIDAY: When I climbed into my black velvet gown and landed in the Tab office tonight, the City Room went *dead*. All the Johns ruptured their necks. When Teddy lamped me, he dropped his typewriter and bounced over. "For the love o' sweet Judas," he gasped, "where the Hell did you connect with that swell scenery? My gawd! you look like a million!" "Slough the comedy," I whispered. "We're here on business!"

So right away he ushered me into the Managing Editor's private office. Mr. Gavin, the editor made a terrible fuss over me. He said, "I could 've sworn Miss McCoy, you were Joan Bennett when you entered this room." So I sat down beside his desk and struck a red hot pose he couldn't forget.

Later, he sent me up to the photo department to have my picture taken. The camera man shoved me up against a camera that was as big as a dog house. The guy under the tent kept saying, "Pull your skirts up a little bit higher Miss—that's right—just a little higher." I turned round quick—and so help me Hoover, half the reporters were stuck in the door. The editor told me if I didn't scram soon, tomorrow's paper wouldn't be out for a month! So that's that!

SATURDAY: Nothing very startling today—bought a pair of high heel shoes to go with my stunning cocktail creation—$6.98.

Got a surprise wire from the Tab editor. Here it is:

WESTERN UNION

D 442 28—NEW YORK

DIANA MCCOY
WEST END AVE N Y

CALLED YOU BUT NO ANSWER STOP DONT MISS TOMORROWS NEW YORK TAB STOP ENTIRE OFFICE ROOTING FOR YOU STOP GAVIN

SUNDAY: Oh Diary, got up at 6 A. M. to get the morning paper. Look what's in it! A full page ad, *my picture* and everything! Here, read it:

GIRLS . . . GIRLS . . . GIRLS

Are you beautiful?
Send in your Photos!!!
The Morning Tab will pay $1,000.00
CASH to the Most Beautiful Girl
Selected in this Beauty Contest!!

Here are Three Beautiful Girls—A Brunette, A Blonde and A Red Head.

THE JUDGES

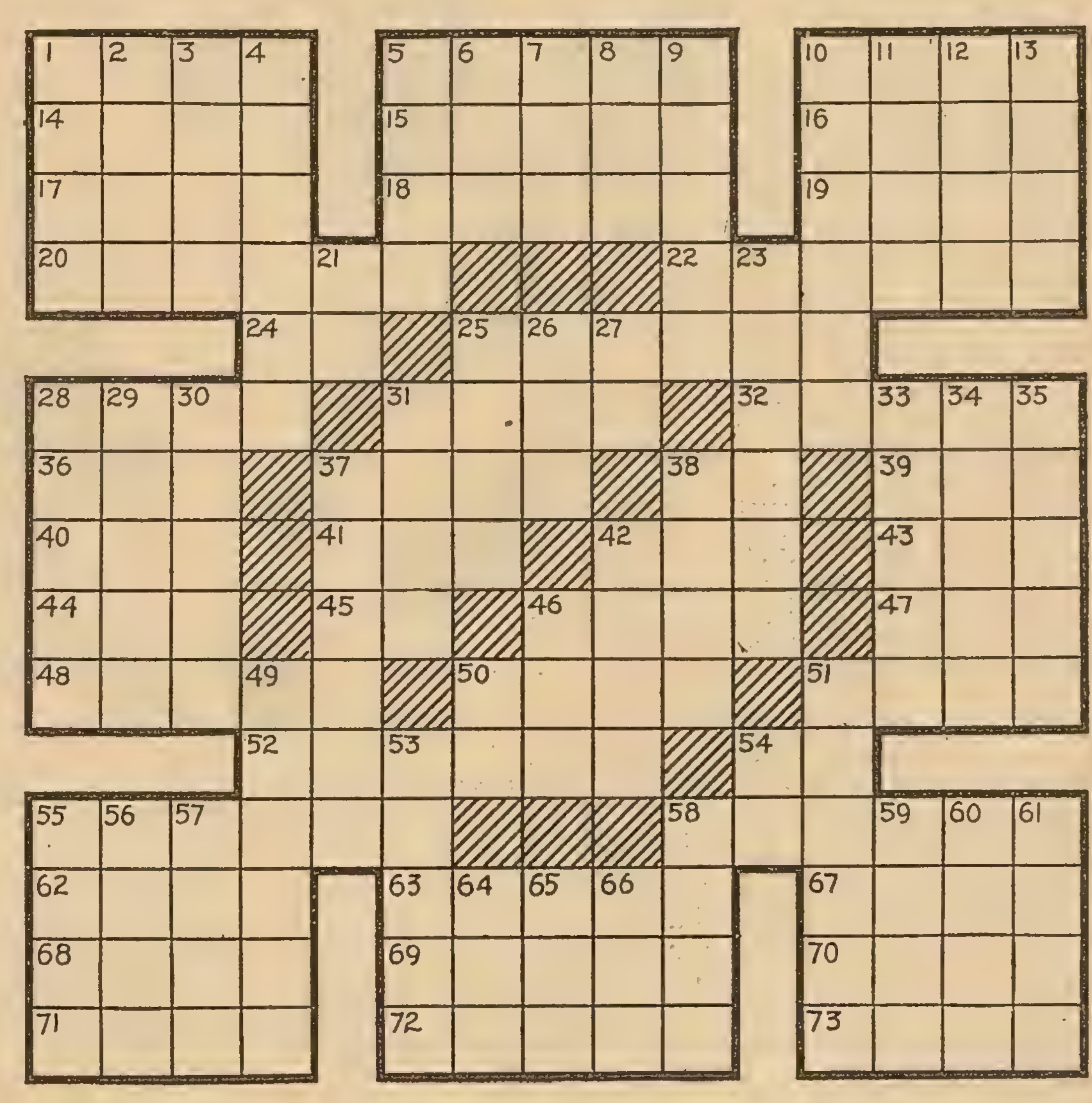
Al Smith
Calvin Coolidge
Jimmie Walker
Flo Ziegfeld
Earl Carroll
W. E. Borah
James Montgomery Flagg
Mahatma Gandhi
Henry Ford
George White
Harry K. Thaw
and Ripley
Believe It or Not

Oh Diary, if my "dream man" could only see my picture in the paper—that would make me the happiest girl in the world. I wonder if he *will* or if I'm ever going to see him again? I think I'll go back to bed and just dream and dream and dream about my "dream man," then maybe my fortune *will* come true. Honest, I can't wait till the contest is over to see if I *am* going to become famous.

Further adventures of Diana will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

Here Is Contest Puzzle

No. 11



HORIZONTAL

1 The Hindu god of love, similar to Cupid
5 Single-edged knife resembling a machete (plural)
10 Form or harden into a mass
14 Amend and revise
15 Descended from the same mother
16 Chief solid constituent of urine
17 Indecorously free, or presuming
18 A fruit
19 Obligations, moral or legal
20 To set so as to be within
22 Floating in water, as lily pads
24 The symbol for an element
25 To wrinkle, crimp, or indent
28 To goad or incite, as to activity
31 Any satellite or secondary planet
32 City in Burma
36 The first sign of the zodiac
37 Place for baggage on a stagecoach
38 The earth as a goddess (Greek mythology)
39 A dyeing liquor
40 Always; ever
41 The octave above the treble staff (music)
42 Separated by a wide space or extent
43 Satisfaction for injuries received (Maori law)
44 Put on
45 Japanese measure of area
46 Intention; purpose (plural)
47 Cover
48 Attack
50 Possesses
51 Unaspirated consonant
52 Equipped; harnessed
54 Not
55 Goes rapidly
58 Measures of length
62 Suffers illness
63 Temporary stop
67 Passage in a mine
68 Tax or contribution
69 Birds of prey
70 Rootstock used as a food staple
71 Fowls
72 Approaches
73 Open space in a building

VERTICAL

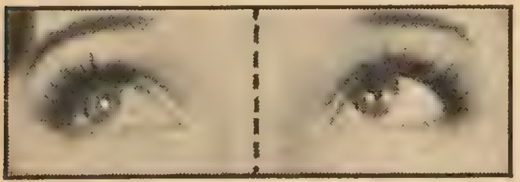
1 A kind of military cap
2 A territory in southwest Arabia
3 Russian village communities
4 To be near at hand
5 Zone on the surface of a planet
6 Pronoun
7 Beat (colloquial)
8 One of a tribe of Siouan Indians
9 Drug made from leaves of cassia
10 Type of sailing vessel
11 Song
12 Sharp
13 Compass point
21 Japanese measure
23 Turkish money of account (plural)
25 Surf duck
26 Disease of sheep
27 Measure of type
28 Promenade
29 Silklike fabric
30 Portents
31 Burrowing animal
33 Immature seed
34 Matutinal
35 Musical exercise
37 Sewed loosely
38 Herds of whales
42 Arrive at, as a conclusion
46 Reverential fear
49 Excretes
50 Either
51 An order of jellyfishes
53 Species of poplar
54 Letter of the Greek alphabet
55 A sawmill gate
56 A copper coin of India
57 Biblical name (Joshua xix)
58 Land tax in Scotland
59 Town in Germany
60 To have the patience reduced or exhausted
61 A portico
64 An area of one hundred square meters
65 Character in Spenser's Faërie Queene
66 A weight of India

Ends Eye Irritation

due to sun, wind and dust

Don't be troubled this summer by eye irritation resulting from exposure to sun, wind and dust. It's quite needless when a few drops of soothing, cooling *Murine* will end the discomfort instantly and prevent an unsightly bloodshot condition.

This 35-year-old lotion is the favorite eye clearer and brightener of the most famous stage and screen stars. Used daily, it keeps the eyes *always* clear, bright and alluring. 150 applications cost only 60c at drug and department stores. Contains no belladonna!



MAKE THIS TEST! *Drop Murine in one eye only . . . . then note how clearer and brighter it becomes and how very much better it feels!*

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

You, too, can have a beautiful complexion!

Admirers flock to the girl with a peach bloom skin. But why envy her—when you, too, can have a beautiful complexion. Every skin presents its own problems, but each of these problems can be handled separately. That's why so many women like Liberty's Book of Beauty. It gives simple, clear, authoritative information on the care of the skin. And by following its beauty advice any woman's complexion can be magically improved. Only 10¢ for this illustrated, 64-page book. Send stamps or coin for it today!

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Liberty Weekly, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y.
For the enclosed ten cents, please send me a copy of Liberty's "Book of Beauty".
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CROSS-WORD PUZZLE CONTEST

CASH PRIZES $500 CASH PRIZES

68 Chances to Win "Easy Money" Solve the Puzzle and File Your Claim!

EACH week Liberty pays $500 in sixty-eight cash prizes for winning entries in its Cross-Word Contest. Your chance to get into the money this week is excellent. Why not get into the game? You can win the $100 First Prize, the $50 Second Prize, the $25 Third Prize, or one of the many $5 incentives to compete. The brief rules explain exactly how, when, and where to submit your entry. If you're a cross-worder at heart you won't wait for a second invitation.

The puzzle, on the opposite page, is ready to challenge you.

And in the columns below we print the names of the Liberty readers whose entries in the Cross-Word Contest of May 14 have won cash prizes for them. Space does not permit the publication of all of the letters which these contestants attached to their puzzle solutions, but multigraphed copies of those involved in the major awards are available and will be mailed upon request.

If you competed in this contest, look carefully for your name. Whether you find it or not, don't fail to get into line for one of this week's cash prizes.

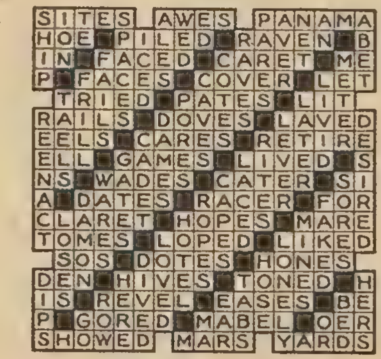
THESE ARE THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$100
SECOND PRIZE	50
THIRD PRIZE	25
65 PRIZES, each $5	325
TOTAL, EACH WEEK SIXTY-EIGHT PRIZES	$500

The RULES

1. This contest is open to anyone, anywhere, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
2. Solve the cross-word puzzle which appears on the opposite page.
3. Attach to your solution a letter telling "The story, article, or department I like best in this issue of Liberty, and why."
4. The most nearly correct cross-word-puzzle solution accompanied by the best letter, judged on the basis of interest and clarity, will be awarded first prize; the next best will be awarded second prize, etc.
5. It is not required to clip the puzzle from the magazine in order to compete. Send in your solution on a tracing of the puzzle if you wish.
6. The judges will be the editors of Liberty Weekly, and by entering this contest you agree to accept their decisions as final.
7. Send all entries by first-class mail. Address Liberty Cross-Word Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
8. All entries for this week's contest must be received before the close of our business day on Tuesday, July 5, 1932.

Here Are the May 14 Awards



SITES AWES PANAMA
HOE■PILED■RAVEN■B
IN■FACED■CARET■ME
P■FACES■COVER■LET
TRIED■PATES■LIT
RAILS■DOVES■LAVED
EELS■CARES■RETIRE
ELL■GAMES■LIVED■S
NS■WADES■CATER■SI
A■DATES■RACER■FOR
CLARET■HOPES■MARE
TOMES■LOPED■LIKED
SOS■DOTES■HONES
DEN■HIVES■TONED■H
IS■REVEL■EASES■BE
P■GORED■MABEL■OER
SHOWED MARS YARDS

THE SOLUTION

$100 FIRST PRIZE
MRS. HATTIE E. HART
Dunning, Ill.

$50 SECOND PRIZE
A. MCKINNON
Los Angeles, Calif.

$25 THIRD PRIZE
MRS. ERNEST P. SCHWERDTFEGER
Houston, Tex.

SIXTY-FIVE PRIZES, EACH $5

Albert B. Hogben, Troy, N. Y.; Jessie B. Fields, San Bruno, Calif.; Madelyn S. Latta, New York, N. Y.; George Boggs, Charleston, S. C.; Benjamin Cox, Modesto, Calif.; Mrs. Ruth Yates, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. S. D. Rollins, Montpelier, Vt.; Mrs. Robert D. Pettingill, Grand Rapids, Mich.; C. C. Caul, Albany, N. Y.; Charles J. Thomas, Cincinnati, Ohio; S. H. Miller, Brooklyn, N. Y.; R. W. Hogson, West Duluth, Minn.; Gordon F. Nicholls, St. Lambert, opp. Montreal, Que.; R. B. Head, Gainesville, Tex.; D. L. Spero, San Antonio, Tex.; George Fulton, Fort Worth, Tex.; Zoe Brooks, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Eunice M. Wilson, Detroit, Mich.

Crystal S. Cooper, Middletown, Ind.; Katherine A. Ehrman, Chevy Chase, Md.; Mrs. Fred Fieler, Chicago, Ill.; Vivian Ofstun, Minneapolis, Minn.; Hortense L. Jones, Asheville, N. C.; Walter D. Meany, Gardner, Mass.; Frank Ambach, Jr., Green Bay, Wis.; A. R. Bumpas, Logansport, Ind.; Claude Freeman, Moatsville, W. Va.; Muriel Johnstone Waite, New York, N. Y.; Henry Lewis, San Diego, Calif.; Wilma Cramerding, San Francisco, Calif.; J. Wendell Brennan, St. Louis, Mo.; David F. Butler, Philadelphia, Pa.; Harold W. Haskins, Malden, Mass.; J. C. Cartwright, Richmond Hill, N. Y.; Franklyn B. Heiss, Kenmore, N. Y.; R. M. Wampole, Phoenix, Ariz.; Kathleen M. Marmion, Buffalo, N. Y.; Vena B. Lewer, Seattle, Wash.

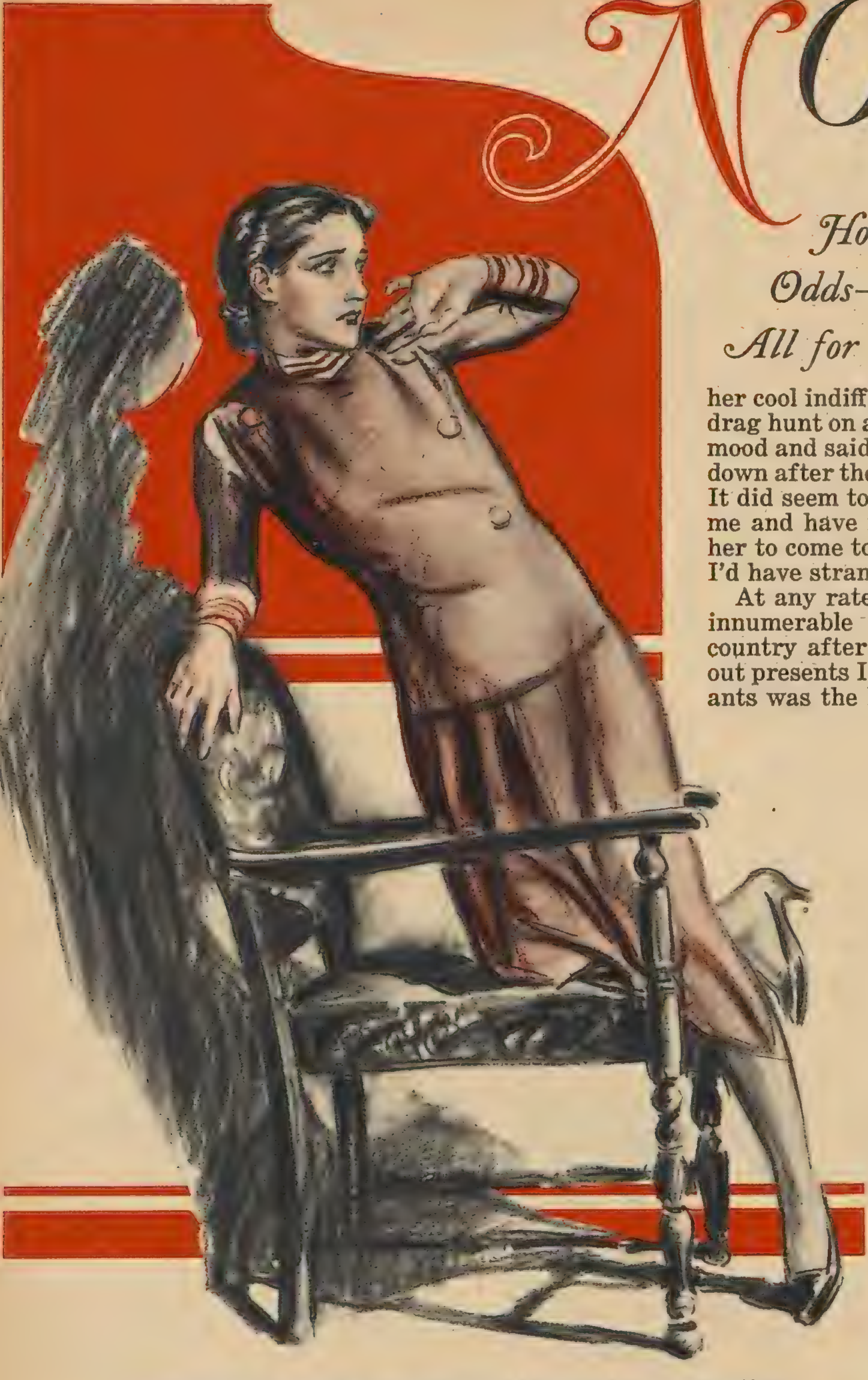
Clarendon W. Smith, Bedford, Mass.; H. P. Hertz, Hutchinson, Kan.; J. C. McLean, Lansdowne, Pa.; Howard G. Kelley, Westmont, Ill.; Margaret A. Callaghan, Oak Park, Ill.; Ann Edelmann, Atlantic City, N. J.; M. M. Maloney, Fort Worth, Tex.; Gwendolyn Breeden, Bennettsville, S. C.; E. G. Dahlstrom, New Haven, Conn.; Charles A. Shuck, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. F. J. Gennaco, Brockton, Mass.; George F. Dutt, Charleston, W. Va.; W. R. McKinley, Yorktown, Pa.

Lilian Howland Rogers, Chicago, Ill.; Anna E. Milz, Detroit, Mich.; Julia Ellen Bray, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Billie Wood, Beverly Hills, Calif.; George S. Whittaker, Los Angeles, Calif.; Jessie F. Edgerly, New York, N. Y.; Gudrun Jahr, Hudson, Wis.; A. M. Manton, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; George O. Hackett, Detroit, Mich.; Vernon P. Magney, Omaha, Neb.; Warren Heath, Fortress Monroe, Va.; Lucille Lask, Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Baldwin, Madison, Wis.; Mary L. Newkirk, Columbus, Ohio.

NEXT WEEK—LIBERTY PRESENTS ANOTHER $500 CASH PRIZE CROSS-WORD CONTEST—NEXT WEEK

NO MORE

The Home That Wasn't a Home—Trying to Flirt Against Odds—A Woman Willing to Smash All for Love—Anne Meets Her Enem



I didn't dare let fly the things that rushed to my lips.

(Reading time: 28 minutes 40 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Anne Holt, daughter of millions, told by herself. On a homeward voyage from Europe to New York she met Tony Gage, manager of her grandfather's Brazilian plantations, and resolved to throw over her fiancé, Prince Carlos of Moravia, and "get" Tony, though he refused to consider marrying into her "world of toys." Bill, Anne's father, met her on the dock with a look of tragedy. Nina, Anne's mother, then at the family hunting lodge, was about to divorce him for the sportsman Toby Wynn.

PART THREE—HOPING AGAINST HOPE

I PHONED Nina that afternoon. I was determined to get down to North Carolina as quickly as possible and bring her to her senses. If I could only get her, on one pretext or another, to postpone her insane plans long enough to cool off and realize what a mad, impossible thing she was doing. She couldn't walk out on Bill after all these years!

She sensed my attitude over the phone and froze.

"Don't come if you're going to be snippy," she drawled.

No use starting anything over a thin wire; so I swallowed all the words that rushed to my lips and matched her cool indifference. She explained that there was a big drag hunt on and asked me to join them. I felt in no such mood and said as much. We arranged that I should come down after the week-end. I hung up, quivering with rage. It did seem to me she might have been more eager to see me and have me understand. After all, it wouldn't kill her to come to New York, at that! I think if I were Bill I'd have strangled her when she got so regal.

At any rate, it gave me a few days to clean up all the innumerable things consequent upon returning to the country after a year's absence. Unpacking and dealing out presents I had brought to friends, relatives, and servants was the least of it. Wires, letters, and phone calls from people anxious to greet me and make the first bids for reserved dates; our own entertaining plans.

I was appalled to find what a difference Nina's absence made in the house. God knows nobody had ever thought of her as the mother-of-the-family, the perfect-housekeeper, or the spirit-of-the-home. Yet the house had an uninhabitable air; nothing ran on smooth and silent wheels; nothing was supplied! I felt hopelessly young and inept facing a slew of unanswerable questions from a crew of thirty-six servants spread far and wide over the far corners of the map; people I'd never heard of or whose jobs I didn't understand wiring me or phoning me madly for orders. The housekeeper, a stranger to me, set her lips in a sneer when I gave some futile orders, and walked out. Cramps tried to take the helm, and four more quit.

I phoned Nina frantically. What the hell was I supposed to say if the old Spanish lace cloth was torn? Where was the key to the silver vault? Who paid these bums and how did I know what they got? The gardener in Southampton was sick and had to be taken to the hospital and the bulbs from Holland hadn't arrived. What did one do when there was no champagne?

Nina laughed. "Use your head, child, and don't bother me," she chuckled and hung up.

Bill and I went into conference. He would take over the management of the little farm on Long Island, the stables, the chauffeurs, and the liquor question. I'd do the rest, if he'd hire me a four-handed genius. We got in a pale, watery-eyed society woman whose fortune had gone over the dam, and she took charge. The wheels started to creak and groan. The place ran, but it was painful.

Worst of all was the way Bill wandered around like a lost soul—completely bewildered—disappearing for long intervals that worried me and made me mighty suspicious. Yet, at a mere suggestion from me, he'd break any engagement and his blue eyes would light up with anticipation. He was as much responsibility as a baby. I tried, once or twice, to gather up his old-time friends and throw a dinner party for him; but my dinners were sad and both Bill and I were painfully conscious that the wind was taken out of sail.

God knows I'd sat in Nina's place before. She had for-

ORCHIDS

By GRACE PERKINS

Pictures by D'ALTON VALENTINE

ever been chasing on trips here and there. But there wasn't that sense of permanency, of her being gone forever! Cut right clean out of our lives! I sat in her place at the head of the long table, and didn't dare meet Bill's eyes. Where was Nina's sparkling wit, her electric and impelling personality? These people whom I'd known since I was teething, they were strangers to me and utterly boring. The social world had been forced on Bill—the taste had been acquired in his eager desire to please Nina and be a part of her private world. Now he was uncomfortable, stifling yawns, nervous—and drinking too much. Nina called me and again postponed my trip. She had been invited for a few days to visit the governor. Sorry—but I could come Thursday, and she could hardly wait to see her baby!

I set my teeth and tried to comfort myself that Bill looked relieved. The longer Nina put off my visit, the more obvious it became that there was no altering her mind. "I think"—Bill stared moodily at the fireplace—"that I'll go up to see mother while you're down with Nina, Anne."

"Fine, dear."

I STARED at his back and my eyes stung with tears. Was it possible that Bill hoped to get some comfort from a talk with gran over Nina and his troubles? Bill's mother was so seldom mentioned that I always felt a peculiar shock of remembrance when we received a Christmas card, or when she sent me a hooked rug or a box of jams on my birthday. I remembered her vaguely as a rather pitiful old relic—the last time I saw her was when we spent Thanksgiving on her farm in Maine nearly fourteen years ago. Nina, who had made many graceful efforts to support Bill's absurd sentimentality, had lasted twenty-four hours on the farm that trip, and then, complaining of the cold and discomfort, had packed up and left, taking me with her. Bill had remained a few ragged days, and then joined us at Hot Springs.

So my memories of his mother were hardly cordial, and the old lady was a sort of peculiar shadow to me. I knew that Bill periodically visited her, but never mentioned his visits to anyone. The general attitude was that his mother and his background were rather unfortunate and the less said the better.

"I think I'll stay over Thanksgiving," Bill continued pensively. "You'll either be with Nina or else you'll be in the midst of high excitement at Jerome's. Won't you?"

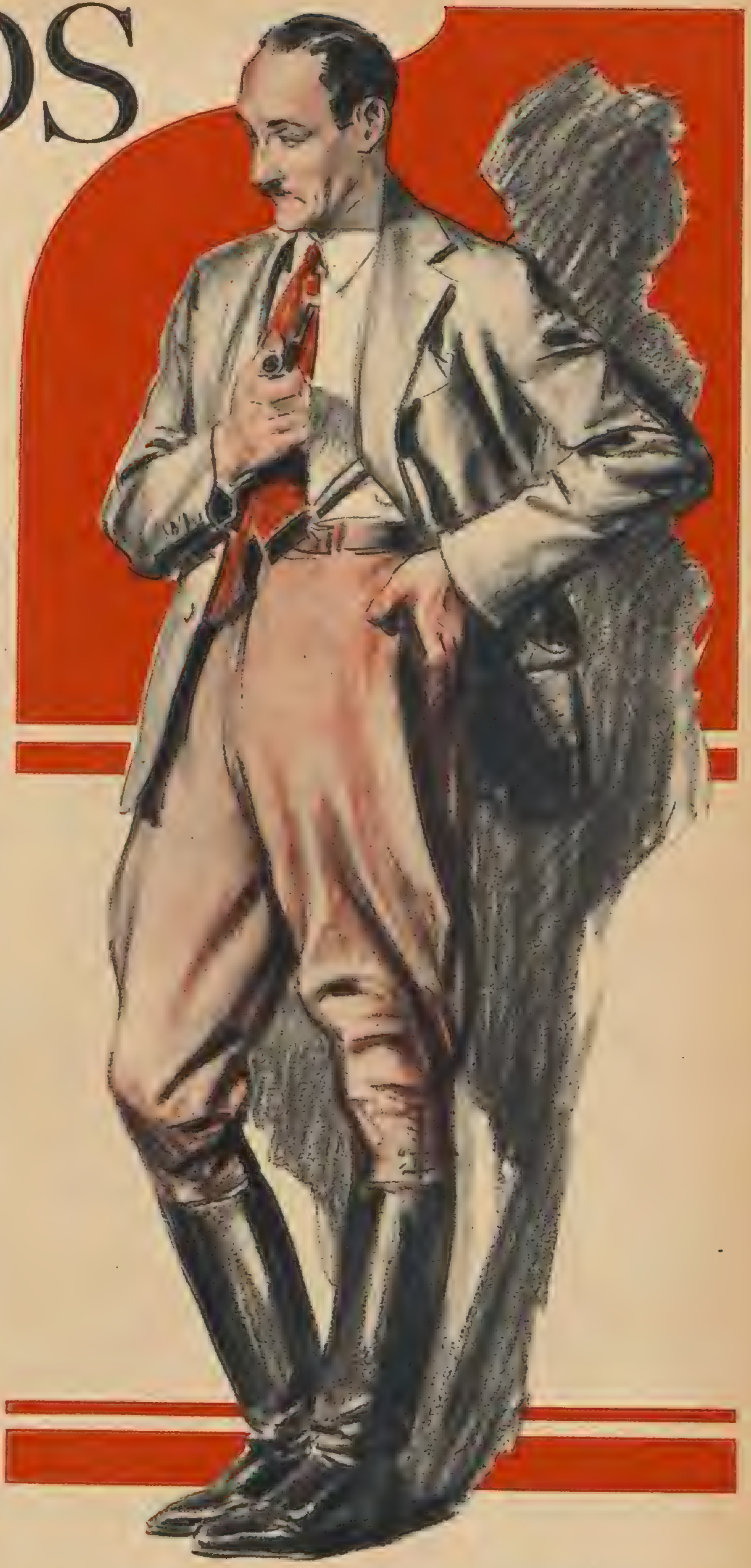
"I'm afraid so, Bill. Carlos arrives in six days. I won't have much of a visit with Nina because grandfather will have epileptic fits if I'm not here to greet Carlos."

"And Ludorf?" Bill grinned, and I had to grin, too. Only Bill and I could see the rich humor of Ludorf, the fat, prancing, trouble-making prime minister who traveled with Carlos like a leech, and managed him with a strong whip.

"Grandpa's in a hell of a mood, anyway," I confided with relish. "He's so furious with Nina that he gets purple in the finger nails. He swears he'll cut her off. Not that she cares!"

Bill understood and his mouth tightened.

"I will make a settlement on Nina," he snapped. "I'm not going to have her dependent on that good-for-nothing shanty Irish. I'll see to it that Nina is independent and not looking to *any* man for largess. I can do that much, at least."



"I simply won't have it! I won't have Nina upset like that. Either she leaves me or she leaves you."

"Well, all right. Don't bite my head off!" I laughed. "You must snap into it, dear. I'll bet dollars to potato chips that Nina never goes through with it. If she really does—you can't let it take the ground from under your feet like this. You're young, Bill."

I broke off hopelessly, threw myself into a chair, and stared at the crackling logs. He came over presently, sat beside me, and took my hand.

"I'm not going to inflict my troubles on you." He was pathetically his old gay-dog self. "It's been a great luxury to have you, pie-face. I think I'd cut loose if you weren't here. How's your own heart these days? What happened to the coffee cowboy you told me about? You didn't break the news to grandpa yet, did you?"

I smiled at him ruefully. "There's no news to break," I confessed mournfully. "I haven't seen him, nor talked to him. I've been over to the hospital a dozen times to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page fifty-one

see Paulo. I've gone at times I was sure Tony would be there. I've stooped to telephoning him at the University Club on a pretense of asking about the kid. I've haunted grandpa's for a sight of him. I know he's been to see grandfather, because I mentioned that he was on the boat and Jerome talked about him. But Tony is out when I call, and he doesn't call back. He's evidently determined not to see me. So you see, Bill, you and I are both disappointed in love. Only you've had years of your mate, and I can't get ten minutes with mine."

Bill's blue eyes searched my face, and I flushed and drew away from him to walk over to the fire and poke it into flames. A moment later he left the room and I rang for tea. I was expecting Rita and a few others. . . . Bill came back shortly, his face beaming with success.

"Mr. Anthony Gage will be here for dinner tonight," he announced seraphically.

"Bill!"

He came over and kissed the back of my neck.

"You care an awful lot, don't you, baby?" he teased.

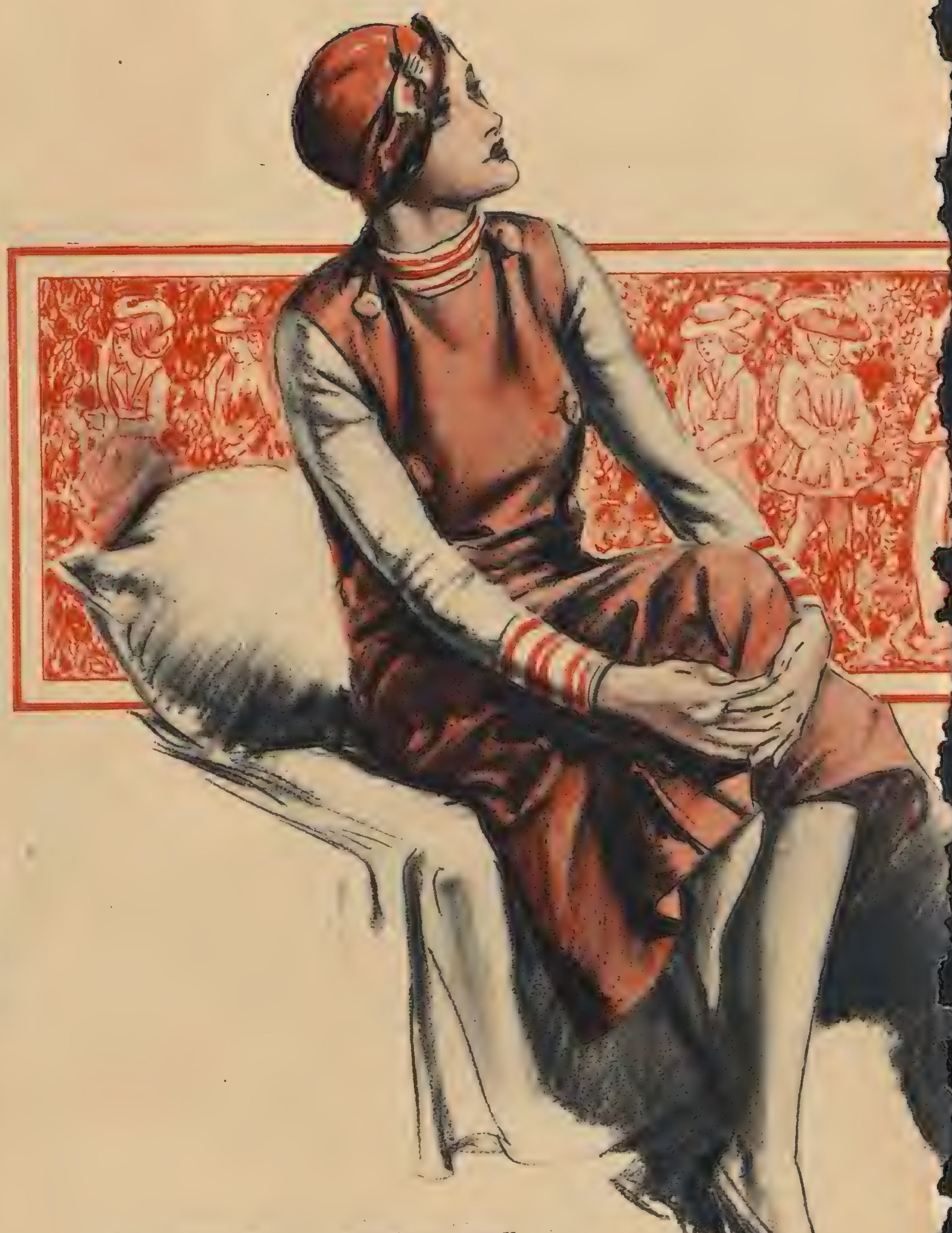
"Oh, Bill—how did you—?"

"I just phoned him. Never mind what bait I used. I have my own secret rites."

IT'S odd how the whole world can change in five minutes. I was so excited the rest of the afternoon I didn't make sense. Just the thought of seeing Tony again made me giddy and rapturous. Nina and her insanity didn't matter. Everything would come out all right. It had to!

We had tea. We showed moving pictures of the trip. We played ping-pong. The butler gave his notice because I settled a quarrel with the servants to his dissatisfaction. I didn't care—I'd just as soon have kissed him good-by.

I dressed for a killing, looking just as unsophisticated and home-girl as I could achieve. And I was ready nearly an hour before he arrived. Bill and I guiltily called a few expected guests and lied our heads off, breaking the date on the verge of the dinner bell. Wouldn't Nina have frozen with disapproval? We wanted to be just a threesome—to give the evening every chance. I told Bill if he didn't go for Tony as whole-heartedly as I did I'd lose all respect for him.



"HE loved me too much—too well. He did the sacrificing. I want to do the loving. I want a man. I want somebody who can master me!"

I needn't have worried! Before the evening was over I could have killed Bill. He and Tony took to each other like a couple of long-lost brothers. They started before dinner on boats, and for a while I rooted and cheered happily, urging them on.

But fun is fun. And I do like to get a word in edgewise at the table. Before dinner was over they had gone from boats to politics, from politics to graft, from graft to the next election, from future Presidential possibilities to international relations, and from there to banking.

After dinner, Bill paid no attention to the eyes I made and the looks I shot him, but calmly called off the date he had carefully arranged, and the two settled themselves to farming. Farming led for no good reason to travel, and that led to Tony's insane plans to head an expedition into Colombia for emeralds. I tried to get in on that, but I might as well have been the cigar butts on the ash trays.

Tony was off, pouring out all his secrets, explaining his beliefs, letting Bill in on his most sacred discoveries. The two were like red-faced urchins discussing pirates and buried treasure.

Bill clutched at a new hobby, and decided he'd finance the whole damn' business, and probably join Tony in the first trip, by God, sir.

Out came maps and charts, and books were hauled down for reference. For an hour and a half they dug in, interrupting each other excitedly. Bill wanted to outfit his boat for the trip. Look, here would be the perfect base; they would work from here. They'd have a radio outfit, and Bill insisted on a plane. . . . They must

keep the whole thing secret, and the main need was to find a scientist to go with them—an electrical engineer and a good chemist.

I sat back, quite out of it, having been elbowed back from the atlases and calmly ignored when I put in a question. I might as well have gone to the movies. They wouldn't have missed me.

One o'clock in the morning and Bill was hauling out pictures of his boats, telling their histories, describing historic trips, showing the logs; and I followed them around like a puppy.

Two o'clock in the morning and they slowed up from sheer exhaustion. The evening had been a total loss to me. But Bill had had the time of his life. In that lull of contentment between them, Bill looked around and remembered me. I think it suddenly struck him that I too was interested in the guest. He asked me to sing for them. I did. With malice aforethought I began Goin' Home. But I had just hit the second motif when Tony jumped to his feet.

"No. No!" He waved his hand in the air. "No—that goes native there—augmented fifth. . . . Look—like this. . . ."

He sat beside me, nudging me from the center of the bench.

"Da, da, *da!*" he warbled in explanation as he knocked the correct chord several times. "Then again . . . Da—da—da, da, da. Get it?"

"Thank you, professor." I was tartly humble.

"Try it!" he urged.

Dutifully I repeated his phrasing, and he got up, nodding approvingly. "Sure. That's it. That's fine! Well, I must be going now. It's after two, believe it or not."

I could have cried with annoyance. But his genuine enjoyment of the evening warmed me a bit as he was leaving, and it did seem to me that his hand lingered in the clasp he gave me and his eyes betrayed him at the last moment—or I'm an amateur.

"That," said Bill after he'd gone, "is a man after my own heart."

"Apparently," I iced him.

"Baby"—he leaned back contentedly with his cigar—"I'd like to see you married to a man like that."

"I'd like to see it myself."

"You're a lucky girl if you land him." He nodded sagely. "They don't come often, these days, like that. I can quite understand the quarrels you told me about. You wouldn't find him paddy-cake, Anne, nor the kind of fellow you could wind around your little finger. But he's worth a dozen thin-lipped, overbred princes."

We were silent, busy with our own mental struggles, and then Bill doused his cigar, got up, stretched, and began turning out the lights.

"Well," I sighed pettishly, "he didn't say one word about a date."

"Oh, yes, he did!" Bill's eyes opened with childish protest. "I'm to meet him tomorrow. He's coming to show me those specimens."

"You're to meet him! How charming! How interesting!"

"Yeh." He nodded pleasantly. "I'm looking forward to it."

I had to laugh.

II

BILL saw Tony twice in the next three days, but Tony picked out the morning I was leaving for Carolina to phone me and ask me to dinner! It threw me into a pet.

The morning only began like that. Cramps got a wire that made me send her packing, dissolved in tears and quite lacking in her usual clear-headedness, to what promised to be the deathbed of her sister-in-law in Texas. This was the family that Cramps had been more than half supporting for the last ten years, and if her sister-in-law died it was going to leave five children without a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page fifty-three

home. We said good-by in the house—Cramps to go her way and I to go mine. If I had known then what was to happen in the next few months!

I must have felt some thin prophetic warning of it as I climbed into the plane that was to take me at last to Nina. But I put it down to moodiness over Tony. In a few days I'd be back in New York, facing Carlos. Facing Carlos, and Ludorf, and my grandfather. A combination sufficient to break anyone's nerves. Before long the papers would be full of my impending betrothal—plans would be under way for the reception, the announcement. . . . If *only* Tony would come to me—if only he'd give himself a chance! . . .

Nina was in her car to meet me. Alone, thank God. Very gay and self-possessed. More ravishingly beautiful than I ever remembered seeing her.

For the three-mile drive to the lodge, and for a half hour while she installed me in my quarters, we talked with casual camaraderie. I told her of Cramps; but Nina didn't like the woman, and the people she didn't like just didn't exist. She complimented me on how I was looking and then proceeded to pick me apart: "My dear, you're not letting yourself get a waistline! . . . Why do you slouch like that, child? . . . I hardly think that's the most attractive way to do your hair. . . . You should wear brown, with your coloring." . . .

SHE laughed at my troubles with the servants and asked innumerable questions about the house, and social friends of hers; about Jerome and Carlos and the plans that were on foot.

"I know I'm a worm"—she smiled languorously—"not to be on deck and play the noble mother rôle this season, and I do realize it's an important season to you, pet. But I figure I'll be back and my divorce over before your wedding. In case I'm not, I'll join you in Moravia and be present for your wedding there. I know the grandest place for a divorce, Anne, in Latvia. I'll tell you all about it later. I have to dash now—a date I couldn't possibly manage to break. But I'll be back for tea."

"Oh! All right, Nina."

"I'm sending a tray up for you. I'm sure you want to rest a bit, anyway. There are some frightfully amusing people coming for tea, and we're having dinner tonight with—"

"Oh, Nina, I came to see *you!*"

Her eyes narrowed and her nostrils quivered impatiently.

"I don't intend to discuss things, Anne."

"After all, Nina, I *am* concerned. You're ditching me as well as Bill."

"Nonsense! I'm not going to go through scenes with you, Anne. I warn you."

"I'm not asking for scenes. I didn't come down here for a lot of high times with a lot of strangers."

Nina leaned back and studied me with lazy eyes.

"You're just like your father."

I flinched. Then I went up and put my arms around her. She softened slightly.

"Nina, I don't want to fight," I muttered.

"Oh, Anne," she pleaded like a child, "please don't start to scold me. Don't try to tell me things I know. I've been through so much to get this far! All I want is to be happy."

She drew away, fumbling for her handkerchief. She drew off her gloves and tossed her hat on the bed, settling herself on the chaise longue.

"I knew you'd trap me into this," she said ruefully. "I haven't a date before tea—I was just running away. Come on; we'll get it over with. Only please spare me what isn't absolutely necessary. What is it you want to know?"

I stared at her, feeling suddenly like a small child.

"I don't know, Nina," I said miserably. "You're actually going—through with it?"

"Nothing could stop me."

"It doesn't mean a thing to you, Nina? I mean—breaking up everything?"

Her gaze was unflinching. "I don't propose to become maudlin, Anne. It means—more than you could understand. Please get one thing straight. I've no complaint, nothing but the highest regard for Bill."

"Nina—he's terribly cut up. He . . ."

"Don't *tell* me!" She got to her feet nervously and began pacing the floor. "I don't want to hear. I know he adores me. For years I've stuck to him—mostly out of pity. I'm not going to any longer. Bill was a childish ideal of mine. I married him young, and I defied everybody to do it, just as I'm defying everybody to do it now. I've been a coward to stay with him so long."

"You don't love him at *all*, Nina?"

"Not love as I used to know it. Not love as I know it now—with someone else. Bill was never in my class. Never. I saw in him someone stronger and finer than myself. He was then. He isn't now, and hasn't been for years. He let me down. He broke all my illusions of him. He became just like me—only not enough like me to satisfy that way, either. He aped my world and my ways. He imitated me in everything. He was a weak echo of me—of everything I thought and did. It disgusted me."

"But you made him that way! He wanted to please you. . . . He . . ."

"And he lost himself doing it—and he lost me in losing himself! I fell in love with a lion and found myself married to a puppy. I'd rather have him beat me! Skin me alive and make me behave! Not somebody who looks at me with mournful hurt eyes and lets me walk on him. He loved me too much—too well. He did the sacrificing. *I* want to do the loving. I want a *man*. I want somebody I'm a little bit afraid of, thank you; somebody who can master me!"

I WATCHED her, speechless. She was magnificent. I couldn't blame any man for groveling. She was barely aware of me now, as she paced up and down, her eyes lighting with unnatural brightness, her whole exquisite body flaming with desire.

"I'll tell you something." She swung on me feverishly. "I'm not young. I'm forty-five. Can you believe it? Do you know what that means? I have a few more years—a few more years for life. I'm going to get something out of them. I don't care if I go to hell doing it! I don't care who I put in hell with me. I've found something I've been searching for, and I'm going to take it."

"But, Nina, you don't have to bust up a family to do it. You don't have to kick us all downstairs. You

Dalton Valentine

JUST the thought of seeing Tony again made me giddy and rapturous. Everything would come out all right. It had to!

could have him anyway. You've had others. . . ."

"He won't stand for it!" She laughed with diabolic triumph. "Isn't he glorious? He's had affairs, too; he's noted for them. But he won't have it that way. And nothing can budge him. I'm grateful to him for it. I'll pay any price he says. What is divorce? What is scandal? What is deserting you? Don't you suppose I want to be with you when you're married? Don't you suppose I care? What is ruining Bill? I've given him years. I don't care what he suffers—or you—or myself! I don't care how it will end; I don't even try to think ahead. He's just as apt to throw me over. I'm not sure of him. I'm scared to death I won't hold him. That's why I love him!"

"THAT'S madness!" I half whispered. "It will burn itself out. . . ."

"But it will make a glorious fire." She laughed excitably. "Enough to warm the rest of my life. Yes, it's madness, Anne—and you couldn't understand it. It's a supreme, divine madness, Anne—and if I had a god, Anne, I'd pray to him for one thing—courage enough to live this once to the *full*—no matter what the cost."

Her head was thrown back exultantly; the pearls around her full white throat were not as replete with smoldering life as her dry eyes. Her chest swelled as she packed it full of air with a long, quivering breath. A flash of Bill's lonely, haunted blue eyes came to me, and my lips went dry. I thought of Tony and shivered.

She scared me. Such a lashing storm of emotion was magnificent—enviable—but it gave me the creeps. It filled me with a sneaking desire to be just as bacchanalian—just as pagan; yet it made me feel guilty and strangely embarrassed—as if she had put herself up, naked and proud of it, for examination.

"That shocks you," she broke in on my spattered thoughts. Her voice was angry—hurt. Her pride seemed to crumple ever so slightly. She became nervous, almost furtive—as if regretful that she'd revealed so much.

"I—I . . ." My words tripped over each other.

"Well, it shocks me too," she laughed.

She stopped in front of me, swaying slightly, pulling on and off one of the rings on her finger with frantic nervousness. She seemed frightened but defensive.

"I like to be shocked." Her words jerked hysterically, with short breathy gasps. "It's delicious. It's new. It's glorious. I love it! See? I don't know why I let you come. I wish you hadn't come. You do, too, don't you?"

"You need a drink, Nina," I said sharply.

"Ah, no!" She shook her head and sighed. She turned and walked slowly to the bed, picked up her purse and took out her cigarette case, selecting a smoke thoughtfully. Her hands trembled as she lit it, and she drew a long puff with deep gratitude.

Smiling, she tossed the case on the table. The Cedric crest, inlaid with diamonds, gleamed maliciously. She seated herself, drawing up her feet contentedly, leaning back her head and smoking with languorous enjoyment.

"That's what I need, too," I decided, and reached over for the case.

"Please!" She sat bolt upright. "Those are a—a special blend, and very hard to get. You'll find plenty of cigarettes in that box over there."

"Sorry. I left in such a rush—I have none with me," I apologized good-naturedly, and went to fetch what was relegated to white trash.

There was a knock at the door, and I welcomed the maid with my tray. Seated opposite Nina, I pretended to eat and tried to talk prattle. She matched and topped me. Moment by moment, she was more completely her cool, sharp-witted self. Her color and the tone of her voice were normal again. We seemed back on the old footing for a brief and happy quarter of an hour. Confidential, gossipy; Nina giving me rather Rabelaisian advice or

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page fifty-five

flipping off tart criticism about people that left them stripped of all dignity, mangled with ridicule. Nina had an unmatched reputation for a merciless tongue.

Then he sent for her. Sent a maid to say he wished to see her. And in one instant she was on her feet, flushed, eyes glowing. The merest word and she left me!

I wanted to go down and slap his face. What was he like, in the name of Heaven, that he could so mesmerize her? *No* man had ever made Nina jump!

I rang for a maid to unpack and to prepare my bath. The room seemed dark and sunless with Nina gone; and the house strange and unfriendly. The air was filled with the lingering pungency of her smoke. Her soft suède hat seemed forlorn, tossed out of shape on the bed, her purse and a wisp of handkerchief beside it. . . .

Was he worth it—whoever and whatever he was? It must be paradise to feel as transported with love as she had been in that blinding moment of self-revelation. I shivered. Was it love? Or—lust? . . . Poor Bill! He had never inspired such a miracle of devotion. Unquestionably, he was out of the running—out of her life.

Did Tony see such a future for us with prophetic wisdom? That was what he meant, of course. He meant that I would beat down his personality. My world would suck at his vitality until he lost his manhood, his freedom. That's what he meant when he said he'd refuse to become the slave of beauty. No gigolo in his make-up!

But that was absurd, I insisted nervously. I wasn't like Nina—I wasn't. I wasn't! Yes, I'd give up everything for him, as Nina was giving up everything for her Irishman. But Nina was changing skippers—not boats. I couldn't give up my money. I wouldn't know how to live. It was unnecessary—silly. He could take my money—or Bill could finance him—and find his emerald mine. Then he'd be rich too, and everything would be all right.

I opened Nina's cigarette case, selected one defiantly, and lit it.

One puff and my heart swooped into my stomach. I was so dizzy I dropped it, staggered to a chair, and stared with straining eyes at the smoking, slim thing on the floor as if it were poison.

"My *God!*" I mumbled thickly. "It's doped!" . . . How long had she been using opiate cigarettes?

A knock at the door made me jump. I felt dizzy, and inclined to battle for air, anyway—the thing had almost knocked me out. The knock was repeated, and I stepped forward half guiltily, picked up the cigarette, and succeeded in tossing it out of the window. My voice sounded pitifully weak as I called to the maid to come in. The door opened quietly—but it wasn't the maid.

A MAN stood just inside. A man whose whipcord riding costume belied his rather gaunt, æsthetic figure, and his sharp, almost bony features. I knew before he spoke that he was Toby Wynn. I gripped the arms of the chair and sat forward to stare at him. . . . A flare of resentment went through me, mostly because of the easy, lackadaisical way he stood, a curious smile on his full lips, taking a quick inventory of me, just as I was of him. . . . Even before he spoke, my mind had photographed the nervous grasping of his riding crop, the tinny gleam of his copper-red hair, the brazen assurance of his amazing brown eyes that seemed flecked with yellow lights. . . . I caught the dancer's position of the feet which seemed ridiculous in his mud-spattered riding boots. . . . I knew the black cord around his neck held a monocle tucked inside his vest. . . . The heavy, overhanging reddish eyebrows, the slender, supersensitive nose, the cruel mouth. Not a detail escaped me in that moment we regarded each other speculatively—not even the slim hips, the slimmer waist, and the wide, thin shoulders that I was sure were padded. . . .

"Well?" I broke it at last.

"Am I disturbing you?" His accent was very Oxford, his voice unexpectedly soft and ingratiating.

"I was hardly prepared."

"I'm sorry." He frowned, annoyed. "I sent the maid to tell you I was coming. If it isn't too inconvenient, I'd really like a few moments now."

"Certainly."

"I don't know if you're aware how much you upset Nina."

"No. I didn't know I did."

"Well, your visit," he said sharply, "had just the unfortunate effect I had dreaded! Evidently you are fairly upset yourself."

Damn that cigarette!

"Don't you think it—well, unnecessary, if not unintelligent, for you two to put yourselves through so much?" He waited a second for an answer, and then continued, far less graciously: "I simply won't have it! I won't have Nina upset like that. Regrets are an utter waste of energy. Either she leaves me or she leaves you—but either way she is going to cut clean."

I didn't dare let fly the things that rushed to my lips.

"She's decided she is not going to leave me," he added.

"You mean—she just said that—now?"

"Yes. Just now. I've left her in a pitiful condition. Totally unnerved. I've come to ask you to go—please."

"The hell you say!" I flared. "I'm not going to . . ."

BUT he had drawn from his pocket a folded sheet of paper, unsealed, minus an envelope, and turned away from me with a little gesture of exasperation. He stood by the window, filling his pipe, while I read:

> ANGEL: You said you didn't come to play around with a lot of strangers, and I don't blame you. But I can't see where we have any more to say. Please don't think harshly of me. I'll see you in New York before I sail.
>
> Devotedly, NINA.

I stared at his back, and I never before nor since felt so close to a murderous impulse.

"Very well," I managed; but the words almost gagged me.

He turned back, smiling again, all graciousness, and lit his pipe. "I've called the field, and they'll have the plane ready any time you are. The car will be downstairs. Please don't hurry yourself. But—if you leave within an hour you'll be in New York for dinner."

"That'll be nice," I agreed sarcastically.

"Nina is resting; but she'll phone you tonight, no doubt."

He sauntered over to the door, stopped, picked up Nina's cigarette case and her hat and purse. At the door he turned again.

"Nina will try to see you before she sails, no doubt. I think you'd be kinder if you refused, without hurting her feelings. You see what I mean? Women are such sentimental creatures. I think they take an extreme pleasure in hysterics. Of course, you understand, I have no objections later. When we return to New York, I mean, or when we see you in Moravia."

"That's jolly of you."

"At that," he added tartly, "we may not be able to do either! We are planning a cruise around the world, and if things shape up nicely we *may* be leaving before your wedding. We—er—we'll be gone three or four years."

"Well, I'll expect some long, chatty letters from you both."

His lips curved, but you couldn't call it a smile.

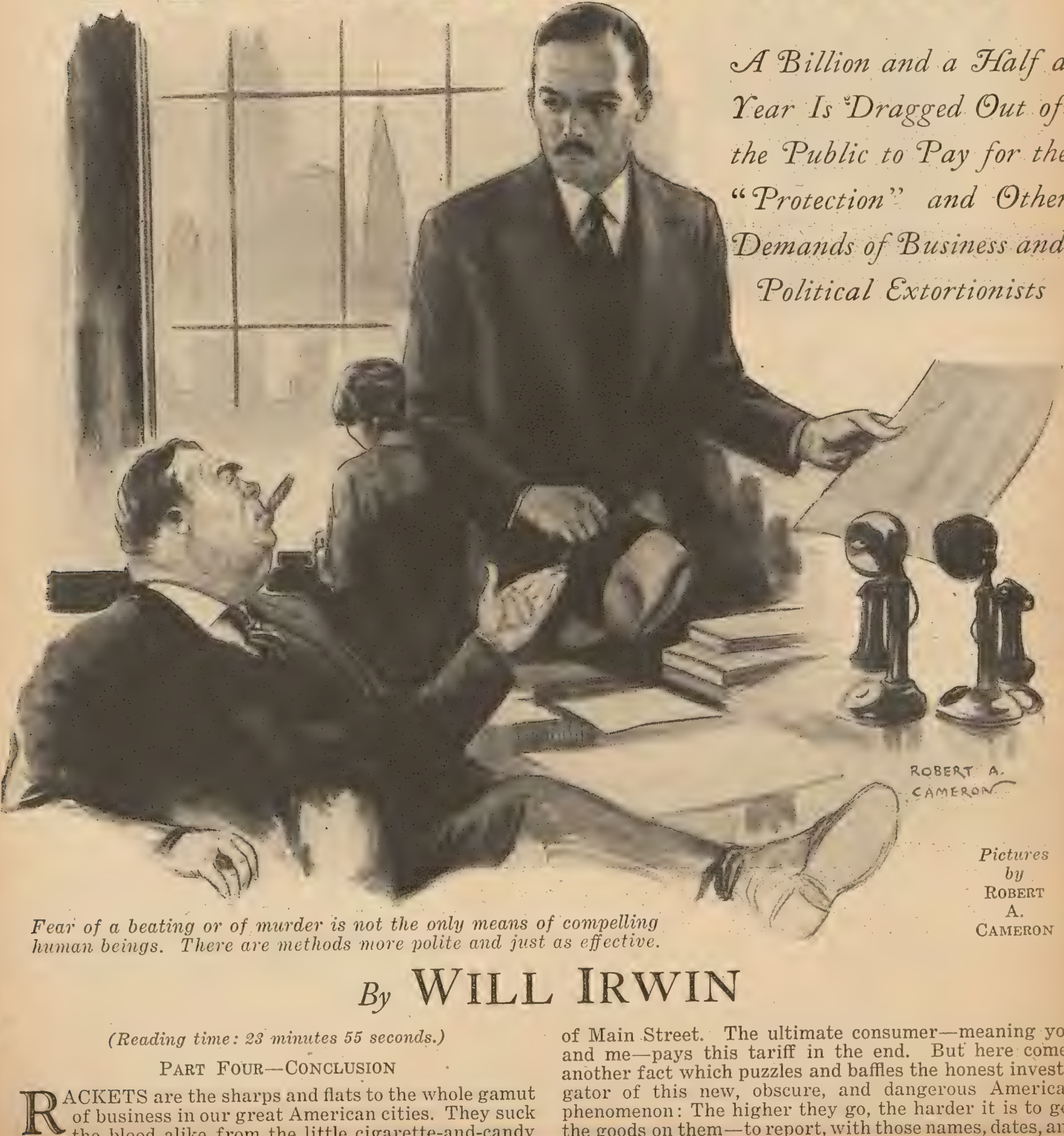
"The maid will be up presently to help." He opened the door and hesitated. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I think you've done plenty, thank you," I said grimly. "But don't think you're going to get away with it. We'll meet again. We're bound to!"

In next week's installment of the story you'll learn how thoughts of Wynn's insolence were crowded out of Anne's mind by events so sudden and startling that they left her dazed.

What AMERICA PAYS THE RACKETEER

A Billion and a Half a Year Is Dragged Out of the Public to Pay for the "Protection" and Other Demands of Business and Political Extortionists



Fear of a beating or of murder is not the only means of compelling human beings. There are methods more polite and just as effective.

Pictures by ROBERT A. CAMERON

By WILL IRWIN

(Reading time: 23 minutes 55 seconds.)

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

RACKETS are the sharps and flats to the whole gamut of business in our great American cities. They suck the blood alike from the little cigarette-and-candy shops of Poverty Hollow and the thirty-story skyscrapers of Main Street. The ultimate consumer—meaning you and me—pays this tariff in the end. But here comes another fact which puzzles and baffles the honest investigator of this new, obscure, and dangerous American phenomenon: The higher they go, the harder it is to get the goods on them—to report, with those names, dates, and

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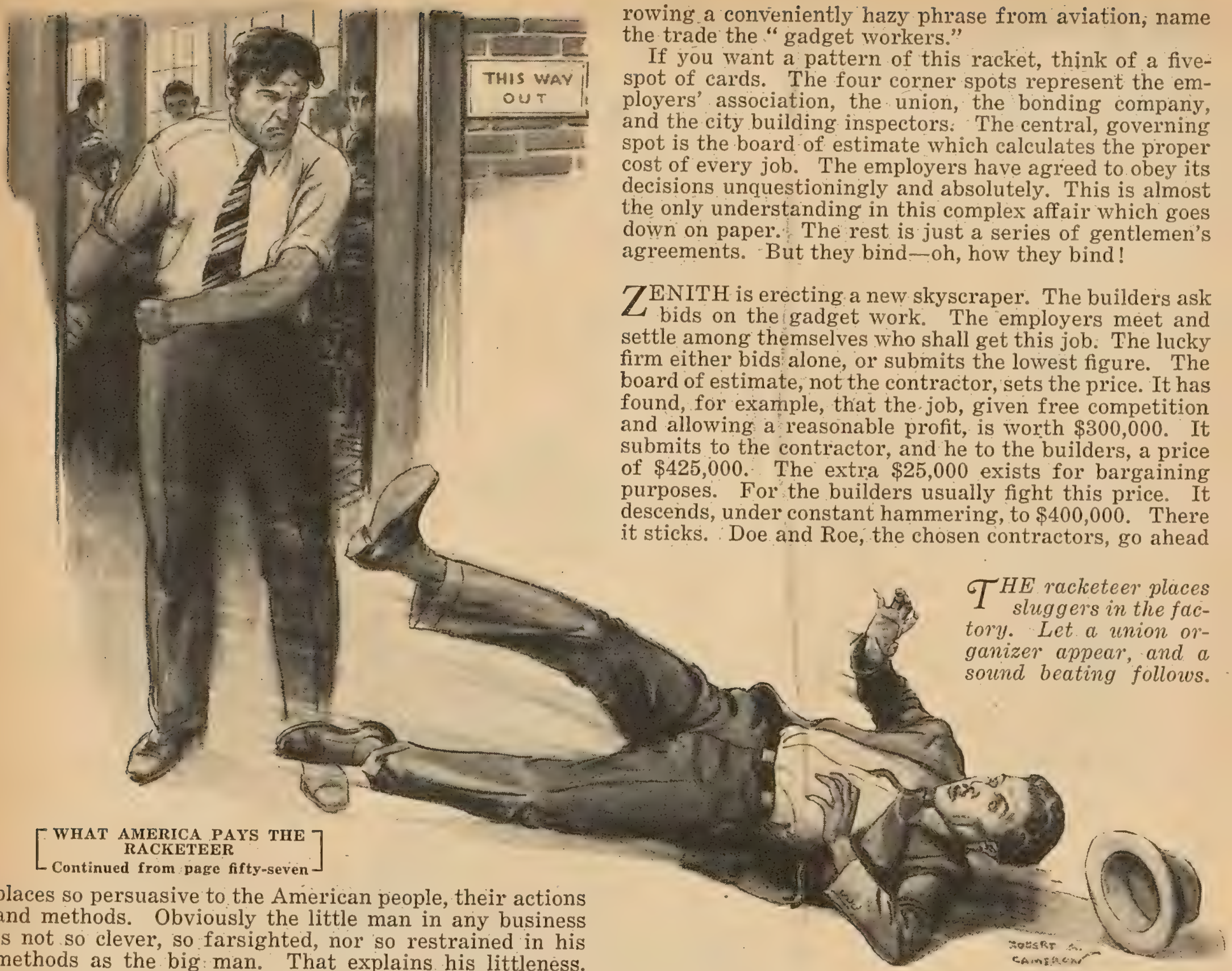

THE racketeer places sluggers in the factory. Let a union organizer appear, and a sound beating follows.

WHAT AMERICA PAYS THE RACKETEER
Continued from page fifty-seven

places so persuasive to the American people, their actions and methods. Obviously the little man in any business is not so clever, so farsighted, nor so restrained in his methods as the big man. That explains his littleness. The "chiseler" who goes round collecting ten dollars a week from the small clothes pressers of a humble district has neither foresight, self-control, nor imagination. Sooner or later he beats up or murders some potential victim who refuses his kind of "protection," or eliminates with a shotgun a rival who is trying to break into his field. The matter comes to the attention of the police, the courts, and the newspapers. Certain victims, more fearful of conviction for perjury than of gang reprisals, come into court and "squawk." So, by letting in light, they not only destroy the racket but furnish to the newspapers good, sensational material which can be printed. That is why most of our sovereign voters, when you mention rackets in business, think only of these small extortions and stand blankly ignorant of larger and more expensive operations.

WHEN we go to the other end of the scale and reach the important semirespectable racket, we find in control men of larger powers and larger outlook. They know that fear of a beating or of murder is not the only means of compelling human beings. There are other methods more polite and just as effective. They do not make the mistake of grinding their employees between the upper and nether millstones. Their respectability, their political influence, their tie-in with banks and other financial powers, put them in the way of carrying on virtually unopposed and often almost unsuspected. But try to get the facts! Men in process of elimination at their hands will tell you the whole story, often supported by documents; but they end with the plea: "For God's sake, you mustn't publish this!"

There is a narrow chasm between proof and certainty. Let me leap that gulf and describe a very typical large, secret, and respectable racket in one of the building trades. I shall call the city, of course, Zenith; and, borrowing a conveniently hazy phrase from aviation, name the trade the "gadget workers."

If you want a pattern of this racket, think of a five-spot of cards. The four corner spots represent the employers' association, the union, the bonding company, and the city building inspectors. The central, governing spot is the board of estimate which calculates the proper cost of every job. The employers have agreed to obey its decisions unquestioningly and absolutely. This is almost the only understanding in this complex affair which goes down on paper. The rest is just a series of gentlemen's agreements. But they bind—oh, how they bind!

ZENITH is erecting a new skyscraper. The builders ask bids on the gadget work. The employers meet and settle among themselves who shall get this job. The lucky firm either bids alone, or submits the lowest figure. The board of estimate, not the contractor, sets the price. It has found, for example, that the job, given free competition and allowing a reasonable profit, is worth $300,000. It submits to the contractor, and he to the builders, a price of $425,000. The extra $25,000 exists for bargaining purposes. For the builders usually fight this price. It descends, under constant hammering, to $400,000. There it sticks. Doe and Roe, the chosen contractors, go ahead and do a good, sound, workmanlike job. But the builders pay 20 or 25 per cent more than they would pay under free, natural conditions.

Why, then, doesn't some other contractor come in with an untrammeled $300,000 bid? Two obstacles, as he knows from long experience, stand in the way. First, the union. Pete, their leader and business agent, is one of the ablest persons in this ring. Though his is not an American Federation union and Zenith not exactly an open-shop town, he has arranged matters so that nearly every gadget worker carries one of his cards. Let the independent secure the contract, and Pete finds some flaw in the observance of union rules. There follows a strike which leaves him badly in the red. Let him gather non-union workers, and Pete finds other ways of rendering the job unprofitable. And if he hurdles this obstacle, he runs next into a brick wall.

The building inspectors are in on the game. Zenith's building code is very strict. Its city fathers inserted clauses meant to be enforced only in exceptional cases. When his work is finished, or nearly so, the inspectors will step in, find half a dozen violations, perhaps order him to tear out his work and begin all over again. He loses the value of his investment so far; more, he may face a forfeit for not completing the job on time. He sighs as he contemplates the unattainable—and keeps off.

So Doe and Roe do the job. But they do not get all of the money; only that fair $300,000. The remaining $100,000 is probably split in many ways. The city inspectors are not standing in just for their health. Andrew Furuseth, head of the Seamen's Union, who has improved the lot of every sailor in every port of the world, lives like a monk in a hall bedroom on the meager equivalent of a sailor's pay. Pete is not this kind of leader. He lives very much better. Perhaps the bonding company gets its bit; perhaps it is contented with this fine, steady, exclusive business. A small percentage of this velvet may pass on to a point high up in the city government of Zenith. But when all of this "overhead" is paid, much of the $100,000 remains in hand. And that the employers, including Doe and Roe, split share and share alike.

I have spoken of the moderation which marks such large, profitable, underground rackets. Observe, first, this detail: The gadget contractors of Zenith do not oppress their labor. In the small, less respectable rackets of the service trades, the racketeers sometimes use a complaisant labor leader as a cog in their machine. He delivers the union and gives its members nothing in return. Often he gives them less than nothing—forces on them "special assessments" for "defense." But the gadget workers of Zenith are another and brighter story. A leader of a rival labor faction says of Pete: "They tell me he's feathering his nest. Maybe. But he's secured for that union of his the best labor conditions in Zenith."

Observe also their moderation toward contractors outside of the ring. The insiders who founded this polite racket do not try to put the independents absolutely out of business. These inferiors are left free, are even encouraged, to gather substantial crumbs from the tables of the exalted. For them most of the repair work, most of the small domestic building. They remain reasonably contented with this and keep away from the big jobs lest worse befall them.

This is not the only racket of the respectable type in the building trades of Zenith. Once I walked down its wide, high-walled, roaring main artery with the man who best knows its flaws and sins. "Those look just like skyscrapers to you," he said, "but to me they are festooned with rackets!" The next time you pay your last night's bill in one of its fine hotels, erected during the building epidemic of 1927 and 1928, you may calculate that you are paying at least a dollar for the additional unnecessary cost of its construction. And this holds true not only of Zenith but perhaps of most great American cities.

OBSERVERS of this strange game have often remarked that the racket, so far, has kept to the small-unit retail enterprises, the service trades, and the building trades; that it has not yet attacked the great manufacturing industries. This is only comparatively true. Here and there, rackets have already fastened themselves upon the distribution of standard manufacturing goods. In a previous article I showed how the racketeers among the Detroit plumbers arranged that their "clients" should buy supplies only from certain favored manufacturing firms—at an increased cost to the public of about 25 per cent. Another city has a gadget contractors' racket on the same plan as Zenith's; except that this one operates not under a syndicate but under a dictatorial boss. He is also agent for two or three leading gadget manufacturers. The members of the ring must use no products but these. They buy through him—and at his price.

Through the obscurities of the moving-picture operators' racket, whose bombings have troubled several American towns of late, one perceives dimly that same device for making something out of nothing. And in one important manufacturing industry the racket has attacked not only the function of distribution but that of production.

NEW YORK stands preëminent among the world cities not only through its importance as a manufacturing center; few, probably, realize this. Greatest of all is its clothing industry. About 80 per cent of our women's ready-made garments, perhaps 60 per cent of our men's, come from the great metropolitan district. Virtually all of my readers are wearing at this moment some garment cut and stitched in that sheaf of skyscrapers which run between the Pennsylvania station and Times Square, or in equivalent areas of Brooklyn, the East Side, and the Bronx.

The tourist to New York seldom turns southward down Seventh Avenue from the blaze and blare of Times Square. He is missing something unique; especially at lunchtime, when the street runs full from curb to curb with men and women of foreign aspect; when venders at the corners do brisk business with Yiddish, Greek, Italian, and French newspapers; when boys shoving racks of furs or of new dresses on handcarts jostle against the press; when groups of models with platinum-blond hair and perfect-thirty-six figures make disdainful, queenly progress through the common herd. These are the rank and file of the clothing industry—needleworkers, or practitioners of a hundred subsidiary trades.

They have behind them a not inglorious history. During the archaic period before the war, Ray Stannard Baker told something of it in his interesting article, The Rise of the Tailors. Two generations ago the American clothing business began in garrets of the East Side. It was a "sweated" industry then. The piecework plan prevailed. To make the barest living a man or woman must work twelve or fourteen hours a day.

These sweated workers began to organize. Through years of constant agitation and of occasional fierce strikes, they established fair wages and civilized hours. In the complex pattern of this clothing business, unionism forms a dominant motif. But that too is complex. There are recognized, "authorized" American Federation unions. These, I say now, seem guiltless of racketeering, although they sometimes use strong-arm methods in defense. There are unions of socialist origin which refuse

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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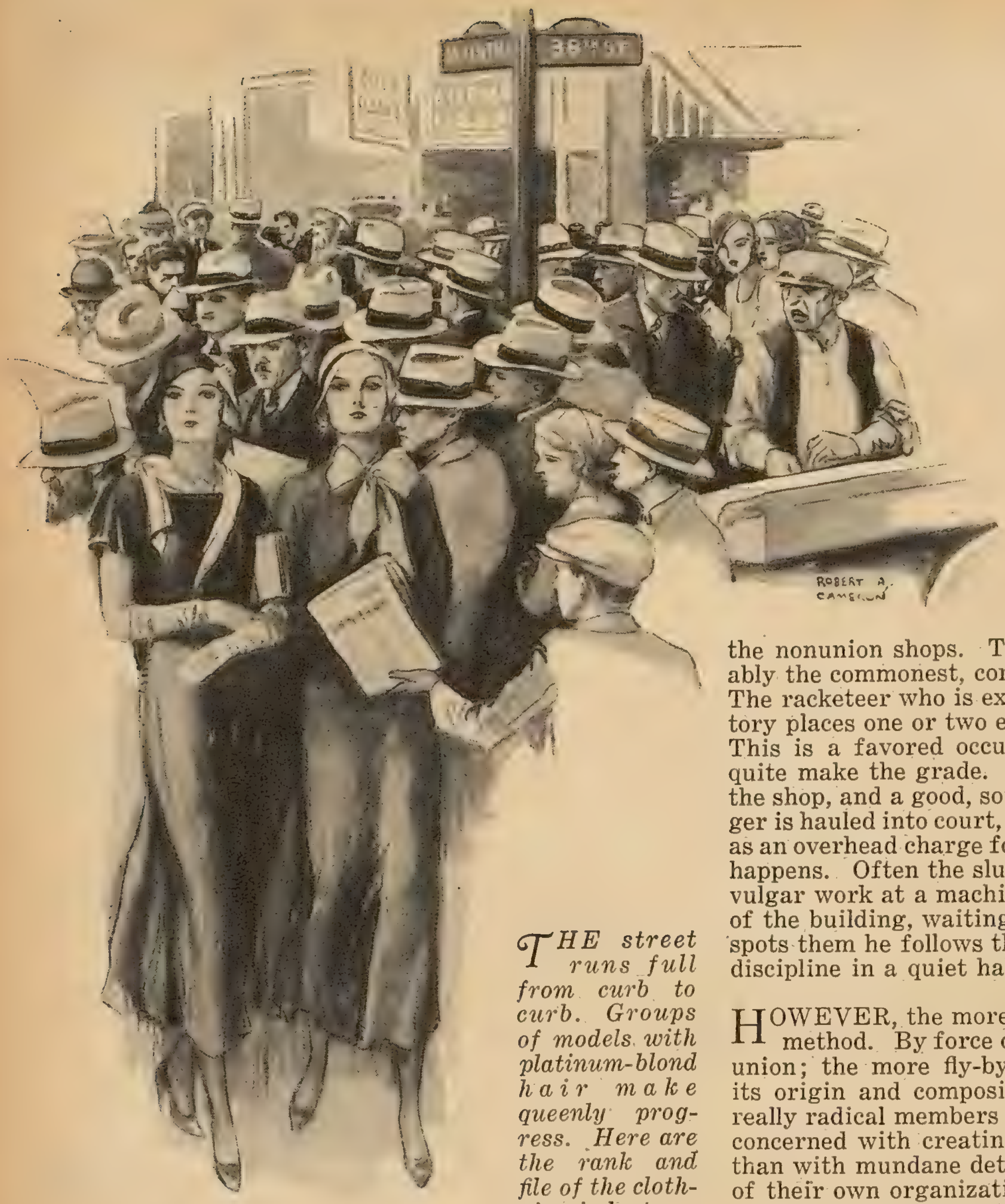

THE street runs full from curb to curb. Groups of models with platinum-blond hair make queenly progress. Here are the rank and file of the clothing industry.

WHAT AMERICA PAYS THE RACKETEER
Continued from page fifty-nine

affiliation with the A. F. of L. The little, noisy group of communists in Union Square began a few years ago to plant "red" unions in the district; the object being rather to disrupt the present system than to gain advantage for the workers. Some still pursue that aim; some have fallen under the domination of racketeers whom the communists employed in the beginning as useful aids, who absorbed the whole show in the end, and who now use the red flag as a collection plate. Lastly, a few small unions appear to be solely the invention of racketeers.

THE clothing business, driven to common sense by hard times, is in process of a larger coördination. This probably will scrape off some of the barnacles; and many a racket, hitherto only suspected even by the police, will come to light. Meantime, with its almost comic exclusiveness, the clothing business presents a blank face to outsiders. Admitting that it is honeycombed with rackets, it refuses details; even the victims maintain a passionate silence. We know enough, however, to trace the framework of its main, unique racket.

The greater firms make and market their own product. But perhaps the majority of the garments, and especially those of the standard sort, are manufactured on the contract plan. A jobber lets to a contractor the work on perhaps 100,000 standard garments, and furnishes the material, even to the last spool of thread; the contractor cuts, stitches, or finishes them. This middleman between the jobber and labor pays from his receipts his office expenses, the rent of his lift, the interest on his modest investment; that comprises about all of his "overhead." At least 85 per cent of his outlay goes for wages. A radical would say that he merely exploits labor; a conservative, that he gets and deserves his reward for managing labor. The smaller the wage, the longer the working day, the greater his profits. The unions, whether conservative or red, enforce a wage scale and a schedule of hours. Perhaps most contractors accept all this, and earn a modest profit nevertheless. A strong minority do not.

There is where the racket comes in. A group of cheerful gorillas, growing constantly larger, makes easy money by keeping the unions away from the nonunion shops. The most primitive method, probably the commonest, consists in rough, physical violence. The racketeer who is extending "protection" to the factory places one or two efficient sluggers at the machines. This is a favored occupation for pugilists who cannot quite make the grade. Let a union organizer appear in the shop, and a good, sound beating follows. If the slugger is hauled into court, his defense and fine figure merely as an overhead charge for the racketeer. But this seldom happens. Often the slugger does not soil his hands with vulgar work at a machine. He loafs all day in the lobby of the building, waiting for union organizers. When he spots them he follows them upstairs and administers his discipline in a quiet hallway.

HOWEVER, the more expert racketeers have a subtler method. By force or craft they get control of a small union; the more fly-by-night its character, the redder its origin and composition, the easier the going. The really radical members of a really radical union are more concerned with creating a new heaven and a new earth than with mundane details, such as immediate extension of their own organization. "Keep 'em talking!" is one of the formulas for this kind of racket. And while they talk the racketeer acts. He confines his union to those shops which for one reason or another want a union anyway. From others he collects a regular monthly fee for keeping the shop nonunion.

One of these parasites recently ran afoul of the law; he is hanging out and evading arrest somewhere in western New York. The proceedings against him involved seizure of some papers. They revealed that certain nonunion shops were paying him a salary of $100 a month. These may seem paltry pickings for a racketeer until you calculate that he may have collected from as many as fifteen or twenty firms, and that it is all velvet. No overhead charges for assistant bruisers or educational committees—a one-man show!

These rackets are unique not only because they have fastened on to a major industry but also because the ultimate consumer does not pay the freight. The tax lies on labor—longer hours, smaller wages.

For the rest—we pay, you and I and Mr. and Mrs. Smith and every other dweller in the great American cities. The racket does not as yet much trouble the small towns, although that also is on its way. And there arises the intelligent question: How much do we pay?

No one alive can pretend to answer that question exactly. Once I put it to a conservative and judicious man in the federal government. "Heavens!" he said. "I can't even begin to answer that! It would take three thousand trained investigators, working three years, to make even an intelligent estimate. And the figures would be so fantastic that the public would laugh at them!"

No one knows the extent of the liquor traffic in the

United States. The drys have one set of figures, the wets another; they stand at wide variance. That, of course, arises from the fact that prohibition violation is an illegal business. The bootleggers and their protectors fight to the last ditch to conceal not only the details of their traffic but its very existence. The same rule holds of rackets on business.

And yet we have a few facts which furnish the basis for intelligent guessing. In 1927, when Chicago was organizing to fight its open, riotous rackets, a group of experts attempted this very job. By and large, they had reasonably complete data to work on. They computed the cost to the public in increased prices, physical damage, the higher insurance rates made necessary by bombing and sabotage. "The known rackets on legitimate business in Chicago cost $136,000,000 a year," they reported finally. However, several rackets hidden during that period have since come to light; and the best-informed believe that still others have worked so discreetly and skillfully that they remain merely suspected, even to this day. I feel conservative, then, when I set the Chicago costs, in a year of general prosperity, at $150,000,000.

Chicago has about three and a half million inhabitants. The metropolitan district of New York has nearly ten million. New York is the oldest major city of the United States; it has been in the business of corruption a long, long time. It has learned how to do such things moderately, quietly, and politely. Although no one heard much about the matter, it is likely that the metropolis of the Atlantic was only a little less racketeered in this period than the metropolis of the lakes. On this basis, I should set my guess for New York at $250,000,000. . . . No, I do not expect to be believed. As the government expert said, this is too fantastic for belief.

Four hundred million dollars a year from our two largest cities. But the racket was running merrily on in the other large cities of the East, West, and Middle West—St. Louis, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Detroit. Only three—Boston, Milwaukee, and Cincinnati—appear so far to be relatively immune. It seems fair, then, to guess that the cost, in a year of general prosperity, is not less than a billion dollars a year.

AND now we must take into account another dimension. These figures refer to legitimate business. The liquor traffic is illegitimate, but a business nevertheless. It manufactures something, distributes it, sells it for money to a consumer. Racketeering is an essential part of this illegal traffic. Having no standing in law, it needs protection for its extensive properties. Racketeers furnish that, and take for their services inordinate pay.

I have told in previous articles how Al Capone, or the syndicate which has succeeded to his interests, exacts 40 per cent of the receipts from the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in Chicago. In many other cities the business protects itself on the Capone plan: an active organized gang of gorillas has charge. In still others, politics rules; the heads of the local machine, whether in or out of office, arrange the protection, collect and distribute the graft. But the taking is almost always about the same—40 per cent. Often, too, this is a multiple tax, imposed at several of the stages between production and consumption. For example, a friend of mine with a sporting background entered a city speakeasy one day, and recognized in the proprietor an old associate of the race track. "Fine place you have here," he remarked. "You must be making a good thing out of it."

"YES, it's a good thing," replied the proprietor, "but not for me. You see that bird at the cashier's desk? The leader of this district put him in here. He takes away forty per cent. I get what I can out of the rest." Now, the goods he bought and sold had already been "taxed at the source," the brewery or distillery which made them had paid their tariff and passed the cost on to him. Not only that, but the speakeasy proprietor pays a racket tax on all the articles of legitimate commerce which he uses in his business. His "protectors" are agents for ginger ale, soda, bar equipment, dishes, and pretzels. He must purchase from them alone, at the risk of exposure. Of course they charge him bonanza prices.

Generally speaking, racketeering on legitimate business does not extend beyond the great cities. But the "booze racket" involves even the wayside hamlet. The farmer distilling mountain dew or applejack, the city brewer with his elaborate system of concealed vats and pipes, the proprietor of a luxurious city speakeasy, the small-town cigar store with its crude "drinking room" back of the kitchen—all pay their tax.

If we knew even approximately the revenues of the American liquor traffic it would be easy to estimate the cost of this racket. But "we know not and we shall never know." Let me make my own intelligent guess. I think that the cost of "protection" is in an average prosperous year not less than a half a billion dollars.

Add that to the cost of the rackets on legitimate business, and you have a yearly total of at least a billion and a half dollars. That is nearly half the sum of our federal revenues in 1927 or 1928; nearly the cost of all our state governments. It is about 2 per cent of the earnings of the American people. And many of those who have guessed along with me would say that my estimate is entirely too low.

Mind, I have said "an average prosperous year." The hard times of 1931 and—so far—of 1932 have played havoc not only with business but with its parasites. Further, they have taken away the main reason and excuse for the big organized rackets.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"It's a Dog's Life!"

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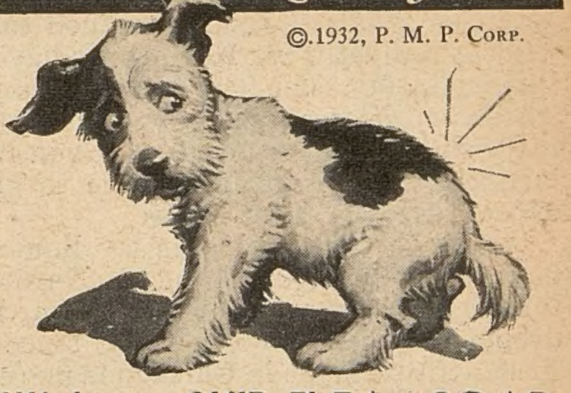

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FLEAS carry worm eggs that may infest your dog with worms. You can positively free your dog of fleas with either "SERGEANT'S SKIP-FLEA SOAP" or "SKIP-FLEA POWDER."

"SERGEANT'S SKIP-FLEA SOAP" not only kills fleas, but also keeps your dog's skin and coat in fine condition. After bathing him, dust his coat with "SKIP-FLEA POWDER." Fleas will stay away. These products also kill ticks and lice.

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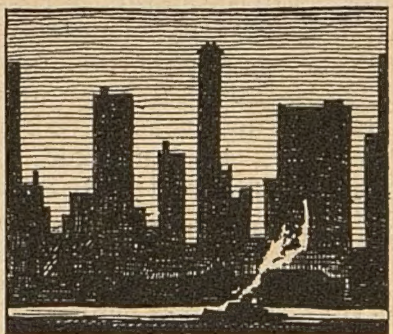
WHAT AMERICA PAYS THE RACKETEER
Continued from page sixty-one

I have shown elsewhere that often, if not usually, these begin as a half-excusable method to eliminate unsound, wildcat competition. Hard times have temporarily healed this irritation. The half-trained young clerk or mechanic whose ambition exceeds his abilities no longer starts his little shoestring enterprise. Even he realizes that new business is hard or impossible to get, and that he can expect no loans from banks.

As for the alcohol business—liquor is a luxury, and in hard times behaves as such. Enforcement officials say that production and consumption of beer in Chicago has dropped by nearly 80 per cent since 1929. True, enforcement in Chicago is more rigid now than then; but the poverty of the public is certainly the major reason. The rackets are not dead, however; they are merely in a semicoma. The federal government has of late attacked a few racketeers, both alcoholic and "legitimate," by looking into their income-tax evasions. Otherwise nothing has happened to assure us that the patient, when he recovers his health, will not resume his old habits.



And this is a major problem. We shall have to wrestle with it some day. One who believes that these United States are a trifle overgoverned could wish that business, in the spirit of enlightened self-interest, might straighten out this kink on its own initiative. In view of the complexity of American business, this is perhaps too much to hope. Failing that, we must take to the law. A reporter who does not pretend to be a lawyer or a statesman would be a fool to propose any set program. But here are a few common-sense suggestions:

FIRST, clean up our municipal governments. "We were belly-drunk in the years after the war," once remarked an eminent American statesman. The rich and well-to-do were chasing easy money; the wage earner was playing with new, cheap toys. The old American spirit of moral indignation went to sleep. In the muckraking period before the war, the proof that Sheriff John T. McGish of Chicago or New York or St. Louis was grafting on vice would sometimes double the circulation of a national magazine. Since the war, such exposures have seemed like stirring dead ashes. But even so mercurial a nation as ours does not change its characteristics in a decade. The old spirit will probably awake; we shall have a general house-cleaning. Meantime, the standard of honesty in municipal office is very low. The smaller and more criminal rackets, even some fairly middle-sized ones, depend fundamentally on complaisant police, prosecuting officers, and courts. "We can hammer most any of them to death with night sticks in a week," remarked an honest police official who knows his city. "That is, if the victims will only squeal and we're given a free hand." Once let police and prosecuting attorneys adopt this policy, and victims would begin to squeal. The little tailor or laundryman or delicatessen dealer forced to pay ten or fifteen dollars a week for "protection" keeps his peace not only because he fears reprisals but because he distrusts the authorities.

And I submit this as further proof: Boston and Milwaukee are singularly free from rackets. Also, they stand honorable among American cities for their low percentage of crime and juvenile delinquency. Most experts attribute both these facts to the honest excellence of their police, their prosecutors, and their courts.

However, this policy of sharp police work would perhaps deal only with the symptoms, not with the germ. The cause for our late epidemic of rackets seems to lie deeper than a mere tendency toward criminality—in a flaw of our business structure. I have described that already—irresponsible, price-cutting competition, terribly disturbing while it lasts. This has forced employers into groups which violate the spirit or letter of state and federal laws against combinations in restraint of trade.

The cleansers and dyers in many cities have behaved horribly if you look only at the surface of the affair. But behind their action lay an almost intolerable situation. Raw immigrants, who could live on the leavings of an Americanized family, were taking too literally the promise of America. They were setting up three shops or agencies in a block which could support only one—as we interpret support. The established cleansers and their employees had no way of stopping this process by law. Therefore they made it war.

Take for example the gadget men of Zenith, cited above. In the beginning they organized among themselves because young, ambitious gadget workers by dozens and scores were breaking loose from day wages and starting small, speculative establishments. Lacking business experience, they figured their job too low; and then tried to pull out a profit by doing shoddy work.

The most censorious can scarcely blame the established firms if they drew together and adopted faintly illegal methods for drowning out these fleas on their hide. However, the city inspectors who condemn the jobs of outsiders are probably not inspired by mere friendship; here the transaction begins to run squarely counter to the moral law. It advances further in the direction of social injustice when they add 20 to 25 per cent to the price of their jobs, and split that velvet among themselves. And still, that is only human and natural.

We have the federal Sherman Anti-Trust law and in most states corresponding local laws against combinations in restraint of trade. Virtually all rackets violate them. Shall we enforce them, generally and literally? Some call this the remedy. But if we do, we only give a franchise to that wildcat competition so disturbing to both capital and labor. Shall we revoke the Sherman law and its little brothers of the states and give combination a free hand? Here we run against the idea which fathered the Sherman law. If we should grant business the right to form combinations without let or hindrance, we would stand in danger of a concentrated management which might amount to dictatorship. Further, we would destroy or seriously handicap initiative and opportunity.

The most judicious students of the subject believe that there is a middle ground. These laws were passed a quarter of a century ago. They have passed somewhat out of date. Wise legislation, guided and advised by wise business, may find how to draw a line which will leave competition free while correcting its worst abuses.

But I repeat: This racketeering on business has become a major problem of American business; and I expect it, before we have finished, to become a major issue of American politics.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Then He Used It for a Baseball

My neighbor's four-year-old Jimmy frequently calls on me in my kitchen, being interested in my cookery. One day my experiment with a cinnamon-roll recipe resulted in some very hard rolls, one of which Jimmy insisted on sampling.

"Do you eat these?" he asked.

"Sure," I answered.

"Twy an' do it!" said Jimmy.—Nina Weimer, Box 187, Columbus, Neb.

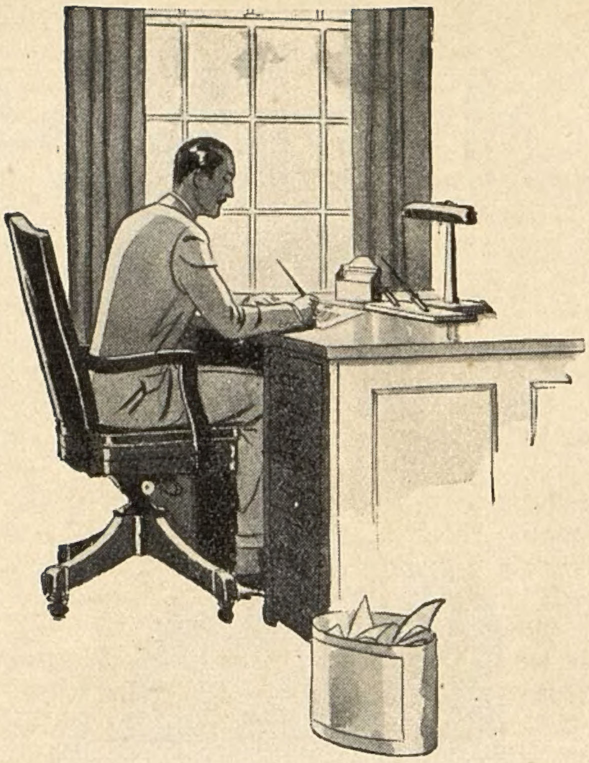
* * *

Baby Snatchers

My two children, six and four years of age, were expecting a brother, having put in their order with an aunt who is a nurse. Each time a baby arrived at some neighbor's they were sure the stork had made a mistake in the address. Finally, when the third baby arrived in the neighborhood, Dorothy announced: "That baby is ours. We ordered him."

The neighbor answered, "No; we ordered this baby. You'll have to put in another order."

Dorothy said: "That's the heck of it! We order them and the neighbors get them."—Mrs. Carl A. Helgren, 806 I Street, Iron Mountain, Mich.



Is it fair to blame the *copy man* when your advertisement doesn't pull?

THE copywriter is the prime factor, of course. His skill in presenting the facts about your product and what it can do for the purchaser transforms lifeless white space into a breathing, fighting, selling advertisement.

But even so penetrating a force as radium can be smothered. *The greatest piece of copy ever written can't get you results if it isn't exposed to active, interested, readership.*

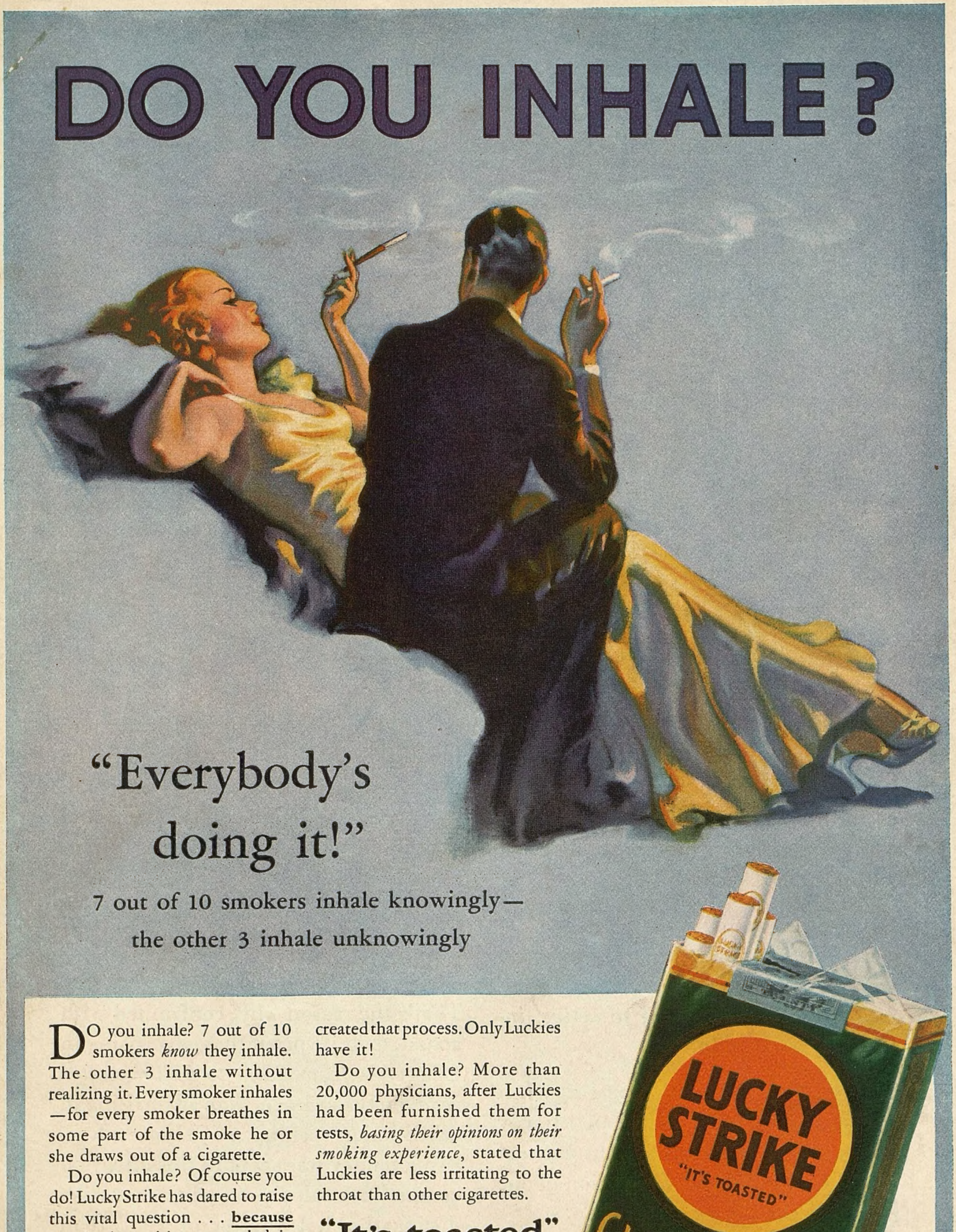
Truism? Yes! But worth repeating when advertising's most-talked-of survey shows that your advertisement may get as much as 165% more attention in one magazine than in another!

1932 is no year to place handicaps upon your copy. Space buying is even more important today than it has been in the past. And space buying is more factual, more scientific, more coldly impersonal than in the past.

That's the reason why advertising men have shown so great an interest in the Gallup six-city surveys.

That's the reason why, confronted with actual, definite proof that advertising in Liberty is *from 23% to 112% better read*, on the average, than advertising in other major weeklies, 46% more advertising money was spent in this attention compelling, sales producing magazine during the first quarter of 1932 than during the preceding quarter in 1931.

Every executive in agencies and companies advertising nationally should have the Gallup Report. Write to the Liberty Advertising Promotion Department for your copy.



"Everybody's doing it!"

7 out of 10 smokers inhale knowingly—
the other 3 inhale unknowingly

Do you inhale? 7 out of 10 smokers *know* they inhale. The other 3 inhale without realizing it. Every smoker inhales—for every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette.

Do you inhale? Of course you do! Lucky Strike has dared to raise this vital question . . . **because** certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves are removed by Luckies' famous purifying process. Luckies created that process. Only Luckies have it!

Do you inhale? More than 20,000 physicians, after Luckies had been furnished them for tests, *basing their opinions on their smoking experience*, stated that Luckies are less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes.

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection
against irritation—against cough

O. K. AMERICA—TUNE IN ON LUCKY STRIKE—*60 modern minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras, and famous Lucky Strike features, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N. B. C. networks.*

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